The Christian Union

Our part is to conspire with the new works of new days.—Emerson.

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LYMAN ABBOTT, HAMILTON W. MABIE, } Editors.

THE OUTLOOK.

THERE is a great feeling in Germany that underneath the recent difference of opinion between the Emperor and Prince Bismarck on the question of the marriage of the Princess Victoria there is a wider and more fundamental disagreement. Bismarck's position rests entirely upon the foundation of absolutism. All his methods and aims have been those which belong to the great prime ministers of the past who have had no one to consult save a king who ruled but did not govern. There has been no room in Bismarck's plan of government for the voice of the people or for constitutional growth. The Emperor, on the other hand, has long been known to be in sympathy with the constitutional movement in Germany, and the German Liberals have looked forward to his reign as the solution of the difficult problems which were postponed out of deference to the late Emperor and to the great services of his Minister. There is little doubt that if the Emperor were a well man there would have been ere this a sharp issue between him and the Minister into whose hands his father committed the destiny of Germany. It has been a question whether, in view of the Emperor's weakness and the probable brevity of his reign, he would attempt any marked changes. That doubt still exists, but there are evidences that the divergence of view between the two men makes it difficult for them to work together, and it is not impossible that in the near future a governmental crisis of the most important character will take place in Germany. The Emperor would undoubtedly give his subjects more voice in the management of their affairs, and would substitute for the absolutism of the past a sound and conservative constitutionalism. Unfortunately, his days are likely to be few, and the common belief is that his son, the present Crown Prince, would reverse any action which he might take in this direction. The situation is full of difficulties so great and of such peculiar nature as to be tragical, and the outcome of this struggle will be watched with the most intense interest throughout the world. The latest reports of the condition of the Emperor are alarming.

General Boulanger was elected to the Chamber of Deputies from the Department of the North on Sunday, by a majority of over 90,000. This immense majority, taken in connection with the large majority which he secured in another Department last week, is interpreted as indicating great popular strength, and the result has aroused very evident uneasiness in Paris and throughout Europe. Heretofore the Radicals have been urging on Boulanger for the purpose of discrediting the more Conservative Ministry, but they now find themselves obliged to reckon with a force which may very likely prove more disastrous to them than to any other class. Boulanger has issued an address to the electors by whom he has been chosen, in which he simply reiterates his previous demands for the dissolution of the Chamber and the revision of the Constitution. As we have indicated elsewhere, there are elements of great danger in the situation. The chief uncertainty lies in the fact that Boulanger himself is practically an unknown man so far as his actions in this crisis are concerned.

In spite of the fact that labor reports are not usually very entertaining reading, two have been recently published which demand popular attention. The first is that of Massachusetts, which, in a scientific spirit, deals with a single subject—that of "the unemployed." The Commissioner, Carroll D. Wright, find that out of 816,000 persons employed in gainful occupations in that State, 241,000 were unemployed at some time during the year. The average period during which they were out of work was a little over four months. But 822 were unemployed throughout the entire year. In the cities the comparative number of people out of employment was about half again as large as in the country towns. The Commissioner concludes his report by estimating that, inasmuch as about one-third of the total number of workers were unemployed for about one-third of the working year, the entire production of the State could have been accomplished if the entire working force had worked steadily 8.99 hours a day. So many wild assertions have been made regarding the number of men who are out of work that it is gratifying to find the subject scientifically investigated. The fact that, on the average, eight per cent. of the working force is unemployed indicates how large an element of anarchy there is in our present social order.

The other report to which we call attention is that of Commissioner Peck, of New York. As a scientific document it is hardly satisfactory, but it deals with an interesting question, and the results obtained are measurably reliable. The Commissioner reports that last year there were 1,604 strikes as against 2,061 the year preceding. Among these a surprising number—forty-three per cent.—were successful. The number of workers engaged in these strikes was 51,000, and the total loss of wages $2,013,000; the amount expended by labor organizations during the strikes was $217,000; the estimated gain of wages for one year is $944,000; the loss to the employers is estimated at $1,102,000. The Commissioner reports that over 8,000 of the strikers were refused work after the strikes. The majority of the strikes were for the increase of wages; a smaller number than usual were for the reduction of hours. Unfortunately, one hundred of the strikes were against the employment of new apprentices. Such strikes as these are, of course, not only against the interests of the employers, but against the interests of the laboring class; they are the attempts of a labor combination to establish a monopoly and force those who would become skilled workmen to join the ranks, already terribly overcrowded, of the unskilled laborers. The Commissioner's summary of what has been accomplished in the past by strikes is extremely eulogistic. He says that "the nine-hour day is due to the strike system. . . . Bakers have reduced their hours from eighteen to about twelve, . . . and wages in whole trades have gone up from ten per cent. to thirty per cent. Even a lost strike is not always a dead loss," since the employer is taught by his own losses to pay of his own accord such wages as the trade will afford. The Commissioner points out that both men and employers are each perfecting their class organizations. The laborers are contributing to the strike relief funds of other labor organizations than their own, and the employers are organizing associations through which they come to the aid of a rival who is engaged in a fight with his employees. Such preparations for class wars are not encouraging signs of the times.

Mr. Powderly officially denies that he has entered into any compact with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to promote the present strike on the Burlington & Quincy Railroad. But he lays down the broad principle, which is, indeed, involved in the very conditions of the Order of the Knights of Labor, that the injury of one is the concern of all, and therefore that any one who occupies a place from which a member of his order has been discharged is unfaithful to the conditions and covenants of the order. He says:

> "Believing that the man who will take the place of another while that other is on strike is a scab, I cannot enter into any arrangement which will countenance the handling of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road by Knights of Labor. While I do not approve of strikes, I will never lend my sanction or aid to Knights or others to assist a corporation to break up any labor organization. I am willing to enter into a compact with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to look after and guard the interests of labor for the future. In this matter I believe the General Master Workman will be sustained by the entire order."

The letter is important because it indicates the inevitable tendency toward a larger and more effective combination of all laborers, which every great strike, whatever the immediate outcome of it may be, tends to strengthen. It is this future danger, involved in a combination of all laborers against a combination of all capitalists, which employers ought to foresee, and against which, by all reasonable precautions against strikes, they ough ito concur.

A Reform Club has been organized in New York City, which starts out with a membership strong not only in numbers but also in the eminent character of the individual members. Its object, as we understand it, is to promote political reform in general and tariff reduction in particular. It might legitimately be termed, if not a free-trade club, at least a club with free-trade proclivities. The Union League of New York City, which represents in its political action Stalwart Republicanism, has had before it for one or two months a series of resolutions bearing on the tariff question. Action was finally taken on them last week, and though they were amended so as to be slightly less objectionable to those Republicans who desire to promote a tariff reduction, they embodied in their final form these three principles: 1. That the internal revenue taxation—that is, all taxes on whisky and tobacco—should be abolished. 2. That the taxation of alcohol should be left to the States, and the revenue employed by the States in meeting the expense which the liquor traffic entails upon the community. 3. That the present protective tariff should be left substantially unchanged, or modified only in so far as inequalities in it call for readjustment. These resolutions were carried by a majority which the "Tribune" estimates as about three to one. This action probably fairly represents the sentiment of the Republican party, and indicates the probable political issues of the coming Presidential election. The Democratic party will, we venture to predict, be substantially a unit in demanding the retention of the whisky and perhaps of the tobacco tax, and the reduction of the tariff on raw material and articles of luxury. The Republican party will, on the contrary, demand, if not with unanimity, at least by an overwhelming majority, the abolition of the tobacco tax and probably of the whisky tax by the Federal Government, and the retention of our present protective system substantially unchanged. We advise those of our readers who desire to vote intelligently in the coming Presidental election to prepare themselves to vote upon the issue as thus presented.

The bill of which we gave an abstract last week providing for repaying to the States the war-tax collected from them by the Federal Government in 1861 has gone over to the December session of Congress. The majority in favor of it, at first apparently overwhelming, grew less as public discussion went on, and finally a Democratic caucus resolved to throw the measure over, and an adjournment of the House was carried by a direct party vote. This result was reached only after a "filibustering" lasting through a number of days. Filibustering is a form of legislative tactics resorted to by a minority for the purpose of resisting the will of the majority in a legislative body. It is justifiable only in extreme cases, and when the rights of the minority are disregarded and set aside by the majority. So far as we can understand the facts in this case, the filibustering was justified by the moral conditions, as it has been politically by the resulting success. Whatever may be the justice of the proposed measure, there was no such urgency as to justify driving it through the House in haste, and giving it precedence over all other legislation. This was what the majority attempted to do. The minority by their filibustering called the attention of the country to the bill, aroused public discussion in the press, and compelled a pause until the effects of that discussion could reach the members of the House. As to the measure itself, we can only repeat what we said last week. If there are any good reasons for distributing sixteen millions of surplus among certain States of the Union, we shall be glad to have any correspondent state them in our columns briefly for the benefit of our readers.

The monster petition for postal telegraphy, to which we have already referred, has been presented to Congress. The "Herald" says that it has more than a million, and probably a million and a half, of signatures. Signatures to a petition are not always significant, but in this case they mean that the united voice of the labor organizations is in favor of postal telegraphy, and that is a very significant circumstance. In our judgment, all the arguments are in favor of making the telegraph system a part of the post-office system. It is unfortunate that this was not done at the very beginning. There may be some difficulty in adjusting the mutual rights of the Government and the Western Union Telegraph. The most, however, in our judgment, that the Western Union can demand of the Government is that it shall offer to buy the plant at what it would cost to duplicate it. If the plant is now represented by a stock greater in value than this, its stock value is greater than its real value, and the owners simply suffer that loss which any of us are liable to suffer when we find our property worth less than we had thought it was.

We have received from one of the officials of the Burlington Railroad a statement of its business, apropos of the letter published from our correspondent in Wymore, Neb. We should publish the letter in full except for his statement that it is not for publication; but we do think we violate his confidence in publishing a paragraph from it. It is our desire to give our readers the full facts of the case, both as they are seen from within and as they are regarded by some witnesses from without:

"The switchmen's strike and the attempt at boycotting delayed somewhat the resumption of business. As a mere straw, however, I give you herewith the figures for the last day's report received from our Nebraska lines, April 9, as compared with same day last year:

Earnings April 9.	1887.	1888.
Passenger	$9 005 52	$11.130 71
Freight	18,645 00	16 511 06
Total	$27,650 52	$27,641 71

Our freight earnings were lighter than last year in the two months before the strike commenced, as crops were poor. The above shows well for a road which the 'public in general do not use when they can avoid it.'"

These figures certainly would make it appear that the strike has not greatly interfered with the business of the road.

The Common Council of New York City have adopted a resolution amending the ordinance giving the Mayor the sole authority to order the display of foreign flags upon public buildings in the City Hall Park, so as to confer upon a majority of the members of the Common Council power to overrule his decision, the object being to get the Irish flag on the same footing with the Stars and Stripes on St. Patrick's Day in the future. The Mayor has met the issue very squarely by a veto in which he pointed out that while a little less than seventeen per cent. of the population of the city of New York are Irish born, twenty-seven per cent. of the Board of Aldermen are Irish born, and twenty-eight per cent. of the police force. He submits also a table showing that the proportion of Irish admitted into public institutions is thirty-six per cent. of the entire admissions, or more than double the percentage of population. We do not see the pertinency of this latter fact on the question at issue between the Mayor and the Common Council. But on that issue the Mayor is clearly right, and entitled to the warm commendation of the patriotic citizens, foreign and native, in New York and elsewhere, for his courageous stand. When an Irishman comes to this country he should become an American, and he should leave his Irish nationality behind him. If we are to have one set of Irishmen celebrating St. Patrick's Day and another the Battle of the Boyne, we shall import into our country the quarrels of the Old World, and we have quite enough quarrels of our own without going abroad for others.

The sudden death of Matthew Arnold on Sunday afternoon gave a painful shock to English-speaking people in all parts of the world. Society does not lose the men of letters who have ministered to its intellectual and moral life without a keen sense of permanent loss. Mr. Arnold represented the scholarly class. The son of one of the most famous teachers of modern times, he was educated at Winchester, Rugby, and Balliol College, Oxford, early developing those scholarly tastes and that scholarly habit of mind which were characteristic of his later years. Both in his prose and verse he addressed himself to the few rather than to the many, and by the few, if not by the many, he will certainly be remembered. His verse has distinctively the classical touch and is pervaded by the classical spirit, and much of it addressed itself with peculiar power to the finest minds among his contemporaries. Its notes were not many, nor were they always cheerful; but they were notes of singular penetration and musical quality, and they will not soon be silenced. In prose, his best work was in the department of criticism, where his keenness of insight, his mental acuteness, his literary instinct, and his great charm of style are seen at their best. He impressed upon English criticism a wider outlook and a more catholic spirit, and he brought into clear relief certain principles of literary criticism to which he early gave his allegiance and from which he never departed. His writing on political themes did not lack his characteristic acuteness, nor the brilliancy and point of his best manner; but it is devoid of deep sympathy and of profound insight—it lacks reality and force. Mr. Arnold possessed in rare degree that quality of style which stamps even a fugitive effort as literature. Of late years his manner passed into mannerism, but it never wholly lost its lucidity and charm. His recent criticism of this country read in connection with his criticism of his own country will not excite any unkind feeling among thoughtful people. They will recognize Mr. Arnold's inability, through lack of sympathy, to understand some of the conditions of life among us, and to appreciate some of the most profound principles of American civilization. But, even where he missed the profoundest things, Mr. Arnold was always suggestive and instructive. As a poet and critic he has left a lasting reputation, and, after all reductions are made from the sum total of his influence, he will remain among those who continually held before their generation the highest moral and intellectual ideals.

As a writer on religious topics Mr. Arnold has rendered a valuable service to the church, in spite of serious and radical defects which will prevent his theological writings from having any permanent hold on the public mind. He has shown the reading public that the Bible is a book of literature; has taken it out of the realm of scholasticism and brought it into fellowship with all other literature; and by his literary insight has revealed the intensely human element in it. He has, in brief, brought the Bible into the range of the "humanities" in scholarship. Thus his contribution to our understanding of it has been parallel with that rendered in the understanding of Old Testament history by Dean Milman and Dean Stanley, and of the life of Christ by such writers of very different schools as Renan, Pressensé, Farrar, and Geikie. But, unfortunately, Mr. Arnold's literary insight is not accompanied by any analogous spiritual insight. He perceives clearly the humanity in man, but does not see anything divine in humanity. He may fairly be characterized as a Positivist in literature, though we do not know that he has ever said anything that would justify the belief that he was a conscious Positivist in philosophy. His canons of criticism are like the canons of art of George Eliot in her later books. His intense egoism wholly blinded his vision to the spiritual world. The very heart of the Old Testament is its revelation of a personal God, which no one not wholly lacking in the spiritual sense could have reduced to a "stream of tendency;" the heart of the New Testament is its doctrine of faith as a power of spiritual vision, which one who possessed that vision in any measure could never have reduced to a mere emotional imagination. Mr. Arnold has done good service in leading thousands of English readers unfamiliar with German scholarship to a better analysis of the Bible, and to a clearer apprehension of its essential humanity, if not of its ethical teaching; but of it as a book of spiritual unveiling he knew nothing. He who will read first Arnold and then Maurice will find in their combined interpretation a comprehensive view which he will not adequately get from either alone.

The resignation of Mr. Walsh as Warden of the Tombs in New York City affords a fresh and an encouraging illustration of the power of public opinion. Mr. Walsh's appointment to this position was greeted with a chorus of protests from nearly if not quite the entire press of New York City. We shall not recall the malodorous facts of his past life, because we have no wish to attack a man who is down, or call up the past against a man who may, for aught we know, have attempted to lead a reformed life. It must suffice to say that there was nothing in the past life of Mr. Walsh to indicate moral fitness for the position to which he was called. He owed his appointment wholly to political influence. Taking the place under such circumstances, he was subject to gross suspicions and constant watchfulness, and when charges were brought against him of venality and of grossly discourteous treatment, and even of conniving at the suicide of a prisoner condemned to death, the motto that every man is to be presumed innocent until proven guilty was not applied to his case by the public. Under the charges preferred against him he sent

in his resignation. If, as is alleged, he expected the resignation to be declined and the charges to be investigated, he was disappointed. The Commissioners of Charity declared the charges of venality unproven and the charge of discourtesy established; the charge of conniving at the suicide of a prisoner was not brought before them, but his resignation was formally accepted, and Mayor Hewitt will have the opportunity now of putting in his place a man of a different reputation. In the long run political influence does not counterbalance a strong and aroused public sentiment.

We publish in another column two replies, both of them thoughtful, from women to our recent editorial on the Woman's Movement. To these replies we invite the candid consideration of our readers, and we make to them no other response than simply this: It is but just both to ourselves and to our correspondents to say that we have received abundant evidence that the editorial in question represents the sentiment of a great number of silent women, whose thanks we gratefully appreciate. This is our only response to our first correspondent. Our second one should bear in mind that behind the teacher in the public school there is the entire force of the community as represented in the School Board, while behind the woman voters there is no force except that which they themselves represent. We doubt whether any woman could maintain order in her school with the School Board and the public sentiment of the community opposed to her.

We call the attention of our readers to the article by the Rev. Samuel W. Dike in another column. Mr. Dike is well known to the readers of The Christian Union by his admirable work in calling attention to the laxity of our divorce laws, and by his writings on the much larger and more fundamental subject, the nature and constitution of the family. He gives an admirable summary of the series of articles by Mr. Frank G. Cook now in course of publication in the "Atlantic Monthly." If we understand Mr. Dike's position, we do not think that we altogether agree with him. Marriage is not, it is true, a civil contract; it is a divine ordinance; and the community never will come to an adequate understanding of family life until it returns to this primitive and Scriptural conception of marriage. The evils which resulted from abandoning the earlier religious conception and coming to the purely secular conception, as they were shown in Roman history, have been admirably described by Mr. Lecky in his "History of Morals." But, on the other hand, any law which requires a particular ceremonial in order to make marriage valid renders innocent and ignorant women victims of designing men, and their equally innocent children illegitimate. In our judgment, the principle of law recognized, we believe, in every State of the Union, with four exceptions, that mutual consent to live as husband and wife makes the parties husband and wife, is reasonable and should be maintained. No man who has thus consented should be permitted afterward to throw off all responsibilities of marriage because some required ceremonial has not been complied with. The law should prescribe a ceremonial and an officer to conduct it, and neglect of this prescription should render the offending parties subject to a fine. But it should not invalidate the marriage, leave the woman without protection of law, and the possible children illegitimate.

The first of a series of lectures on the works of the Ante Nicene Fathers was delivered last week in this city, under the auspices of the Church Club, by Bishop Coxe, of Western New York. The object of the lectures is indicated by the general title: "The Reunion of Christendom." The object of the Bishop's lecture appears to have been to show that the organic unity of the church has been preserved from the Apostolic era, and that the reunion of Christendom can be secured only by a frank recognition of that historic and organic unity; in other words, by recognition of the irregularity of all ordination out of the line of Apostolic succession. We do not believe that the non-Episcopal churches will ever accept this condition; even if their clergy were willing to accept reordination themselves, they would not be willing to consider that their fathers had been irregular in the ministry of the Gospel and the administration of church ordinances. At the same time, it is something to have a frank concession by one of the great bodies of Protestant Christendom that nothing stands in the way of organic unity except this question of Episcopal ordination. Everything else the Bishop is apparently willing to concede to the non-Episcopal communions. The great catholic church, he says, "is wide enough to embrace the various Christian sects, and is ready and willing to allow the utmost legitimate limit to the play of individualism. The largest variety of worship, the freest range in theology, are consistent with it, for it is the glorious liberty of the children of God." We think the time will come when it will also be ready to admit the freest range in ecclesiastical organization.

The promotion of General George S. Crook to the rank of Major-General means the well-earned recognition not only of a gallant soldier but also of a singularly fair-minded student of the relations of our civilization to the Indian. As a soldier in active service General Crook's record has been a remarkable one. Graduating from West Point several years before the outbreak of the Rebellion, he entered at once upon the active discharge of military duties. The part which he played in the war belongs to our national history. Since the war General Crook has been almost continuously a leader of the vanguard of civilization in the West. It has been his duty to protect pioneers and to force a way for railroad building. He has fought the Cheyennes in Nebraska, the Apaches in the Southwest, the Sioux in the Northwest, and he has restrained belligerent Utes in Colorado. This is not the place to speak of his personal heroism, nor of his activity, nor of his tireless zeal in acquainting himself with all matters pertaining to his charge, but it is proper to note that General Crook has never sought for a fight as a means of obtaining military glory, nor has he considered that his duty was simply that of a New York policeman, to repress and punish by brute force. His policy toward the Indians under his charge has been consistently humane and constructive. He has always told them the truth and kept his promises, aiming to gain the entire confidence of men who were forced to respect his personal bravery, and to turn this confidence to account by teaching the Indians that it was not prudent to go on the war-path, and that their wisest course was to plant crops, raise cattle, and gain independence as property owners instead of remaining dependent vagrants on the reservations. Many years have passed since General Crook first publicly advocated the award of lands in severalty and the admission of the Indian to citizenship as soon as this became feasible. He was one of the pioneers in this movement, and, although his advocacy of justice for the Indian involved him in trouble with the Interior Department and with Western Indian-haters, his attitude toward the Indian has been entirely vindicated by time. His promotion is the recognition of a philanthropist in the best sense of a much-abused word, as well as of a gallant soldier who has been active in his country's service for more than a generation.

GENERAL NEWS.—The prohibition constitutional amendment has passed the New York Senate. The High License bill came up Tuesday of this week. As we go to press there is a probability of its being defeated by one or two votes.——The Inter-State Commerce Commission has asked Congress to change certain doubtful and undesirable points.——Madame Diss Debar, the medium whose success in cajoling a prominent New York lawyer out of house and money has been so widely commented on, is now in the Tombs on a charge of swindling, and has deeded back the house, less a $11,000 mortgage.——The American Exchange in Europe (Gillig's) has failed.——Minister Phelps is on a short visit from England to this country.——The American School of Classical Studies at Athens makes an appeal for an endowment fund of $100,000, on which depends Dr. Charles Waldstein's acceptance of the permanent directorship.——Roscoe Conkling is slightly better as we go to press (Tuesday), but is still in serious danger.——It is probable that the Concord School of Philosophy will hold no session the coming summer.——William O'Brien has again been arraigned in Ireland, and is to be tried in Loughrea this week.——During the week nothing of importance was done in Congress. The deadlock in the House was broken on Thursday by a resolution postponing the consideration of the Direct Tax bill until December. The Senate spent considerable time in discussing the bill for the admission of South Dakota.

MR. LOWELL ON POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE.

THE real patriot is not the man who flatters his countrymen, but the man who tells them the truth; not the man who continually exploits their good fortune, but the man who continually reminds them of their duties and responsibilities. It is always easy to say pleasant things of one's generation; it is often a hard and thankless task to speak frankly and honestly of one's time. The test of a really patriotic and fearless man is his willingness to tell the truth to his neighbors. Mr. Lowell has served his country in many ways, and through a long life, but he has never stood in a manlier attitude than during the last few years, when, for the sake of arousing the noblest instincts of his countrymen, he has jeopardized that popularity which is so grateful to an old man. His was a ringing voice for liberty before some of the men who are now reviling him were born. When the conscience of the country seemed sunken in a sleep from which nothing could waken it, his wit, sarcasm, stirring poesy, native humor, and moral instinct were a mighty inspiration; in those cowardly times his noble love of country rang out in lines that were more potent than arguments or agitation. In the dark days of the war the same voice never lost for a moment the strain of courage and hope. Mr. Lowell was one of the very first to open the eyes of the Nation to the greatness of the man whom a wonderful providence had placed at the head of affairs. No one has said such wholly adequate things of Lincoln; no one has recognized so fully that the production of such a character is the real demonstration of the fitness of democracy to develop and foster the highest interest of civilization. When there was loose talk about the manner of payment of the National debt in the air, Mr. Lowell touched the moral question with that instinct which has never seemed to fail him, from the days of Hosea Biglow to the latest discussion of the question of international copyright, when he touched the very heart of the matter by his homely phrase, "There is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly come by." By far the most luminous and comprehensive putting of the claims of democracy that has been made of late years was the address delivered by Mr. Lowell at Birmingham four years ago. We recall these services just now because it has become the fashion with men whose only function in life seems to be to appeal to the ignoble passions of their fellows to sneer at this eminent lover of his country as one who has ceased to be an American because he has had the courage to speak some wholesome truths without fear or favor, and to insist that moral and intellectual ideals are paramount to the interest of parties.

What is now needed in our public life more than anything else is truth speaking on all subjects and concerning all persons. This is the tonic quality which our public men seem to have been losing during the past few years, and without which no public life can be either sound or safe. But, as Thoreau said, it takes two to speak the truth—one to utter it and another to hear it. And the need of people at large is that temper of mind which welcomes the truth, whether it be for or against one's particular creed. Mr. Lowell's address in this city last week on the place of independence in politics ought to have wide and dispassionate reading. Whether one agrees or not with his position on the tariff, or on other specific questions, the general spirit of that address is something to be thankful for. Parties are necessary under free governments, and parties are entirely wholesome and safe so long as they depend for success upon convictions, and not upon intrigue, calculation, and those more corrupt forms of influence which are now, by confession of men of all parties, so prevalent and so potential in our political life. Mr. Lowell appeals to ideas, and the strength of his position lies, as it has always lain, in the clearness with which he sees moral principles and the fearlessness with which he espouses them. The world lives by ideas, not by machinery, and it is when the idea dies that the machinery usurps its functions and corruption instantly sets in. Statesmen are nourished by ideas; politicians are developed by machines. Mr. Lowell puts the recent political evolution very clearly in a few words:

"After our Constitution got fairly into working order, it really seemed as if we had invented a machine that would go of itself; and this begot a faith in our luck which even the Civil War itself but momentarily disturbed. Circumstances continued favorable, and our prosperity went on

increasing. I admire the splendid complacency of my countrymen, and find something exhilarating and inspiring in it. We are a nation which has struck 'ile,' but we are also a nation that is sure the well will never run dry. But this confidence in our luck and the absorption in material interests generated by unparalleled opportunity have in some respects made us neglectful of our political duties. I have long thought that the average men of our Revolutionary period were better grounded in the elementary principles of government than their descendants. The town meeting was a better training school than the caucus and the convention, and the smaller the community the greater the influence of the better mind in it. In looking about me I am struck with the fact that while we produce great captains, financial and industrial leaders in abundance, and political managers in overabundance, there seems to be a pause in the production of leaders in statesmanship. I am still more struck with the fact that my newspaper often gives me fuller reports of the speeches of Prince Bismarck and of Mr. Gladstone than of anything said in Congress. If M. Thiers were still here it would be the same with him; but France, like ourselves, has gone into the manufacture of small politicians. Why are we interested in what these men say? Because they are important for what they are as well as for what they represent. An adequate amount of small change will give us the equivalent of the largest piece of money, but what aggregate of little men will amount to a single great one, that most precious coinage of the mint of nature? It is not that we have lost the power of bringing forth great men. They are not the product of institutions, though these may help or hinder them. I am thankful to have been the contemporary of one among the greatest, of whom I think it is safe to say that no other country and no other form of government could have fashioned him, and whom posterity will recognize as the wisest and most bravely human of modern times. It is a benediction to have lived in the same age and in the same country with Abraham Lincoln."

He emphasizes the necessity of frank and fearless discussion of public questions from the standpoint of to-day. He urges that public life, above all spheres to which men are called, should develop entire independence of thought; that political parties should be criticised as freely by their supporters as by their antagonists, and that public men should be held to a rigid accountability for their fidelity to principles and not to mere party names. There should be a free current of opinion constantly moving through the great stream of political life, and this is precisely the function which the man of independent opinion and conviction is to discharge. "If parties will not look after their own drainage and ventilation, there must be somebody who will do it for them, who will cry out without ceasing till their fellow citizens are aroused to the danger of infection. This duty can be done only by men dissociated from the interests of party. The Independents have undertaken it, and with God's help will carry it through. A moral purpose multiplies us by ten, as it multiplied the early Abolitionists. They emancipated the negro, and we mean to emancipate the respectable white man."

No one need fear that excess of independent thinking will break our parties into groups, as in the French system. That is not our tendency, nor is it our danger. Our danger lies in a different direction, and can only be overcome by this kind of frank and outspoken criticism. The true friends of a party are not the men who defend its blunders and acquiesce in its corruptions, but those who steadily and continually cry out against them. These men will produce, not disintegration, but renovation. They will be sometimes captious; they will often make blunders; but they will be in contact with living truths and living questions; and abundant life, with excess in various directions, is always preferable to decay and death. Those men are few who enjoy standing alone; most men prefer to work with other men, to respond to the appeals of great parties; and most men are glad to do this when parties stand for truth, moral conviction, and free, intelligent public action. Mr. Lowell believes to the very bottom of his soul in the supremacy of the great principles which underlie our government. But he fears disaster from the weakening of those principles on the mind of the Nation at large, and he sees safety only in the clear, decisive presentation of fundamental truths; not in appeals to passion, not in connivance with corruption, not in reliance upon political machinery. Such a voice as this, whether we agree with all its utterances or not, is not a voice from the tombs—as many of our political addresses are: it is the voice of a man who loves his country too well to allow it to fall below its highest possibilities; who loves it so well that he is willing to part with the love of his countrymen for the sake of that which alone can make democracy safe and a country worth living and dying for.

THE DANGER IN FRANCE.

THE latest phases of the political problem in France are somewhat discouraging. Those who believe in the reality of the modern democratic movement have no doubt of the ultimate fate of republican institutions in France, but they sometimes fear that a longer and more painful education must be secured before the French people learn the self-control which is the essential characteristic of a self governing body. It begins to look as if General Boulanger were likely to take a prominent position in public affairs, not so much because of any intrinsic worth or ability in himself, but because of the combination of circumstances which he may use to his advantage. Although General Boulanger has held office and has displayed a certain amount of organizing and executive capacity, his real character and purposes are still to be revealed. No one knows whether he is a mere political trickster of light quality, who will make selfish use of any chances which France throws in his way, or whether he is a sincere patriot who desires the best interests of his country.

It has been generally believed outside of France that the country was tired of Cæsarism and of Chauvinism, that its disposition was peaceful, and that its real ambition was to consolidate its strength by quiet growth. This is undoubtedly the spirit of the most intelligent Frenchmen, and it may still be the mood of the people at large, whose sympathies may have been drawn out by what has appeared to be the political persecution of General Boulanger; but the great popular vote which the General has recently secured in two departments would seem to indicate either that his programme finds an echo among people at large, or else that he has the personal sympathies of the Republican masses with him. In either event the fact is not auspicious. General Boulanger's programme is a brief and radical one. He is identified principally with two sentiments: one that the present republican government has broken down through impotence; and the other that the integrity of the French territory should be preserved. The first, if it means anything definite, means that the present republican government is not centralized enough to be efficient, according to the judgment of General Boulanger. The other sentiment, if it means anything definite, means the fostering of the anti-German feeling among the French people. Nothing could be more unfortunate for France at this moment than the surrender of the people to either of these sentiments.

The French have not yet learned to accept patiently the inevitable limitations of any form of government. That a republic not yet eighteen years old, succeeding a showy but unsubstantial empire, which had destroyed political life, should not succeed in achieving all that was expected of it is not to be wondered at. A republic is a form of government which, on the whole, works most efficiently for the general good of all classes; it is not an ideal organization of men which fulfills all the ideal functions to civilization which each race holds in its consciousness. The French have never yet learned that no government can solve at once all the problems of society, if it can solve them at all. They still expect something magical in the operation of a democracy, something apart from the political character of the people behind it. Americans and Englishmen know, on the other hand—and that is one of the secrets of their political strength—that every form of government has its weak as well as its strong sides, and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, while it secures the largest and freest development, is still far from attaining ideal results. The French are complaining that society has lost its charm, Paris its brilliancy, and literature its sovereignty under the Republic. They miss the show and glitter of the Monarchy and the Empire, and, impatient of the apparently inadequate results of the last seventeen years and of the slow process of political education, they are querulous and critical in their attitude toward their present political institutions. While it is perfectly clear to all intelligent observers outside of France that the country has made in important directions the most substantial advance during the last seventeen years, that whatever disappointments have followed the establishment of the Republic were inevitable in the nature of things, and that, on the whole, the Republic has secured, far more thoroughly than any of the governments which it succeeded, the general welfare of the French people, France itself seems to be disposed to overlook these things and to see only the imperfections.

The one real defect in the French political system to-day is the lack of a true parliamentary spirit and method. It is this which has destroyed confidence in the efficiency of the French Chambers, and made it possible for Boulanger to proclaim their impotence. The French Ministry, framed upon the English model, is responsible to the Chambers, although appointed by the President. The English system works admirably because the Ministry can always count on a large and compact body of supporters in Parliament, so that it may present definite policies, secure their thorough discussion, and stand or fall upon their fate. There are thus always two parties, one supporting and the other opposing the Government, and the life of the Government depends, not on personal influence on individuals, but on ability to convince and command the voters in Parliament. In France, on the other hand, a responsible Ministry is practically without power, because it has no party large enough to give it real support in the Chamber of Deputies. A Republican Ministry, instead of being able to count upon the support of the Republicans in the Chamber, is compelled to compromise and cajole and use personal influence by uniting opposing sections to keep itself in power. The Republicans are divided quite as sharply from each other as from the Royalists, and a group of Republicans may at any moment attack the Government with as much vigor and bitterness as those who are endeavoring to destroy it and to secure the return of some form of Imperialism. It is this continual bickering, this inability to unite in support of principles, and to secure the satisfactory prosecution of a definite policy, that are undermining popular confidence in the French Republic. For this failure republican institutions are in no sense responsible. The French people must look to themselves if they wish to discover the real difficulty in their situation. Unfortunately, before they do this some Boulanger may be able to persuade them that Cæsarism or some form of one-man power can furnish the only strong government.

THE STAGE AND THE CHURCH.

OUR recent symposium, with the accompanying editorial, on the Stage and the Church has accomplished one of the objects we had in view. It has lifted the topic, so far as our readers are concerned, out of the low plane of partisan controversy into one of dignified, calm, and fair-minded discussion. Several dramatic journals—notably "The Mirror"—have published accounts of this symposium, have met the effort of The Christian Union to promote kindlier feeling between the actor and the preacher in the kindliest spirit, and have recognized that the fault in the antagonism hitherto apparently existing between the two has not been wholly the fault of the pulpit. We wish that we could, but we cannot, say as much for the professional religious journals.

A correspondent last week put tersely and ably a serious and weighty objection, which operates, we doubt not, in the minds of many of the clergy as fair-minded as he appears to be. There are, he says, publishers who will not print an immoral book, but he asks where, outside possibly of one or two of the great cities, is the theater that will not put on the stage an immoral play. He objects to going on Monday to see "Julius Cæsar" in a house where next Monday the "Black Crook" may be performed. We ask our dramatic friends if this objection is altogether prudish or unreasonable.

A second correspondent this week considers what is the most serious philosophical objection to the theater, that it arouses emotions without harnessing them to action. He shows, it appears to us quite conclusively, that this objection applies equally to the novel and even to the pulpit. The fault is primarily with the hearer, who, having his emotions aroused, by poem, story, lecture, sermon, or drama, must, in the nature of the case, find for himself the occasions for their exercise. We hint here in a paragraph the thought of our correspondent, which is put with great clearness and cogency, and which has its moral bearing on actor, writer, preacher, and auditor, to whose candid consideration we commend it.

We have received a letter from a third correspondent, apparently not intended for publication, in which he raises a still more fundamental question, which we have asked him to put before our readers

more fully in a formal article. Meanwhile we report it here briefly, and as briefly our own view of it. He asks whether we are not to consider the effect of the stage on the players as well as on the audience. Have we a right to encourage by our presence a performance which is destructive to the Christian life of the performers? Is not this a vital question to be considered? We certainly think that it is. No Christian has a right to make gain for himself by the loss of another; least of all has he a right to seek amusement or even culture at the sacrifice of the moral welfare of others. We condemn the ancient Romans who found their amusement in looking upon gladiatorial combats, which meant wounding and death to their fellow-men. We condemn the Spaniards for finding their amusement in bull fights, for the same reason. But wounding of body is unimportant in comparison with wounding of soul; and if the dramatic profession necessarily involves the moral and spiritual deterioration of the members of that profession, Christian men cannot consistently patronize the theater.

But in considering the question whether the dramatic profession is consistent with the maintenance of a pure Christian character, we are not to look solely to past experience for an answer. The question is not whether the theater is morally dangerous to the players, nor whether it has proved morally destructive to some or even many players; but whether it is necessarily so destructive. Any candid reader of English history will admit, probably, that the priesthood was a perilous profession in the time of Henry VIII., but most ministers will agree that this was a reason, not for abolishing the ministerial profession, but for reforming it and changing the conditions which environed it. Most readers of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" will agree that the moral atmosphere of the literary profession was in the time of Johnson quite as vitiated as the moral atmosphere of the stage to day; but Christianity has purified the moral atmosphere of the literary profession, and it is no longer dangerous or demoralizing to belong to the circle of authors. Most of those who are familiar with the facts will, we think, agree that the moral atmosphere of the reporters' room in a great daily newspaper office is quite as bad as the moral atmosphere of the greenroom, though the nature of the danger is different. No Christian, however, proposes to stop buying daily newspapers on that account, nor to refuse social fellowship to those reporters who survive the demoralizing influence of Bohemian society. If the vices which have undoubtedly been characteristic of the dramatic profession are inherent and essential, then all Christian people should unite in condemnation of the drama, and in the endeavor to close the doors of the theater. We do not believe this to be the case. We think the church is partly responsible for the vitiated atmosphere of the stage, because it has excommunicated, practically, all those who have gone upon the stage. It has first cast them out, and then condemned them for being outcasts. It has magnified the vices, and has ignored the virtues which have triumphed over the vices; so that we venture to say that there are not a few Christian people in this country who would receive with entire incredulity the statement that there are eminent actors and actresses who are consistent and conscientious communicants in the Christian Church. If the theater cannot be clean from front entrance to rear exit, it has no right to exist; but we believe in the power of Christianity to cleanse it, for we believe that it has power to consecrate every native faculty of man; we believe the dramatic faculty to be native to man; and we therefore believe in the power of Christianity to cleanse and consecrate the dramatic faculty. And we propose to exert such influence as we possess in the direction of cleansing, not in the direction of destroying, because we believe in an entire and consecrated manhood, not in one that is imperfect and mutilated.

MODERN FICTION DISCUSSED.

At each of the recent meetings of the New York Congregational Club we have had occasion to remark that the attendance was unprecedentedly large. The meeting on Monday night formed no exception. It was with difficulty that all obtained seats at the table, and many were obliged to stand during the literary programme which followed the dinner. The Club is as prosperous as it can be. Any more prosperity would be a positive stroke of adversity.

The first paper of the evening was that of Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie on "Fiction as a Form of Art." As this essay will be published in "Scribner's Magazine," we shall give merely its underlying thought. Mr. Mabie began by distinguishing between the literature of the Orient and that of the Occident. In the literature of Western life the fundamental idea is that of personality. It lies at the bottom of our life and at the heart of our art. It was present in the Greek drama as a struggle against inheri ance and external destiny, and in the Shakesperian drama as a struggle against the destructive forces which lie within ourselves. After this final development of the idea of individual personality came the new thought which permeates the literature as it does the life of the present day. It is the idea of solidarity. The modern sense of the interdependence of all members of society makes it impossible for those who represent this life in art not to give expression to the feeling that society cannot rest so long as its meanest member suffers through no fault of his own. Mr Mabie showed how prominent was this feeling in all the best fiction of every country in this age. The literature which was the outcome of this thought is a profoundly moral one, not in the sense of being didactic, but in the sense that nothing is so intensely moral as life pierced to its depth This study of man in his social relations also characterizes other branches of literature which have received a special development in our age. That which the student of social questions seeks as a matter of science the novelist seeks as a matter of art.

Mr. Mabie was followed by Mr. R W. Gilder, editor of the "Century Magazine," whose subject was 'The Development of Literature in the South." Mr. Gilder's opening sentence summed up the thought of this lecture, which was that Abraham Lincoln emancipated not only the black man in the South, but the white. The simultaneous strokes of sword and pen freed not only the hands of the negroes, but the intellects of the whites. Before the war literature could not and did not grow in the South Art demands freedom. There was something in the life of the South which could not be criticised, which precluded all sympathy with the thought of our own age and kept the section fifty years behind in its literature. With the single exception of Poe, the literature of the South before the war was the veriest trash—false and exaggerated sentiment expressed by means of the most bedizening flowers (wax flowers) of rhetoric The extracts which Mr. Gilder read from the literature of this period were extremely entertaining. After the war a complete change took place. In the absence of slavery the life of the South was for the first time opened as a field for literature, and the result has been simply astonishing. In terms of the highest appreciation Mr. Gilder described the fiction of Joel Chandler Harris, Charles Egbert Craddock, George W. Cable, Maurice Thompson, and Thomas Nelson Page, and others who are making themselves felt in the literature of to-day. He spoke of Mr. Cable as perhaps the greatest artist since Hawthorne. He summed up the characteristics of Southern literature by saying that it was full of dramatic action, full of warm feeling, and of a humor and coloring all its own.

Mr Samuel M Clemens (Mark Twain) was on the programme as the third speaker, but was absent on account of the sickness of his wife. The Rev. Alexander Clapp, who presided over the exercises, remarked that Mr. Clemens was unfortunate in being absent, since he had intended to introduce him in a way that would have cheered him for a long time to come. In the absence of Mr Clemens, Dr. Deems and Mr. Fuller, both Southern men, made short speeches. During the course of the evening officers for the ensuing year were chosen Mr. Roswell Smith was re-elected President

IN AND ABOUT BOSTON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THIS is the season of the year when some thousand Methodist preachers and Methodist pulpits in New England take departures for the work of the succeeding conference year. The New England Conference, which held its annual meeting at Milford, went quite smoothly through with its work, the episcopacy carefully feeling the pulse of the pastors and churches, making appointments which, as a whole, conserve the general wishes and requests. It is patent to observation that there is considerable ecclesiastical caucusing, and it is among the *on dits* frequently heard from laymen and clergymen that there are "rings" and "cliques," and sometimes lively "log rolling." The one thing the Methodists are sensitive over is their polity, and it is not a surprise that a gentle though pointed suggestion in the form of a resolution was aimed at the new editor of "Zion's Herald," who had indulged in sharp criticism of the episcopacy for removing Dr. Hamilton from the People's Church at the end of the three years' limit, thus crippling the enterprise and leaving a heavy load for the Conference to carry. Editor Parkhurst was reminded that he should be cautious and not let his pen run too freely in this kind of work. It is apparent that the episcopacy would have gladly continued Mr. Hamilton in the People's Church if it could be done without disturbing other churches and pastors. There are churches not a few which would like a precedent to go beyond the time-limit. A prominent Methodist, a theological professor, remarked to me: "That is the weakness of our polity. Mr. Hamilton could have carried the church to success; and in the large cities, when pastors and churches fit together, they should be allowed to remain five or eight years." I notice that the "Zion's Herald' editorially urges the ministers who have been disappointed in their assignments to make the best use of them and go in for a year's earnest work for the Master. I hear, however, not only complaints, but words of highest praise, of the polity, contrasting it with other polities, on the ground that every pulpit is supplied and every preacher has a pulpit. Two preachers withdrew from the Conference "under charges" as to character. The body passed resolutions requesting the Governor to appoint Fast Day on Good Friday, against which there will be decided protests from other quarters. It is interesting, in this writing, to recall the fact that a hundred years ago an Arminian in Boston was regarded with more apprehension of evil by the orthodoxy of the time than Unitarians and Universalists are to day! Yet the Methodists now not only have their hold in every nook and corner of New England, but have the infinite respect of the orthodox. On the questions of election and free grace they have revolutionized the old New England theology.

There is literary curiosity in tracing the paternity of the famous phrase, "Cut the nerve of missions." In June, 1883, a few months after Dr. Newman Smyth was rejected by the Visitors, Dr George H. Gould, of Worcester, was the chosen orator of the American Board at its anniversary meeting in Tremont Temple. As reported in the "Congregationalist," he used this glowing and emphatic language: "Emasculate the New Testament by taking from it the penalty paid for sin by a Divine Saviour, open the door for second probation for the heathen, do this in your own pulpits, and in less than a generation you will scuttle every missionary ship and palsy the hand of every standard-bearer on the foreign field." At the annual meeting of the Board in Portland, the following October, Dr. E A. Park spoke in the same forcible strain: "Unless we adopt their views (Hopkins, Spring, and Edwards) of the depravity of man and his need of the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit, we have reason to fear that we shall cut the nerve of our missionary efforts, and we might as well scuttle our missionary ships at once as adopt any theology at variance with this, which is the theology of Paul and the theology of the whole Bible." Dr Gould was certainly first in the field, suggesting the phrase "Cut the nerve of our missionary efforts" by the figure "Palsy the hand of every standard-bearer on the foreign field," while his figure of "scuttling every missionary ship" did service on both occasions. The apprehended evil was a theological one with both speakers, and their utterances read as if they had been prepared with special care. But to-day popular sentiment, apart from controversialists, has no fears that the prevailing ideas of a larger hope will scuttle ships or palsy hands or cut nerves of missionary efforts at home or abroad.

Father Grafton, of the Church of the Advent, surprised his people Sunday by reading his resignation. He leaves his parish with reluctance, and only to organize and work as a specialty in the country retreats for laymen and clergymen, and to develop the work of the sisterhood of which he is the spiritual head in Boston. ——Dr. Frederick Courtney held his last services in St. Paul's Church Sunday, and will go this week to Yarmouth, N. S, where he will preach next Sunday. He will be consecrated Bishop on the 25th inst. Phillips Brooks and other clergy from this vicinity are expected to be present on the occasion ——The Rev. George Grover, of Nashua, N H, read a paper Monday to the Congregational ministers, sharply criticising the mind cure.——Collector Saltonstall has forbidden the landing in this port of Nova Scotia fishermen who came to engage in work in American vessels.

The Overseers of Harvard College have referred the vote of the President and Fellows "that the next edition of the Quinquennial Catalogue be printed in English" to a special committee. If this move shall lead to the giving of diplomas in English, it will please large numbers of scholars. I remember a remark of Dr. A. P. Peabody, a year or two since, that the chief objection to doing this at once is the difficulty to find some one who is competent to prepare the English form. No one, perhaps, might so properly undertake work of this kind as Dr. Peabody himself. Five preachers at the University another year—Dr. Phillips Brooks, Dr. Alexander McKenzie, the Rev. George A. Gordon, A.B.—have been reappointed, and the Rev. William Lawrence, A B, and the Rev. Theodore C. Williams, A.B, have been newly appointed. OBSERVER.

PUT YOURSELF IN HER PLACE.

YOUR editorial in The Christian Union of April 5 is sure to call forth some comment from the advocates of the woman's movement. We have no wish to "read between the lines" of that editorial; but, with all respect, we feel that men who have always enjoyed personal freedom can no more understand what this movement means to women than can a man possessed of his five senses understand what it is to be born blind and deaf and dumb. Only those who suffer from the legal and social restrictions can judge of the situation.

We do not propose an exhaustive argument on the subject, but certain suggestions inevitably spring to the mind on reading your editorial.

I. We believe this demand for a better education, a larger industrial opportunity, and a share in the political administration is a demand for woman's advancement, *not* for her enslavement. What is the best educational system for men and women is a problem yet to be solved. It is no more a problem for women than for men.

II. To your second position, that it is as high a function to *see* things as to *do* them, we object entirely. It is a great joy to be able to appreciate Mrs. Browning's poems, but most women would prefer to have the ability to write the poems. It is a great joy to be able to appreciate Beethoven's sonatas; it is a greater joy to be able to render them. But to appreciate and to execute is not so great as to conceive the sonata.

The great motive in this demand for larger industrial opportunities is *not* to force upon woman the duties of the bread-winner, for she *is* already a bread-winner. There is *not* "industrial force" in men sufficient to supply the needs of our women and children. We are not attempting to put woman into the harness; but because she is in the harness we ask for her admission to every position which she is capable of filling, and equal pay for equal work. We believe that in opening all legitimate business and professions to the competition of women we are striking at the root of some of the social and domestic problems which agitate society. A certain State reports recently one divorce case to every ten marriages. A liberal education for women, and the opening to them of a life complete and useful, will affect materially such calamitous reports. Women will then enter upon married life only when it is a question of sympathy. Marriages of "convenience" will be infrequent; maneuvering mammas and artful daughters will belong to the barbaric past. Our daughters should be educated just as we educate our sons—with the idea of a life of labor and purpose. If a true marriage comes to their life, we congratulate our daughters as we congratulate our sons. The liberal education or the study of a profession will not be lost, but will go into a better management of the household, a more judicious training of the children, and a purifying and liberalizing influence in society. We squander ruthlessly any amount of time and money on the study of foreign languages which conventionality and fashion have made necessary in the education of our young women. We do not blink at the big bills for music and painting lessons, even though they are lavished on pupils who have no predilections for these accomplishments, and though the cunning of the fingers is often lost in the cares of after life. This frivolous, conventional education will drop also into the past when the true position of woman demands an education corresponding to the higher standard which she must maintain.

III. When the Woman's Suffrage bill was debated, a few weeks since, in our New York Senate, its advocate advanced the "well-known argument" that it was *a right*. One Senator contemptuously called this sort of legislation "rot," and the bill was subjected to abuse, ridicule, humor, and defeat. Now, it makes a great difference whose foot the shoe is on when the pinch comes. Men did not weary of the "well-known argument," "Taxation without representation is unjust," in the old colonial days. They did not abuse or ridicule or make light of the matter until a four years' war had accorded them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Our women now feel just as our men did in the old days of the Revolution. We shall not cease to demand our "rights" so long as women, who are held amenable to the law, have yet no voice in framing the law. We demand the ballot as a duty and as a privilege. It is a privilege because it is a duty. We do not do not think that any man would be willing to transfer his right or duty or privilege of the elective franchise, and have his politics attended to by proxy, however irksome the right or duty or privilege may become. Fancy any man allowing his wife or his mother or his sister to vote for him! A conscience cannot be transferred. If men sometimes relieve themselves of the too exacting duty, it is because, through the corruption of our political system, the vote of the conscience is often null and void.

We do not concede that the privilege of the ballot brings with it the necessity of the soldier's life and the battlefield. Heaven forbid that voters, male or female, should claim this bloody privilege! In the ideal state, of which we already see the approach, our difficulties will all be settled by arbitration, not by the methods of the savage. Besides, our male citizens over forty-five years of age, and men physically incapacitated from the army, are not deprived of their ballot on account of age or inability.

We believe that a vote gives to the holder a title to respect. The brewers and saloon-keepers have a hold on our Legislature and are received there with consideration because they are voters. Women would be received there, and everywhere, with the respect corresponding to the power which the ballot carries with it.

Women do not ask for the right of franchise because they want a "mission" or because they want an "enlarged sphere of activity." We mothers will stay at home and take care of our children in the new dispensation just as we have in the old. No, we shall take care of them better, because a truer education and vital responsibility in the affairs of government must bear fruit in the training of our children to a loftier conception of citizenship.

HELEN GILBERT ECOB.

ALBANY.

SUPERFLUOUS WOMEN!

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

In your issue of April 5 your editorial on "The Woman's Movement," under the second head, criticises the position taken by the speakers at the International Council at the session assigned to "Industries." The whole trend of your argument goes to prove that the movement for the industrial education of women and their financial independence is retrogressive. You say: "We venture to doubt whether civilization is moving in the direction of the emancipation of women, when it gives her the privilege of following the Indian squaw's example." "There ought to be industrial force enough in the men to earn the food of the women and children, and there ought to be moral force enough in the men to fight the battles for the women and children." Oh, that "ought"!

We must take the world as it is, and not as it ought to be. The industrial force of men has proved inadequate, as society is at present constituted, to supply the wants of all the women and children, and the moral force of men has utterly failed to protect the homes of our land from cruelty and vice. If, indeed, dependence upon men for all material good is the most desirable condition for women (which we question), what shall be done while we wait the good time coming, when all men shall support and protect all women? "Superfluous women," those who have no claim upon any individual man, and who in the present state of society find it impossible to enforce the claim which your theory of the duties of all men to all women suggests, have always been a fruitful subject for discussion.

The most effectual plan for "reducing the surplus" which is recorded in history was that adopted by a country across the ocean: some of the girl babies were drowned, and all the widows burned on the funeral pyres of their husbands. That plan brought peace! All was quiet on the Ganges, and the din of a woman's council or convention never disturbed the calm of that placid repose! But the English Government interfered, and the personal liberty of the Hindus to do what they would with their women has been restricted. Mark the result. There is a vast accumulation of widows in India, sunk in the depths of degradation and want, and one of their number, whose exceptional advantages make it possible, has come to this country to ask help to give them education and industrial training.

Pundita Ramabai has appeared on many platforms to plead for the women of her country. She was at the International Council, and the pathos of her appeal moved all hearts. Neither she nor her hearers realized that she was taking a false position, and that she and her sisters would better sit with folded hands awaiting the time when the men of India shall support and protect all its women. True, several generations might starve to death; but what is that compared with the ushering in of that grand millennial day which shall see women emancipated from all forms of useful labor, and exercising the "high function" (?) of seeing things instead of doing them, and presenting ideals to be worked out by other hands! The problem of what to do with superfluous women is having a different solution in this country, and the retrogressive (?) plan of working out their own salvation from want in various occupations is being largely followed. The only mitigation of this industrial crane is found in the progressive (?) movement inaugurated by the Latter-Day Saints, which is being practically applied to Utah. But, alas! personal liberty is again restrained by the tyranny of government.

The farmer who addressed us at the Council did not claim that her occupation was suitable or desirable for most women. She said that "the great majority of women would always choose the sheltered places in the world's workshops," and quoted the words of a well-known modern writer that "in an ideal state of society the outside work of the world would be largely performed by men;" but she said "necessity knows no law," and when a woman is thrown upon her own resources "she must consider, in her choice of an occupation, the limitations of circumstances, of early education, and, above all, the limitations of her own character." In vindication of her own choice she quoted from Proverbs where it says of the model woman, "She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard." She spoke of it as a saying of the Wise Man, and must have forgotten that it was King Lemuel's mother who said it when advising her son about the choice of a wife; so it was only a woman she quoted, after all!

In some perplexity I submit the question to the readers of The Christian Union: What shall we do while the "large social and industrial reforms" are working their slow way to fulfillment in the coming centuries?

A SUPERFLUOUS WOMAN.

A COROLLARY.

Your editorial on the Woman's Movement in the last number of The Christian Union has interested me very much. There is, however, one corollary following directly from the argument that, it seems to me, must have escaped your notice. If "no person should ever issue a command which he has not the *power* to enforce," and if the only *power* recognized as adequate is the power of "brawn," would not the practical application of the doctrine leave half the schools of the Nation without teachers before to-morrow morning? Ten years' experience in teaching in the schools of Kansas, Indiana, and Minnesota has fully convinced me that the strongest power to enforce a command is the power of mind and will; or, as The Christian Union so aptly expresses it, "Muscle is at a discount," "Brain rules the world."

MARY E. BYRD.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass.

THE STAGE AND THE PULPIT.

BY W. H. B.

RECENTLY a writer [1] with unusual psychological insight has called attention to the emotional dissipation of theater-going. Basing his arguments upon the psychological doctrines that the feelings are the source of activity, and that the feelings are dulled by habitual exercise, he makes a serious criticism of the theater. "The occasions of the theater," he says, "are, of course, unreal, so that the pity for suffering, the indignation over wrong, which are aroused have no opportunity to find expression in action. The feelings are thus weakened, without compensation in the formation of an active habit of benevolence. Thus a part of the power given us to move us to right activity is thrown away, and we naturally become unequal to real occasions. The theater, therefore, is peculiarly calculated to waste the feelings, and thus to deform the character and enfeeble the life." This is a grave objection, and should be considered carefully. It should be noticed however, that the stage is only one of several means by which the emotions are aroused. As Frances Power Cobbe shows us in an excellent article in the "Fortnightly Review" for February, the stage, schools and churches, art, nature, music, and especially literature, are all means of arousing and developing the emotions.

The stage and the pulpit are, perhaps, the two public institutions that more than any others have the opportunity to arouse the higher emotions. Both call music to their aid. The pulpit as well as the stage appeals more or less to the senses by means of forms and scenic display. Their power for good or evil may be determined in great part by considering two things: First, whether they arouse moral emotions; and, second, whether the emotions aroused lead to action. It is not by any means the writer's purpose to estimate the influence of the theater as a whole, nor to show the higher character of the pulpit, although it is plain enough that many popular plays are likely to arouse immoral feelings, and that many sermons are too lifeless to arouse much emotion of any kind. But good plays and good sermons alike arouse the higher emotions.

As a means of arousing the feelings the method of the stage has one great advantage over that often employed in the pulpit. From the stage the appeal to the feelings is always indirect. The players never exhort the audience. The method employed is in harmony with the psychological principle that the emotions are most easily aroused, not by direct appeal, but by contagion and suggestion. On the other hand, the man who constantly exhorts not only employs an inferior method, but, as George Eliot somewhere says, "a man who is perpetually thinking in apothegms, who has an uninter-

[1] Dr. Strong, in an article upon "The Theater Psychologically Considered," in the "Congregationalist."

mittent flux of admonition, can have little energy left for simple emotion." Of course, preachers need not employ the method of direct exhortation. It is simply a well-known fact that many do use this method unduly. On the other hand, the pulpit has intrinsically a great advantage over the stage as a means of arousing the higher emotions; for the conditions of the play are unreal, and the players inevitably become more or less artificial. The pulpit, however, does, or at least can, deal only with real conditions, and the genuine preacher feels the emotion that he would communicate.

Do the emotions aroused by the stage and the pulpit lead to activity? To answer this question in a single sentence, it may be said that, whether the feeling aroused be a savor of life unto life or of death unto death depends in the last resort upon the hearer. The moral man objectifies his moral emotions in action; the man who is not moral allows his emotions to burn out in vain sentiment. But as a matter of fact, while the function of the theater in keeping alive and developing the higher emotions in some classes of society may be a very important one, and while much good may come from the stage when the moral emotions aroused lead to action, the evil mentioned above is a serious one; for too frequently theater-goers fail to *do* anything on account of the good impulses aroused. The same is true of the church. One of the worst and most common sins of church-goers is that their good impulses do not lead to action.

In the interest of society certain things are demanded of the theater, and of the church as well.

First, the stage (except in case of comedy) should present only those plays which will arouse the higher emotions. It is hardly necessary to add that the pulpit should avoid appeals to the baser feelings, such as selfishness, pride, and self-righteousness.

The second point refers to the hearer, and has already been suggested. Neither church-goers nor theater-goers should allow their good impulses to be dissipated. Professor William James, in his paper upon "The Laws of Habit" published last year in the "Popular Science Monthly," expresses admirably the danger of such spendthrift habits. A few sentences may be quoted: "Every time a resolve or a fine glow of feeling evaporates without bearing practical fruit, it is worse than a chance lost; it works so as positively to hinder future resolutions and emotions from taking the normal path of discharge. There is no more contemptible type of human character than that of the nerveless sentimentalist and dreamer, who spends his life in a weltering sea of sentimentality and emotion, but who never does a manly concrete deed. Rousseau, inflaming all the mothers of France, by his eloquence, to follow nature and nurse their babies themselves, while he sends his own children to the foundling hospital, is the classical example of what I mean. But every one of us in his measure, whenever, after glowing for an abstractly formulated Good, he practically ignores some actual case, among the squalid 'other particulars' of which that same good lurks disguised, treads straight on Rousseau's path All Goods are disguised by the vulgarity of their concomitants in this world; but woe to workaday him who can only recognize them when he thinks them in their pure and abstract form! The habit of excessive novel-reading and theater going will produce true monsters in this line. The weeping of the Russian lady over the fictitious personages in the play, while her coachman is freezing to death on his seat outside, is the sort of thing that everywhere happens on a less glaring scale. Even the habit of excessive indulgence in music, for those who are neither performers themselves nor musically gifted enough to take it in a purely intellectual way, has probably a relaxing effect upon the character. One becomes filled with emotions which habitually pass without prompting to any deed, and so the inertly sentimental condition is kept up. The remedy would be, never to suffer one's self to have an emotion at a concert without expressing it afterward in *some* active way. Let the expression be the least thing in the world—the giving up of one's seat in a horse-car, if nothing more heroic offers—but let it not fail to take place."

The third point refers especially to the pulpit. Teachers of ethics and religion should not only arouse good impulses and show the need of objectifying them in action, but they should also point out concrete ways in which this may be done. One reason why the pulpit does not have the influence to-day that it might have is that the clergy often fail to preach about concrete duties. Abstract terms and general principles may be effective weapons when employed by giants, but ordinary men are likely to succeed better if they are less ambitious. In illustration of concrete preaching the pedagogical method of Jesus is profoundly suggestive. The Sermon on the Mount bristles with concrete precepts. When the rich young man asked what he should do, the Master brought matters at once to a crisis by pointing to a concrete duty: "Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor." If to-day there were no pressing problems demanding concrete application of the truths of Christianity, it would not seem so bad to use generalities and repeat platitudes. But when in our country there are multitudes of the laboring classes who are ignorant of the first principles of political economy, and so ignorant and selfish that any plan of co-operation or the like for their betterment is likely to fail; when there are so many pressing social questions; when in many places the church through thoughtlessness is losing its influence with the wage-earning classes, it seems almost sacrilege for a teacher of morality to use platitudes and generalities that affect nobody, unless it be those who are already saints. Fortunately, this criticism applies to a portion only of the clergy. But in the modern warfare with evil every man is needed, and every man should use the most effective weapons.

To recount briefly what has been said: We have noticed that the stage and the pulpit are alike in being means by which the higher emotions—such as sympathy, pity, indignation at wrong, and emulation of heroic acts—are aroused. There is serious danger connected with both that the feelings aroused will evaporate. Whether the feelings aroused lead to action or are dissipated depends in the last resort upon the hearer. But the preacher should point out concrete duties in which good impulses may be realized.

JUDGE IN THE AGGREGATE.

Do not fairness and justice require that we form our opinions of the moral influence of the stage in the same manner that we form them of any other great force or institution?

To judge of the influence of the church, we do not select a dozen of the most distinguished and popular ministers of the age, or a score of illiterate or erratic preachers, and base our estimate upon the results of their labors, but, taking the whole Christian Church in all its branches, and its work in all countries, we then ascertain with some accuracy what is its influence in the world Neither, of schools, would we take Oxford, Yale, Wellesley, etc., or a few low-grade, mountain-cove schools, by which to judge the influence of schools upon our people, but universities, colleges, high schools, and especially common schools, are all carefully considered, and from the knowledge thus gained we are able to reach a proper estimate of their value. So, in order to judge correctly of the moral influence of the stage, not first class actors and plays alone, or the most disreputable variety shows, should be allowed to fix our opinions. Certainly these must all be taken into the account, and with them the whole intermediate class of every shade and grade—above all, the unnumbered troops that play every night during the season in all the cities and towns and most villages, and attract the great masses, which are, in fact, to the theater what common schools are to our educational system. By estimating the full influence of all together, surely something like a just average could be drawn. Let discussions be from this standpoint. J. L. J.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

By the Rev. S. W. Dike

A GOOD instance of sound reformatory work as applied to the family and its problem is seen in the papers Mr Frank Gaylord Cook, of Cambridge, Mass., is contributing to the "Atlantic Monthly" on the history of the marriage celebration in Europe and the United States. Beginning in the February number, Mr. Cook carefully traces the law of the celebration of marriage until the present time. He shows how Europe, suffering under her careless adoption of the later Roman law on the subject, which treated marriage merely as a private contract, has gradually but effectually recovered from her past, and now carefully protects the interests of the State in this transaction. Another paper shows that the exercise of the private right to marry without governmental recognition got slight foothold during our colonial period. The third takes up the history of the subject in the United States, and a very different movement is seen. We have returned, since the time of Chancellor Kent, and partly through his argument and example, to the state of European law in the Middle Ages. The great majority of our States, under what Mr. Cook characterizes as a falsely termed common-law principle, now hold wholly private marriages—that is, marriages without the presence of a third person—to be valid in law. Europe has found it necessary to insist on the interests of the State in this important matter, and the obligatory civil marriage is now almost universal there. But just as we have an immense colored population coming to the rights of citizenship and needing the utmost care of their domestic relations, the Southern courts are joining those of the Northern States, where a foreign population needs good marriage laws, in conceding the right to marry in absolute privacy. A fortunate combination of circumstances has so far kept us from very widely spread mischief from this new right. But the possibilities are too many and too serious to allow this to go on without the correction of positive legislation to check the exercise of the right the courts thus concede to individuals.

Mr. Cook in his next paper will doubtless pursue the defects of our marriage laws in other directions. For the qualifications of the parties seeking marriage and of the officials to whom this important function is committed, the matter of consent of parents, the record of the marriage, and the value of being able at any time to ascertain the marital condition of a person—in short, the guarding of marriage with something of the care we take of the transfers of property—are fruitful themes that need treatment. And the historical and comparative method of Mr. Cook is just what the family needs, and seems likely to get still more as discussion goes on For hardly any reform has been so well removed from sensational treatment and made so largely the subject of truly scientific methods as that which in the last eight or ten years has concerned itself with marriage, divorce, and the topics of the family in general, under the guiding hand of the National Divorce Reform League and the influence of our more recent scientific methods which now control students of legal questions more than ever.

The National League has maintained that we are not prepared to legislate wisely as an entire nation until we know more about the whole subject. Accordingly, it urged for three or four years upon Congress the need of an official investigation, which is now being made by the Bureau of Labor. When this report upon the actual results of the marriage and divorce laws of the country shall be made, which will include both the statistics and an analysis of the multitudinous laws of the country, and shall be put alongside the study of Mr. Cook and others, we shall know better how to begin the National treatment of this great subject. Further investigations may be needed and can be ordered when found necessary. But the field is being opened in the most scientific way. Meanwhile, the same comprehensive method is at work in still other directions. The material and the methods of the study of social institutions which the last twenty-five years have brought forward in sociology are being turned to the family in its various branches of study. The influence of Sir Henry S. Maine and others is shaping our universities, our schools of political science and law, and reaching the colleges and theological seminaries. A new class of leaders is coming forward, and—what is equally important—a new constituency is being created for them. When a churchman like Judge Bennett challenges the accepted theories of the church at certain points on divorce, and, in the interests of greater strictness in guarding the family, presents new views of the theory of the New Testament, and when other scholars do not hesitate to say the last word is yet unspoken concerning the true Christian interpretation of the Bible on the subject, it is not difficult to understand the reasons for the great caution and the broad outlook with which the friends of divorce reform have proceeded. While their present legislative gains are many and considerable, their insistence on the best possible survey of the field, and a thorough examination of all that lies about it, with some new measurement of their forces, deserves special commendation. With such careful prevision and consequent broad preparation the chances of wild legislation are much lessened. In this respect, as well as for its inherent importance, this movement in the interests of the family deserves the continued attention of all thoughtful people.

HOW THE BOAT CAME HOME.

By Eleanor Lewis.

THERE is a singular charm about a solitary ramble in a solitary place. Where people gather, it is pleasant to have a companion; but where solitude is part and essence of the scene, it is well to be alone and realize the might of Nature uncompanioned amidst her crags, her forest silences, or storm-rent coasts. Then only does she repay our confidence in kind, and whisper her secrets without reserve.

In the swirl of the English Channel is a group of islands which offer unusual facilities for rambles of this kind. They are small, Guernsey having no greater length than fifteen miles, while Sark has barely three; but never was coast line more varied or wild. One may follow it for hours without finding it monotonous. Moreover, small as the islands are, they are none too small for the drama of human life Here, as elsewhere, each life has its story, petty or grand—how tragic in some cases you shall hear.

On the southern side of Guernsey is one bit of coast particularly wild and forbidding—a place which fascinates by its grandeur, and whose perilous beauty half attracts, half repels, the beholder. A headland juts boldly out into the sea, presenting to it a lofty, almost perpendicular wall of rock, seamed here and there with zigzag defiles. In its worn face nest gulls and cormorants, but other inhabitants are none, or would *seem* to be none, until closer inspection reveals a stone cottage clinging to the hillside and communicating with the morsel of white beach below by a tiny footpath. It i

only one story high, with two small rooms used for bed room and kitchen. In the latter, at most hours of the day, a seaweed fire burns brightly, dispensing its pungent odors; and if the blaze falters it can be renewed from a great pile of the same marine fuel in the corner hard by. Strips of seaweed festoon the low ceiling; nets, corks, and other fishing tackle litter the bench; while the one table holds a miscellaneous collection of dishes and housewife implements, together with a few old books. Just an ordinary fisherman's cottage, in fine, with the usual appliances of homely life. Even the stone floor tells its story of toil, in the path so deeply worn from fireplace to door—a path channeled by countless patient steps.

Here, as I sat idly chatting with its mistress one day, I opened by chance upon this inscription in the fly-leaf of her Bible: "Elie Gilles est mon nom, England est ma patrie"—thus it began, in big, unformed writing; then, below, another, more delicate, hand had continued the legend in English: "Guernsey was his dwelling-place, Christ his salvation, the sea his grave. Jesus, who didst take him, comfort me, Nicolle, Elie Gilles' poor wife. Amen. Not my will, but thine."

The Nicolle who wrote these words sat steadily knitting in the open door; and as she told me her story, we could all the time hear from below the murmur of the surge, and see the bright waves which had engulfed her husband.

And, first, as was meet, came the story of her wooing—how she had cared for none of the Guernsey lads, and how they had returned her neglect with an epithet, calling her "the loverless lass;" how their mothers had spoken more sharply yet: "Who was Nicolle Heaulme, that she should turn up her nose at their sons! Let the girl look to herself! she might go farther and fare worse!" And how, heedless of their adverse decision, she still lived quietly at home, helped at the fishing, and waited for what Fate might bestow.

At length, in her nineteenth year, it happened that one afternoon a young fisherman from Sark went out, as usual, to look after his lobster pots. This time he either went out too far or stayed too long, and, ere he realized the state of things, a low-lying cloud of mist crept stealthily around Pointe de Nez, between him and the shore, growing ever denser, until soon it enfolded the boat. Fishermen understand well that for a wet blanket like this at sea the only remedy is patience. Elie Gilles, therefore, made no effort to regain the land, and waited passively for the mist to rise. But, contrary to his expectation, night fell without change in the weather, and about midnight a storm arose.

In darkness and great fear the lonely watcher kept his vigil, until, with daybreak, he found himself nearer Guernsey than Sark, with a stiff breeze blowing, and white-caps cutting ominously the cold green of the sea. Hungry, wet, chilled to the bone, he yet managed to land near Bon Repos. Between this little bay and Rocquaine the coast rises, as has been said, with bold abruptness, up from the water-worn caves below to th beetling cliffs above. Ships give it a wide berth, and even the fishers must be wary, for many are the outlying rocks and conflicting currents. In summer time tourists visit the place, but they are mere birds of passage, and flit with the first chill wind, leaving the wild headland to front the sea alone. Fortunately for Elie Gilles, one hearth-fire broke the solitude, and in the cottage of Pierre Heaulme he found shelter.

For three long days the storm raged, and when it passed, with the consent of her father, Nicolle Heaulme was betrothed to the guest the sea had brought them. Soon they were married, and the young husband left Sark to dwell on the Guernsey headland. Soon, too, the father died, but this was more like the gathering of a ripe harvest than death, and they were comforted. Their little home was pleasant; they were dearer than life to each other; the fishing prospered, and for more than a year all things went well. And then, in the happy spring, when life was at its brightest, came the overthrow of all her joy.

Up to this point she had spoken in the most colorless, matter-of-fact manner, as one might say, "The weather is fine," or "The kettle boils;" but as the past tragedy drew near once more with the telling, her tones gained fire, her voice grew flexible with strong feeling.

"The sea gave him to me, that is true; so perhaps I should not complain that the sea took him from me I suppose it was God's will—only I cannot yet see *why*. Why should he be taken, who was well and strong, and never did an ill deed in his life, nor held a bad thought in his heart? And we were so happy— But I will tell you how it happened. The day, I remember, was bright and fine, and Elie had a good start at the fishing. When it came time, I got the dinner ready, and then, as he was a bit late, and there was no more to do in the house, I thought to run out on the Point and see if he were coming. Sure enough, the boat was in sight, and pretty soon it was so near that I could see his face. He saw me, too, and waved his hand, pointing to the lobsters in the boat; for you see, ma'am, he had taken up all the pots, and we were going to market the next day, at St. Pierre.

"The sea was running high, but still I hadn't a fear, and turned to run down to the beach, that I might help him with the load. Something, however, I don't know what, made me stop and look back." (Her voice faltered here, then broke, and it was some minutes before she could proceed.)

"I looked back, and saw a great green wave, like a wall, right behind the boat. It must have come out of the bowels of the sea; it was like a devil, with its cold white crest, like fingers, reaching, reaching out for my man. O Jesu, Seigneur! Then with all my strength I shouted to Elie. He could not have heard me in all that roar, but he saw the wave, and knew that no rope nor sail could help him. So he rose to his feet and folded his arms. It was like my man; he would look the very devil in the face, and fight whoever asked him! But I—I didn't breathe, and after that first moment could not speak. Nor could I turn my eyes. Then, all in a minute, the top of the wave doubled over and met the sea. The boat came home in bits, but never my Elie. The sea had him, and kept him."

She dropped back into her usual voice and manner, so apathetic, colorless, and still that I half thought the tory had been a dream. Afterward, going to an olda chest, she showed me her treasures. It was like opening coffin and seeing the long-hidden yet familiar dead. There were three or four time worn, yellowed letters from her Elie; and a heart, made from their hair, entwined in a flat braid. There was also one of his neckties, frayed at the edges; an old hymn-book, and his last pair of shoes. ("For he was prudent, was Elie," she added, "and wore his worst things in the boat.") Above all, there was a photograph of the two, standing hand in hand. Poor enough was its execution; still, it was easy to be seen how handsome the young lovers had been!

Now youth and happiness alike had passed with her Elie, and the best of her life was taken when the boat came home.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

By Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A.,

Of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise."

I BELIEVE that all vital teaching of English, with culture and enlightened citizenship for its object, must be conveyed directly through the literature of the language. This is teaching by example, and becomes a living influence. The teaching conveyed through the myriad formulæ of rhetoric, and syntax, and composition handbook is, in its essentials, a teaching by precept, and becomes the very dustiest portion of one's stock of intellectual bric-à-brac. The one supplies incentive to effort, and effectual guidance in the effort. The other furnishes, if the reluctant memory consents to retain it in possession, some ingenious but harmless weapons for the light warfare of pedantic criticism. It is, of course, of the utmost importance that our pupils should be made acquainted with those few rules of syntax and analysis which are to be regarded as fundamental. But when all is said, it yet remains true of most of the English instruction of the day that it takes the pupil into the Valley of Dry Bones and sets him diligently to the task of bringing one bone unto another; but of the breath of the wind of heaven which is at last to quicken his work he finds no one to tell him anything. Now, as Mr. T. T. Munger has lately pointed out, the supreme essential of that teaching which is to educate, not to coach, is inspiration. If otherwise, then, teachers being more expensive than text-books, let us have more text-books and fewer teachers. A teacher who is not personal and inspiring in his methods is but a text-book, of increased adaptability and emphasis perhaps, but of somewhat diminished accuracy.

The purposes to be served by the teaching of English I would class under three heads. First, the discipline of the faculties, or mental calisthenics—an object to be attained with perhaps equal effect, and with less effort to the instructor, by means of certain other studies which serve this one purpose only. Second, the power of effective expression in written or spoken words And, third, culture, intellectual and moral; whereby I mean a just perception of the relations of things, social insight, a capacity for wise patriotism, and a realization of the essential unity existing between beauty and rightness. It is of this third object in particular, and of the second by the way, that I propose to speak.

The use in education of what are called literary, as distinguished from scientific, subjects finds its sanction, I think, in the words, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise." The boy that has learned to prove that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another—especially if he has learned it after Euclid—has made a certain gain in mental power. The boy who has learned the atomic constituents of marsh gas or that common salt is chloride of sodium, has acquired a fact that may be of much use to him if he properly correlates it with other similar facts; and he has also, by the way, acquired an increased respect for common salt! But he who has shouted with Hector before the walls of Troy has gone somewhat further, I think, toward making himself a devoted servant of his country. And he who has apprehended the loveliness of the spirit of Socrates, who has learned with Prospero forgiveness of enemies, and thrilled to the lyric emotion of one of Keats's odes, has been advanced further toward the goal of enlightened citizenship than he can be taken by a knowledge of the constituents of marsh gas or the proportions of the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle. I do by no means undervalue the results of scientific teaching. I deeply appreciate the wisdom which may accrue, to the properly equipped mind, from a search into the mysterious workings and eternal processes which the material world is undergoing. But the facts of science too often affect one like mere marvels, barren of influence upon daily life, unless the mind, through acquaintance with "what makes for beauty and what makes for conduct," has been qualified to set them in vital relationship with the processes of its own development. To a crude perception the sublime story of the sequence of geologic ages, of the speed and journeyings of light, and of the spaces of the heavens, are wonders of about the same imaginative and ethical significance as were to our forefathers the tales of mermaid and of shrieking mandrake. But observe how the great discoveries of modern science lift and stimulate the imagination which literature has made ready for them; how they educate, in its true sense, the mind that is capable of regarding them as something more than a series of remarkable bits of information. The power to so regard them is of those powers which are developed by the study of literature, which treats of the wisest and most beautiful things said and done by the wisest men—which is in about equal proportions a "criticism of life" and a crystallization of noble emotions. The contest between literature and science seems to me unreasonable. Both are necessary factors in education. But that literature should precede, govern, and include science can be denied, I think, only from the standpoint of pure materialism. The facts of mind are of a higher order than are the facts of matter; and the sole utility to us of the facts of matter is dependent upon the use which mind can make of them. The true wisdom which education should aim to confer consists mainly in the ability to handle the facts of life; and this wisdom, I believe, is to be attained most effectually through persistent contact with the wisest that has been thought and said—that is, the best literature. Further, as the more immediate contact cannot but produce the more immediate and definite effect, it follows that the literature of our own language is the most practical means of acquainting our pupils with "what makes for beauty and what makes for conduct." In the study of a foreign literature the inspiring influence of the literature must be exerted mediately, and much must be dissipated by friction, as it were, through the difficulty of the medium. There are, indeed, great room and honorable office for all the accredited subjects of modern instruction. But surely this study of English literature, which affords its students the surest means of realizing the promise, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise," is the last which should be relegated to the subordinate position which we find it at present occupying.

To turn to the practical work of teaching English, my own view is that the avowed object of instruction should be literary, in a broad sense, and that the dryer points of language and structure should be instilled incidentally, though persistently, by a process of emphasizing examples. In these days one of the most practically valuable of the equipments which education can furnish is the power of effective expression. As one's conversation is more affected by the speech of his familiars than by the rules of his grammar-book, so is one's style influenced by the books with which he associates rather than by the directions of his composition primer. To the avoidance of certain palpable errors the composition primer may contribute; but its effects will hardly be traced to the formation of a pure and telling style. This is to be acquired (and by any one of average ability it *may* be acquired, to a greater or less degree) by two means chiefly: by persistent and reiterative study of good models, and by assiduous practice. The reading of many masterpieces will have less effect upon a student's expression than will the oft-repeated searching of a few. It is the intimate intercourse with our kin and our few close friends which molds our conversation; even so it is the half dozen books which we have lived with, taken to our heart, set line by line to our loving memory, which will form our style and shape our inclination. The judicious teacher, therefore, seeks above all to make his pupils *intimate* with their model, impressing and re-impressing on their minds the various excellences to which its greatness is due. Not to be over-technical, I omit discussion of the ordinary

and necessary exercises of transcriptions from memory, essay writing, the construction of abstracts, and so forth. But a word in regard to paraphrasing. The indignity of the class-room paraphrase should never be inflicted upon anything but hopelessly inferior work; and hopelessly inferior work should not be brought into contact with the pupil's perceptions. To set a pupil deliberately to the task of expressing feebly what has already found perfect expression at the hands of a master, be it in prose or verse, seems to me one of the strangest methods of instruction that ever seduced to itself the approval of instructors. To dismember, and then hideously reconstruct, a matchless paragraph; to torment the melody and cadence and fire out of an exquisite stanza; and then to look with complacence upon the poor, misfeatured thing which arises out of the ruins of the perfect utterance—this is what the highly commended exercise of paraphrasing is skillfully devised to teach. I have seen a class much elated at having accomplished an ingenious paraphrase of "The Skylark." The exercises were thoroughly grammatical. The pupils had cleverly rearranged all those ideas which had proved too gross to evade their desecrating fingers. But the subtler essence, the spirit, the lift, the song—against these had their perceptions been close-sealed. Henceforth for them "The Skylark" contained nothing but what could be expressed in prose. This is, of course, an extreme case, but it serves to point the moral; which moral is, in a word, that paraphrasing is irreverent, that it encourages pleasure in inferior expression, and that by its prescribed conditions it shuts off the pupil from that very perfection toward which he should be striving.

In the selection of works for class study a point on which Mr. Matthew Arnold has laid great stress is the avoidance of fragments. A play, an essay, a lyric, an idyll, or a ballad, should be presented to the student in its artistic entirety, the compilers of elegant extracts to the contrary notwithstanding. Of the faculties which education should develop, very important are the sense of proportion and the sense of unity. Half the mistakes of life, half the mental disabilities which hamper so many men in all their relations, may be traced to a defect in the sense of proportion. Harmony of structure will not readily be realized by the pupil who gets a soliloquy of Hamlet presented him on top of a descriptive passage from "The Lady of the Lake," or some stanzas from "Childe Harold" about the Battle of Waterloo trodden on the heels by a string of sententious moralizings from the "Essay on Man." Leaving out of view those briefer and more subtle lyrics of mood, in which our language is so rich, but whose beauty is too evasive to be well demonstrated in class, let me repeat that the best ends are to be served by leading the pupil into intimacy with some complete masterpiece. Intimacy is the secret of influence Whatever the work in question, be it a book of the "Faerie Queene" (each book is a complete poem), a play of Shakespeare, a tale of Chaucer or Morris, an ode of Gray or Keats, a paper of Addison or Steele or Goldsmith, an essay of De Quincey or Emerson or Ruskin, a verse-romance of Scott or Longfellow, an idyll of Tennyson, or a character lyric of Browning—whatever the work, it should be gone over and over, through and through, till every line wears a face of welcome, till every peculiar beauty shines out clear, till every difficulty has been grappled, though by no means of necessity overthrown; till the origins of the work, the forces that gave it birth in the author's brain, have been searched into; till the best that has been said of it by others has been considered; and till liberal portions of it have been memorized. The work so studied will leave its impress upon the student's language, and upon his inmost thought. But that the work may be so studied, the teacher must inspire; and perhaps no other subject makes more demand upon the teacher for interpretive capacity, for cultivated taste, and for enthusiasm.

Another point in connection with the choice of works is that poetry affords a wider field than prose. Only what is known as modern prose, beginning, say, with the essays of Dryden, will be found suitable to our purpose, save in the case of those advanced students who have attained a certain stability of expression. Such prose as that of the Areopagitica, for instance, splendid as it is, will confuse the student's ideas of style, and will tend to make him labored and extravagant. I have known a young student, who was developing a simple and graceful style, to be thrown back a year or so in this respect by a too close study of Locke. The effect on his expression was visible immediately, and he was long in throwing off the harsh influence. For a like reason, an author with such obtrusive and infectious mannerisms as Carlyle is to be avoided in one's susceptible period. Imitated mannerisms are always offensive. As Dr. Holland has put it, fish is good, but fishy is always bad. Carlyle is a master of style, but none can handle this style save himself. These bludgeons, and torpedoes, and Catherine-wheels, and sky-rockets—we could not tolerate them in the hands of another. The style for imitation, that which possesses unobtrusive simplicity, clearness, and directness, is of all styles the hardest to imitate.

The best prose, generally speaking, is of its age, while the best poetry is for all time. Hence the greater universality of poetry, its more cosmopolitan character; and hence, too, it follows that we find poetry suitable for instruction in periods that offer no prose at all to our purpose. It is important, also, that the works selected be the product of an age of earnestness and faith. The poetry of the Elizabethans is filled with all manner of riches for the forming character. The period was one of high hope, of self-reliance, of honor, of uncalculating devotion. It was frank, joyous, wholesome, packed with achievement; and its literature, taking it all in all, is perhaps the very best basis for educational work. The artificialities, the middling aims, the commonplace ideals, the pettinesses, vanities, and insincerities of the later Stuart period, are not a desirable element to introduce to the attention of our classes. But with the return to nature effected by Burns, Wordsworth, Scott, and other leaders of the Romantic movement, we get work of the highest educative value. The present age is a dual one, wherein doubt that often turns to atheism is set over against faith that verges on credulity; but its literary masterpieces are of unmeasured excellence, and, besides serving all the other purposes that have been mentioned, they will help us particularly to bring our pupils into right relationship with their day and their surrounding.

To sum up, the basis of my educational creed is this: "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise;" and my main superstructure is that this walk and conversation with the wise is most readily to be attained by means of the study of English.

BROTHERLINESS BY ILLUSTRATION.

By Anna L. Dawes.

We seem to have lost the meaning of the beautiful word brotherliness, in losing out of it the figure. It has come to mean helpfulness. It has been made synonymous with kindness, or that still weaker substitute, kindliness. But the idea of one standing *with* another and from the same plane working up hand in hand; the idea of constant care, of love that forgets neglect or indifference, of help that continues in the face of rebuff—the family idea, in short—seems a long way from our charity, or even our Christianity. Of the helpfulness that reaches down and tries to lift up, of the philanthropy that gives frequent and valuable assistance, we have much; but of working *beside* the needy, feeling his want and putting our stronger shoulder to his wheel, there is no overwhelming amount. Why is it that the experiment of living among the poor is not more frequently tried? There is an awful heroism in it, I grant, but no such sure way of helping them can be discovered, no such knowledge of their need, no such vantage ground for service. The method of Jesus Christ is surely a method worthy of consideration by him who would help his fellow, whatever his creed. And that was primarily living among those who needed him, as one among them, living his life under their conditions, and so learning what it was and showing what it might become. Speaking as one who believes him the Highest himself, and with all reverence, I would say that thus, and thus only, could Jesus Christ learn our frame and find with us a common ground. The few men who have chosen such high work for mankind have become very apostles of service, and their influence has gone far beyond their own land or time. Their words have become texts for other workers, their methods rules for larger plans than they dreamed of, their lives inspiration for service far beyond their ken. They have well illustrated the unvarying law: losing their lives for themselves, they have saved those lives for the world.

Science understands this principle To know the people of Central Africa, Livingstone lived among them. In our own land we have seen a young fanatic of science and a brilliant woman both of them adopt the wretched life of the wild Indian, the better to learn his legends and his ancestral habits. This has largely become the plan of enlightened business in our time. To begin at the beginning, to work up to the counting-room through the factory, to earn the right to the editor's chair by setting type or gathering items, are different expressions of the same law that the only power over or for our fellows comes from personal knowledge of their condition. What the learner pays for knowledge of truth shall not the worker pay for knowledge of life? What men do for gain shall not other men do for service?

Our missionaries have frequently taught us this lesson. In reading the story of the success and martyrdom of John Coleridge Pattison, who does not see the value to his work of the manner of his life? That young English gentleman, with all the background of temperament and habit suggested by that term, showed no greater heroism when he bravely went to his death than in the more tedious sacrifice he made in gathering the dirty, savage Maori boys into his own hut, living *with* them as well as among them. Here was the basis of Mr. Duncan's phenomenal success at Metlahkatla. In a very wonderful way he bound up his life with that of the Indians around him. Their conditions were his, but never their habits; their living became his living, but their life was never his life; and thus he taught them, as no mere pastor ever could have done, the value of that life and the use to which a man may put it. The China Inland Mission is projected altogether on this line; the Moravians are masters of it. Scores of missionaries, men and women, have lived among the people they would help, but it may safely be said that the highest success has come to those who have also lived *with* them.

With all our schemes of philanthropy, we are only just discovering the value of this element in work for the poor in our cities, and especially as an opportunity for laymen. More than one man has tried to teach us by a bright and shining example, during the last twenty years, but we have been mad on organization of late, and are only just ready to learn the lesson that real helpfulness is individual, one man with another. We are only just beginning to estimate the value of personal force. That text-book of charity, Robert Falconer, is full of this idea. "Slumming" would have found little favor with that apostle to the poor, but of the friendliness that practically or actually lives in the slums, that knows the dwellers therein and their wants, that enters into and sympathizes with them, that helps them *in their way* not according to the most improved ideas, he is the great preacher. Walter Besant has worked out this same idea in his philanthropic novels. In the "Children of Gibeon," for instance, Valentine and Claude both find all their efforts at helping the miserable beings they would uplift abortive and ill-directed until they themselves live among these others and feel the same needs. Then, knowing what to do as before they could not, knowing how to do it as the poor themselves could not, powerful to help because of the place and wealth behind them, they were real saviors to their miserable brothers and sisters. And, more than all the rest, the dwellers in misery had learned to believe in a friendship that spared nothing, not even itself, and were ready to be helped by such love. The reader will remember the very same situation, with the same result, in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." Count Tolstoi, indeed, believes this to be the duty and—he would say—the privilege of every Christian man and woman, but it may be doubted whether we are all of us fit to do this work. Circumstances hedge this path from many, but, where there are no barriers that cannot be overleapt by the spiritual athlete, it is not given to every man to enter into the life of others as he must do who would labor in this field. St. Paul's division of things reminds us that some must be content with the willing mind but the lesser opportunity. Such a work as this is not to be sought by all, haphazard; it is the privilege of those who would be the knights of a new crusade, select souls who can and will do great service.

The East London men to whom we go to learn so many things long ago found the value of this method Edward Denison's life for eight months in the midst of surroundings which must have tried his every nerve every hour of the day and night, bore great fruit for that region itself; and the valuable words he has left us on the needs of the poor were based on the knowledge he had gained for himself. Arnold Toynbee learned in like manner the lesson he has taught the world—learned among the poor how to teach the poor; and out of his life—a continuation and memorial of it—has grown the magnificent enterprise of Toynbee Hall. Here the experiment is tried in a different form; here the life of the upper classes is brought down bodily to the lower classes. The university men live a life conditioned much as it would be elsewhere, and thus add to their direct work the unconscious teaching of better surroundings, thinking also to convey a more complete sense of friendliness in giving to their new neighbors of their own best.

Of the value of this work the reader may judge in the following estimate of it recently given to the public by no less an observer than Bishop Potter:

"And so a young man goes and lives in Whitechapel—the Five Points, and worse, of that great metropolis which includes, certainly, as much misery and degradation as are to be found anywhere else under the sun. He comes to meet and know workingmen of all classes and views; the proletariat, the Socialist, the reformer, the practical pessimist who has settled down to beer and dirt and discomfort as his normal condition. All these, and others of whom they are the type, are right about him. He sees them in their homes; he meets them in the debating hall, on a platform of absolute equality; he doesn't preach to them, but he hears a great deal of plain speaking from them; they discuss all sorts of topics together; they sit down to meat together; the guests listen, vacantly and indifferently enough, at first, to somebody of genuine eminence who talks to them about the care of their bodies, about fresh air, food, the bliss of washing (which they usually regard, at the first blush, as utter 'rot'), about art, books, music,

morals, duty, aspiration, nobleness, character. They see something in the finer fiber, more habitual self-mastery, heartier enthusiasm, kindlier and gentler manners, of their hosts, which they own to have a quality of real excellence; and sooner or later, through this personal contact, at once persuasive, educational, and illustrative, the finer and higher instincts, long overlaid and dormant, awaken and are kindled into something like a sincere love for books and pictures, for decency and self-respect, for fairness and honor."

And here is the view taken of it by one of the men himself resident there:

"It is not the appreciable results in education, the mere knowledge, but in the invisible, intangible results on both sides, in the dissipation of egotism and prejudice, the creation of a higher tone of feeling and thinking, in the growth of sympathy, courteous and mutual intelligence, and the destruction of social and conventional barriers between the so-called classes that the value of Toynbee Hall lies. To have contributed a little to the cleansing of Faith from its formalism and intolerance, and of Politics from its one-sided and polemical egotism, and to the introduction of the spirit of service in the relations of ordinary life, will be no small work for such an institution as ours."

And another defines the Toynbee man as one—

"who brings into all social movements and institutions, but far more into ordinary life, a certain spirit of brotherly equality. This idea of simply sharing the life of the people is the one I have endeavored to keep in view."

This is the spirit of the work I would urge; but the methods of Toynbee Hall and other similar university clubs in London require a concentration of workers and a variety of antecedent conditions not always possible to bring about. For this line of work there is much—very much—to be said; but, while it has its advantages, it has also its disadvantages, for it destroys entirely that common need which is a great point of contact. When you and your neighbor both need the same sewer, a common ground arises at once. If it is his staircase as well as yours that is rotten, you go together to the landlord. It is when you breathe the same air that he does that his excuse for a morning dram falls before your abstinence. It is this *common* ground that puts the work of the individual over that of the university club, that to some extent gives a vantage ground to the laymen over the priest. Whatever may be thought as to the comparative or positive value of their methods, there is more than one direction in which Dr. Colt can influence the men around him that Father Huntington cannot. This "Neighborhood Guild" in east New York—in its very name remembering that men can be *neighbors* who live near each other—is an object lesson in wise charity which we can each of us study if we will. But this and all its fellows relies upon personal influence, the strong help that one man may be to his neighbor. Edward Denison, Arnold Toynbee, Stanton Colt, laymen all of them, all of them with cultivation and opportunity in their hands, have found these things none too good for the most needy, and have had the courage and devotion to give themselves to the work.

In its fullness this is the work and the opportunity of the educated young man. Denison's brief experiment and the plan of both Toynbee Hall and the Oxford House at Bethnal Green show that it need not even be a permanent career. But the man who is full of knowledge of the world, able to adapt himself to all sorts and conditions of men, wise in laws social and physical, and even in statutes, will find his hands full. Moreover, feeling the limitations of this life for himself, he will see, as his ignorant brother cannot see, what is inevitable and what might be done away; he will learn where our charitable methods are wearing away the rock, and where they roll over the beach and leave no trace. Out of his education and his knowledge of better things he will bring treasures new and old which he can use for the uplifting of those around him eager for broader outlooks, but shut in by iron conditions they cannot break through. Above all, his personality will tell. A companion of the men around him, his finer and higher nature will sow seed consciously and unconsciously, will find much manliness answering to his own, will give that sympathy which is life to much stunted nobility. Here he will learn to be that divinest of things human, a *friend* to these his new companions—a real friend, I mean, who gives and takes both—a thing he can never learn by any amount of casual visiting. With his brother in joy and sorrow and monotonous daily conditions, he finds a common ground for sympathy and a common standpoint, and the real manhood will touch elbows. Then comes such a chance to show this fellow-being Christianity as no man ever gets over the chasm between pulpit and pew. Here, at last, the unwilling workman sees Jesus Christ revealed to him in a life that seeks to minister and not to be ministered unto. Here, at last, he sees a divine communism: brains and learning and experience and life held for others, gathered up and used for all, the grand law of service swallowing up the lesser law of sacrifice. This is especially the chance of young men who find themselves entering life furnished with the experience and power given by all good things. Do not they owe a debt to the less favored? Nay, are not many of them already seeking how and where they can best put their lives at the service of men? Here is a mighty opportunity, a Christlike work, a work which will go on repeating itself in other lives as the leaven leaveneth the whole lump. Looked at on any side, or all sides, it appeals to the young men of our time, and puts them to the test of their great possessions.

THE ELECT LADY.

By George Macdonald,

Author of "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," "Alec Forbes," "Robert Falconer," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—(*Continued.*)

At once she laid down book and duster, and went to find the laird. But he had slipped away to the town, to have a rummage in a certain little shop in a back street, which he had not rummaged for a time long enough, he thought, to have let something come in. It was no relief to Dawtie; the thing would be all the day before her instead of behind her! It burned within her, not like a sin, but like what it was, a confession unconfessed. Little wrong as she had done, Dawtie was yet familiar with the lovely potency of confession to annihilate it. She knew it was the turning from wrong that killed it, that confession gave the *coup de grâce* to offense. Still, she dreaded not a little the displeasure of her master, and she dreaded yet more his distress.

She prepared the laird's supper with a strange mingling of hope and anxiety; she feared having to go to bed without telling him. But he came at last, almost merry, with a brown-paper parcel under his arm, over which he was very careful. Poor man! he little knew there waited him at the moment a demand from the eternal justice, almost as terrible as—"This night they require thy soul of thee!"—(What a *they* is that! Who are *they?*)—The torture of the moral rack was ready for him at the hands of his innocent housemaid! In no way can one torture another more than by waking conscience against love, passion, or pride.

He laid his little parcel carefully on the supper-table, said rather a shorter grace than usual, began to eat his porridge, praised it as very good, spoke of his journey and whom he had seen, and was more talkative than his wont. He informed Alexa, almost with jubilation, that he had at length found an old book he had been long on the watch for—a book that treated, in ancient broad Scots, of the laws of verse, in a full, even exhaustive manner. He pulled it from his pocket.

"It is worth at least ten times what I gave for it!" he said.

Dawtie wondered whether there ought not to have been some division of the difference; but she was aware of no call to speak. One thing was enough for one night.

Then came prayers. The old man read how David deceived the Philistines, telling them a falsehood as to his raids. He read the narrative with the solemnity of tone that would have graced the most righteous action; was it not the deed of a man according to God's own heart?—how could it be other than right! Casuist ten times a week, he made no question of the righteousness of David's wickedness. Then he prayed, giving thanks for the mercy that had surrounded them all the day, shielding them from the danger and death which lurked for them in every corner. What would he say when death did get him? Dawtie thought Would he thank God then? And would he see, when she spoke to him, that God wanted to deliver him from a worse danger than any out-of-doors? Would he see that it was from much mercy he was made more uncomfortable than perhaps ever in his life before?

At length his offering was completed—how far accepted who can tell! He was God's, and he who gave him being would be his Father to the full possibility of God. They rose from their knees; the laird took up his parcel and book; his daughter went with him.

CHAPTER XVIII.—DAWTIE AND THE LAIRD.

As soon as Dawtie heard her mistress's door close, she followed her master to the study, and arrived just as the door of the hidden room was shut behind him. There was not a moment to be lost! She went straight to it, and knocked rather loud. No answer came. She knocked again. Still there was no answer. She knocked a third time, and, after a little fumbling with the lock, the door opened a chink, and a ghastly face, bedewed with drops of terror, peeped through. She was standing a little back, and the eyes did not at once find the object they sought; then suddenly they lighted on her, and the laird shook from head to foot.

"What is it, Dawtie?" he faltered out in a broken voice.

"Please, sir," answered Dawtie, "I have something to confess; would ye hearken to me?"

"No, no, Dawtie. I am sure you have nothing to confess!" returned the old man, eager to send her away and to prevent her from seeing the importance of the room whose entrance she had discovered. "Or," he went on, finding she did not move, "if you have done anything, Dawtie, that you ought not to have done, confess it to God. It is to him you must confess, not to a poor mortal like me. For my part, if it lies to me, I forgive you, and there is an end. Go to your bed, Dawtie."

"Please, sir, I canna. Gien ye winna hear til me, I'll sit doon at the door o' this room, and sit till—"

"What room, Dawtie? Call you this a room? It's a wee bit closet where I say my prayers before I go to bed."

But as he spoke his blood ran cold within him, for he had uttered a deliberate lie—two lies in one breath: the bit closet was the largest room in the house, and he had never prayed a prayer in it since he first entered it. He was unspeakably distressed at what he had done, for he had always cherished the idea that he was one who would not lie to save his life. And now in his old age he had lied who when a boy had honor enough to keep him from lying! Worst of all, now that he had lied, he must hold to the lie. He *dared* not confess it. He stood sick and trembling.

"I'll wait, sir," said Dawtie, distressed at his suffering, and more distressed that he could lie who never forgot his prayers. Alas! he was farther down the wrong road than she had supposed!

Ashamed for his sake, and also for her own, to look him in the face—for did he not imagine she believed him while she knew that he lied?—she turned her back on him. He caught at this advantage, glided out, and closed the door behind him. When Dawtie again turned, she saw him in her power.

Her trial was come; she had to speak for life or death. But she remembered that the Lord told his disciples to take no care how they should speak; for when the time came it would be given them to speak. So she began by simply laying down the thing that was in her hand.

"Sir," she said, "I am very sorry, but this morning I made a dirty mark in one of your books."

Her words alarmed him a little, and made him forget for the instant his more important fears. But he took care to be gentle with her; it would not do to offend her; for was she not aware that where they stood was a door by which he went in and out?

"You make me uneasy, Dawtie," he said. "What book was it? Let me see it."

"I will, sir."

She turned to take it down, but the laird followed her, saying,

"Point it out to me, Dawtie. I will get it."

She did so. It opened at the plate.

"There is the mark," she said. "I am right sorry."

"So am I," returned the laird. "But," he added, willing she should feel his clemency, and knowing the book was not a rare one, "it is a book still, and you will be more careful another time. For you must remember, Dawtie, that you don't come into this room to read the books, but to dust them. You can go to bed now with an easy mind, I hope."

Dawtie was so touched by the kindness and forbearance of her master that the tears rose in her eyes, and she felt strengthened for her task. What would she not have encountered for his deliverance!

"Please, sir," she said, "let me show you a thing you never perhaps happened to read."

And taking the book from his hand—he was too much astonished to retain it—she turned over the engraving and showed him the passage which stated that the cup had disappeared from the possession of its owner, and had certainly been stolen.

Finding he said not a word, she ventured to lift her eyes to his, and saw again the corpse-like face that had looked through the chink of the door.

"What do you mean?" he stammered. "I do not understand."

His lips trembled; was it possible he had had to do with the stealing of it?

The truth was this: he had learned the existence of the cup from this very book; and had never rested until, after a search of more than ten years, he at length found it in the hands of a poor man who dared not offer it for sale. Once in his possession, the thought of giving it up, or of letting the owner redeem it, had never even occurred to him. Yet the treasure made him rejoice with a trembling which all his casuistry would have found it hard to explain; for he would not confess to himself its real cause—namely, that his God-born essence was uneasy with a vague knowledge that it lay in the bosom of a thief.

"Don't you think, sir," said Dawtie, "that whoever has that cup ought to send it back to the place it was stolen from?"

Had the old man been a developed hypocrite he would have replied at once, "He certainly ought." But by word of mouth to condemn himself would have been to acknowledge to himself that he ought to send the cup home, and this he dared not do. Men who will not do

as they know, make strange confusion in themselves. The worst rancor in the vessel of peace is the consciousness of wrong in a not all-unrighteous soul. The laird was false to his own self, but to confess himself false would be to initiate a change which would render life worthless to him! What would all his fine things be without their heart of preciousness, the one jewel that now was nowhere in the world but in his house, in the secret chamber of his treasures, which would be a rifled case without it! As is natural to one who will not do right, he began to argue the moral question, treating it as a point of casuistry that troubled the mind of the girl.

"I don't know that, Dawtie," he said. "It is not likely that the person that has the cup, whoever he may be—that is, if the cup be still in existence—is the same who stole it; and it would hardly be justice to punish the innocent for the guilty!—as would be the case if, supposing I had bought the cup, I had to lose the money I had paid for it. Should the man who had not taken care of his cup have his fault condoned at my expense? Did he not deserve, the man might say, to be so punished, placing huge temptation in the path of the needy, to the loss of their precious souls, and letting a priceless thing go loose in the world, to work ruin to whoever might innocently buy it?"

His logic did not serve to show him the falsehood of his reasoning, for his heart was in the lie.

"Ought I or he," he went on, "to be punished because he kept the thing ill? And how far would the Quixotic obligation descend? A score of righteous men may by this time have bought and sold the cup!—is it some demon-talisman, that the last must meet the penalty, when the original owner or some descendant of the man who lost it chooses to claim it? For anything we know, he may himself have pocketed the price of the rumored theft! Can you not see it would be a flagrant injustice? fit, indeed, to put an end to all buying and selling! It would annihilate transfer of property! Possession would mean only strength to keep, and the world would fall into confusion."

"It would be hard, I grant," confessed Dawtie; "but the man who has it ought at least to give the head of the family in which it had been, the chance of buying it back at the price it cost him. If he could not buy it back—then the thing would have to be thought over."

"I confess I don't see the thing," returned the laird. "But the question needs not keep you out of bed, Dawtie. It is not often a girl in your position takes an interest in the abstract. Besides," he resumed, another argument occurring to him, "a thing of such historical value and interest ought to be where it was cared for, not where it was in danger every moment."

"There might be something in that," allowed Dawtie, "if it where everybody could see it. But where is the good if it be but for the eyes of one man?"

The eyes she meant fixed themselves upon her till their gaze grew to a stony stare. She *must* know that he had it. Or did she only suspect? He must not commit himself. He must set a watch on the door of his lips. What an uncomfortable girl to have in the house! Oh, those self righteous Ingrams! What mischief they did! His impulse was to dart into his treasure-cave, lock himself in, and hug the radiant chalice. He dared not. He must endure instead the fastidious conscience and probing tongue of an intrusive maid-servant.

"But," he rejoined, with an attempt at a smile, "if the pleasure the one man took in it should, as is easy to imagine, exceed immeasurably the aggregate pleasure of the thousands that would look upon it and pass it by—what then?"

"The man would enjoy it the more that many saw it—except he loved it for greed, when he would be rejoicing in iniquity, for the cup would not be his. And, anyhow, he could not take it with him when he died!"

The face of the miser grew grayer; his lip trembled; but he said nothing. He was beginning to hate Dawtie. She was an enemy. She sought his discomfiture, his misery. He had read strange things in certain old books, and half believed some of them: what if Dawtie was one of those evil powers that haunt a man in pleasant shape, learn the secrets of his heart, and gain influence over him that they may tempt him to yield his soul to the enemy! She was set on ruining him! Certainly she knew that cup was in his possession! He must temporize! He must *seem* to listen! But as soon as fit reason could be found, such as would neither compromise him or offend her, she must be sent away. And of all things, she must not gain the means of proving what she now perhaps only suspected, and was seeking assurance of! He stood thinking. It was but for a moment; for the very next words from the lips of the girl that was to him little more than a house-broom set him face to face with reality—the one terror of the unreal.

"Eh, maister, sir," said Dawtie, with the tears in her eyes, and now at last breaking down in her English, "dinna ye *ken* 'at ye *has* to gie the man 'at aucht that gowden bicker, the chance o' buyin' 't back?"

The laird shivered. He dared not say, "How do you know?" for he dared not hear the thing proved to him. If she did know, he would not front her proof. He would not have her even suppose it an acknowledged fact.

"If I had the cup," he began—but she interrupted him: it was time they should have done with lying!

"Ye ken ye hae the cup, sir!" she said. "And I ken tu, for I saw't i' yer han's!"

"You shameless, prying hussy!" he began, in a rage, at last—but the eager, tearful earnestness of her face make him bethink himself: it would not do to make an enemy of her.

"Tell me, Dawtie," he said, with sudden change of tone, "how it was you came to see it."

She told him all—how and when; and he knew that he had seen her see him.

He managed to give a poor little laugh.

"All is not gold that glitters, Dawtie!" he said. "The cup you saw was not the one in the book, but an imitation of it—mere gilded tin and colored glass—copied from the picture as near as they could make it—just to see better what it must have been like. Why, my good girl, that cup would be worth thousands of pounds! So go to bed and don't trouble yourself about gold cups. It is not likely any of them will come our way."

Simple as Dawtie was, she did not believe him. But she saw no good to be done by disputing what he ought to know. "It wasna aboot the gold cup I was troublin' mysel'!" she said, hesitatingly.

"You are right there!" he replied, with another deathly laugh, "it was not! But you have been troubling me about nothing half the night, and I am shivering with cold! We really must, both of us, go to our bed! What would your mistress say!"

"No," persisted Dawtie, "it wasna aboot the cup, gowd or no gowd; it was and is aboot my maister I'm troubled! I'm terrible feart for ye, sir! Ye're a worshiper o' Mammon, sir!"

The laird laughed, for the danger was over!—to Dawtie's deep dismay, he laughed.

"My poor girl," he said, "you take an innocent love of curious things for the worship of Mammon. Don't imagine me jesting. How could you believe an old man like me, an elder of the kirk, a dispenser of her sacred things, guilty of the awful crime of Mammon-worship?"

He imagined her ignorantly associating the idea of some idolatrous ritual with what to him was but a phrase—the worship of Mammon.

"Do you not remember," he continued, "the words of Christ, that a man *cannot* serve God and Mammon? If I be a Christian, as you will hardly doubt, it follows that I am not a worshiper of Mammon, for the two cannot go together."

"But that's just the question, sir! A man who worships God worships him with his whole heart and soul and strength and mind. If he wakes at night, it is to worship God; if he is glad in his heart, it is because God is, and one day he shall behold his face in brightness. If a man worships God, he loves him so that no love can come between him and God; if the earth were removed and the mountains cast into the midst of the sea, it would be all one to him, for God would be all the same. Is it not so, sir?"

"You are a good girl, Dawtie, and I approve of every word you say. It would more than savor of presumption to profess that I loved God up to the point you speak of; but I desire to love him. Doubtless a man ought to love God so, and we are all sinners just because we do not love God so. But we have the atonement."

"But, sir," answered Dawtie, the silent tears running down her face, "I love God that way. I don't care a dust for anything without him. When I go to bed, I don't care if I never wake again in this world; I shall be where he would have me"

"You presume, Dawtie! I fear me much you presume! What if that should be in hell?"

"If it be, it will be the best. It will be to set me right. Oh, sir, He is so good! Tell me one thing, sir: when you die—"

"Tut, tut, lass! we're not come to that yet. There's no occasion to think about that yet a while. We're in the hands of a reconciled God."

"What I want to know," pursued Dawtie, "is how you will feel, how you will get on, when you haven't got anything."

"Not got anything, girl! Are you losing your senses? Of course we shall want nothing then. I shall have to talk to the doctor about you. We shall have you killing us in our beds to know how we like it."

He laughed; but it was a rather scared laugh

"What I mean," she persisted, "is, when you have nobody, and no hands to take hold of your cup, what will you do without it?"

"What if I leave it to you, Dawtie!" returned the laird, with a stupid mixture of joke and avarice in his cold eye.

"Please, sir, I didn't say what would you do with it, but what would you do without it, when it will neither come out of your heart nor into your hands! It must be misery to a miser to *have* nothing!"

"A miser, hussy!"

"A lover of things more than a lover of God!"

"Well, perhaps you have the better of me!" he said, after a cowed pause; for he perceived there was no compromise possible with Dawtie—she knew perfectly what she meant, and he could neither escape her logic nor change her determination, whatever that might be. "I daresay you are right! I will think what ought to be done about that cup!"

He stopped, self-amazed; he had committed himself!—as much as confessed the cup genuine!

But Dawtie had not been deceived, and had not been thinking about the cup. Only it was plain that, if he would consent to part with it for its money-worth, that would be a grand beginning toward the renouncing of dead *things* altogether, toward the turning to the Living One the love that now gathered, clinging and haunting, about gold cups and graved armor, and suchlike vapors and vanishings, that pass with the sunsets and the snows. She fell on her knees, and, in the spirit of a child and of the Apostle of the Gentiles, cried, laying her little red hands together, and uplifting them to her master in purest entreaty:

"Oh, laird, laird, ye've been gude and kin' to me, and I lo'e ye, the Lord kens! I pray ye for Christ's sake be reconciled to God, for ye hae been servin' Mammon and no him, and ye hae jist said we canna serve the twa, and what'll come o' 't, God only can tell, but it *maun* be misery!"

Words failed her. She rose and left the room, with her apron to her eyes.

The laird stood a moment or two like one lost, then went hurriedly into his "closet" and shut the door. Whether he went on his knees to God, as did Dawtie to Him, or began again to gloat over his Cellini goblet, I do not know.

Dawtie cried herself to sleep, and came down in the morning very pale. Her duty had left her exhausted, and with a kind of nausea toward all the ornaments and books in the house. A cock crew loud under the window of the kitchen. She dropped on her knees, said, "Father of lights!" not a word beside, and rose and began to rouse the fire.

When breakfast-time came, and the laird appeared, he looked much as usual, only a little weary, which his daughter set down to his journey the day before. He revived, however, as soon as he had succeeded in satisfying himself that Alexa knew nothing of what had passed. How staid, discreet, and compact of common sense Alexa seemed to him beside Dawtie, whose want of education left her mind a waste swamp for the vagaries of whatever will-o'-the-wisp an overstrained religious fantasy might generate! But however much the laird might look the same as before, he could never, knowing that Dawtie knew what he knew, be again as he had been.

"You'll do a few of the books to-day, won't you, Dawtie," he said—"when you have time? I never thought I should trust any one! I would sooner have old Meg shave me than let her dust an Elzevir! Ha! ha! ha!"

Dawtie was glad that at least he left the door open between them. She said she would do a little dusting in the afternoon, and would be very careful. Then the laird rose and went out, and Dawtie perceived, with a shoot of compassion mingled with a mild remorse, that he had left his breakfast almost untasted.

But after that, so far from ever beginning any sort of conversation with her, he seemed uncomfortable the moment they happened to be alone together. If he caught her eye, he would say, hurriedly, and as if acknowledging a secret between them, "By and by, Dawtie," or, "I'm thinking about the business, Dawtie," or, "I'm making up my mind, Dawtie," and so leave her. On one occasion he said, "Perhaps you will be surprised some day, Dawtie!"

On her part, Dawtie never felt that she had anything more to say to him. She feared at times that she had done him evil rather than good by pressing upon him a duty she had not persuaded him to perform. She spoke of this fear to Andrew, but he answered, decisively:

"If you believed you ought to speak to him, and have discovered in yourself no wrong motive, you must not trouble yourself about the result. That may be a thousand years off yet. You may have sent him into a hotter purgatory, and at the same time made it shorter for him. We know nothing but that God is righteous."

Dawtie was comforted, and things went on as before. Where people know their work and do it, life has few blank spaces for *ennui*, and they are seldom to be pitied. Where people have not yet found their work they may be more to be pitied than those that beg their bread. When a man knows his work and will not do it, pity him more than one who is to be hanged to-morrow.

The Home.

A LIFE NECESSITY.

A FOURTH Avenue car was rumbling up the avenue; the day was cold, and the door opened and shut to admit and discharge passengers with an agonizing groan that rasped the nerves of every one who heard it. At Thirty-fourth Street a new conductor jumped on the car, and the man who examines the register opened the door, which gave a peculiarly agonizing shriek. The new conductor put his hand in his pocket, took out a small oil-can and oiled the track on which the door slides and the rollers on which it hung, saying to the former conducter, who still stood on the platform, "I always carry an oil-can; there are so many things that need greasing." Was that the reason that, though a man evidently past middle life, his cheeks were ruddy and his face free from lines? The man who had brought the car from City Hall shrieking and groaning on its way was thin, worn, and crushed, apparently by circumstances. Is there a philosophy of oil-cans! We rumbled on to the tunnel, feeling we were under the care of a man trained to meet emergencies; time was short, but the nervous anxiety that had made the journey from City Hall interminable had disappeared, and we leaned back, saying inwardly, "Well, we might as well take the next train." Unconscious teacher, how often has your comfortable manner and hearty voice recalled us to the necessity of using an oil can to modify the friction of life!

Recently three or four earnest women met at luncheon. The conversation drifted on to the question, "Shall love have a hundred eyes, or be blind?' Which is the best! Which is most comfortable! The conclusion was that there must be a judicious blending of sight and blindness; affection enough to forgive and forget. At the close an earnest woman, whose every gesture is an indication of wisdom and mental balance, said: "I sometimes think that one must go through life carrying an oil-can, if she desire peace." Here was another face beaming with health and good cheer, whose philosophy of life was an oil-can—deep, trustful affection, bearing and forbearing.

OUT OF THE RUT.

By Maria Parloa.

SUMMER MODES OF COOKING MEATS.

MEATS are much more digestible when broiled or roasted than when cooked in almost any other manner. This is, however, a much neglected or abused branch of cooking. The housekeeper who can prepare a dessert as skillfully as a professional cook, and whose cake is perfect, frequently will place on the table a "roast" that is water-soaked and grease-soaked, its flavor spoiled, and its digestibility remotely removed. The meat bill is the most expensive item in the family account-book, and yet no food that is brought into the house is so often completely spoiled and wasted.

For broiling, there must be a bed of clear coals—those of hard coal, charcoal, or wood; or if one has a modern gas stove, with which the broiling is done under a sheet of gas, the result will be the same.

Many persons object to seasoning meat before it is cooked. Try the following rules and you will be satisfied that when the seasoning is added properly it makes a great improvement.

A steak will not be real juicy unless it be cut thick. An inch is as thin as it should ever be cut. Mutton and lamb chops ought to be an inch, or three-quarters of an inch, thick. Veal and pork chops are better thin—say about one-third of an inch thick.

Before any of these meats are cooked they should be seasoned generously with salt and lightly with pepper. They also should be dredged lightly with flour. Place in a broiler and cook over hot coals, turning constantly. The broiler should be held near the coals for the first four minutes, that the surface of the meat may be seared and the juices imprisoned. Now lift the broiler a little higher, that the meat may not cook too rapidly. The time of cooking depends upon the thickness of the meat and whether the meat be desired rare or well done. A steak or mutton chop an inch thick will be cooked rare in ten minutes, medium well done in twelve, and well done in fifteen. But a quarter of an hour's cooking would spoil the dish for most people. Lamb should be well done, with hardly a tinge of pink. Veal and pork cannot be too well done, yet the cooking must be slow, or the meat will be hardened. All broiled meats should be seasoned on the dish with salt, pepper, and butter, and be served at once. Never put the dish into the oven or over hot water to have the butter melt. It ruins the meat, and butter too. Sometimes a little lemon juice or a small quantity of chopped parsley is added with the butter.

In summer, when so many people cook on an oil stove, none of the modes of broiling just described will be available if an oil stove be used. Heat a frying-pan to a high temperature, and then sprinkle the bottom with salt. Lay the steak or chop in the pan, and, after cooking until brown on one side, turn it, and brown the other side. Nothing but the salt should be put in the pan with the meat. It will take about three minutes longer to cook the meat in this way than over clear coals.

When roasting meats, be careful to wipe the meat clean and to dredge it with salt and flour. Place the meat on a rack that will raise it about an inch from the bottom of the pan. Sprinkle the bottom of the pan with salt and flour. Place in a hot oven, and when the flour becomes browned, which will be in about five minutes, pour in hot water enough to cover the bottom of the pan. Close the door, and in a quarter of an hour open it and baste the meat by dipping up the gravy in the pan and pouring it over the meat, following this operation by dredging lightly with salt, pepper, and flour. Now put more water in the pan. Return the meat to the oven, and in fifteen minutes repeat the basting. Indeed, the basting should be repeated every quarter of an hour until the meat is done. Red meats should be cooked rare, white meats well done.

If this mode of roasting be followed faithfully, the meat will be found juicy, well flavored, and digestible. A meat-rack can be bought for a small sum at any kitchen-furnishing store. Every kitchen should be supplied with one.

STEAMED BERRY PUDDING.

Use one quart of blueberries or blackberries, two cupfuls of water, one of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of butter, and seven good-sized slices of baker's bread, or home-made bread will do if light and stale.

Put the sugar, water, and berries on the fire in a saucepan and let them boil up once. Butter a two-quart mold. Now butter the slices of bread. Put a layer of bread in the mold, and next a layer of hot fruit. Continue in this way until all the materials have been used. Let the pudding stand for one or two hours, then place it in a steamer and cook for an hour and a half. Turn into a pudding-dish and serve with Italian sauce.

ITALIAN SAUCE.

Put into a stewpan one cupful of sugar, one of boiling water, one-third of a grated nutmeg, the grated rind of a lemon and one tablespoonful of the juice. Place on the fire and boil for twenty minutes. At the end of the first fifteen beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff, dry froth. They will be done about the same time the sirup is. At the end of the twenty minutes add one tablespoonful of butter and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt to the sirup. Beat the sirup into the whites of the eggs. Be careful to pour it into the eggs in a thin stream.

CREAM BLANC-MANGE.

Use three pints of milk, one package of gelatine, half a cupful of sugar, the yolks of three eggs, one generous teaspoonful of vanilla, and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt.

Soak the gelatine in a cupful of the milk for two hours. At the end of that time put the remainder of the milk in the double boiler, and when it becomes hot stir into it the soaked gelatine, and also the eggs, sugar, and salt, well beaten together. Cook for four minutes, stirring all the time. On taking it from the fire, add the vanilla extract, and strain into molds that have been dipped in cold water. Set away to harden. It will take from four to five hours if the blanc-mange be kept in a cold place. In summer it may take longer. The mold really ought to be put into an ice chest as soon as the blanc-mange has become cool.

THE TRUE ADVANCEMENT OF WOMEN.

THE advancement of women! How the changes ring on that sentence! Just what does it mean? Does it mean the granting of the suffrage to women? It cannot, because comparatively few of the mass of women care anything about suffrage, or would use the privilege if it were given. If it is a need of the sex from the standpoint of the advocates of the movement, it is not a want of the rank and file, and until it is, not much progress will be made toward the consummation of what we are told is right.

The opening of even the conservative colleges to women, the erection and maintenance of thoroughly equipped colleges for women, have settled one demand of the question. The position of women in many of the professions has settled another disputed point, proving that the world demands ability and does not question sex. Every year this question of women and their place in the world is narrowed and defined; every year more clearly proves that the development of ability and character settles the question independent of theory and debate.

Intelligently philanthropic women are understanding more fully every day that it is in and by intellectual and moral development of the individual that the mass of humanity is to be lifted into harmony with God's purpose of creation, and that this is accomplished, not by standing outside their lives with theories to which the masses must conform, but by standing shoulder to shoulder with them, individually educating by the development and purpose of their own lives; by holding heart and head open to suggestions; by recognizing the wants of the class, not dealing with its supposed needs; by giving the impulse that will create wants from needs. This the intelligent woman, desirous of benefiting and elevating her race and the world, recognizes. That this is the only method that will give true advancement to women is proven by the work accomplished by the Working Girls' Societies. No organization for women has accomplished for both the individual and the world what has been accomplished by these comparatively small bands of women working together.

Monday evening, April 9, the fourth annual meeting of the Association of Working Girls' Societies was held in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association building, New York. In the body of the hall were gathered the several societies that form the Association. To those who consider "Prisoners of Poverty" and "White Slaves" pen portraits of the wage-working women of New York the sight was a revelation. Here were gathered over eight hundred—the Association represents about fifteen hundred wage-working women—self-supporting women; intelligent, alert, responsive, well dressed, far better behaved than a large minority of the women who attend the German opera and far more modestly dressed. Bright colors, in good taste, well-fitting garments, intelligent faces, gave every outward indication of self-respecting womanhood; and for the purpose that animates them we will let the reports as read there speak, regretting that want of space prevents our giving the reports entire.

The educating work of one society is more than a fair representation of the educating work of each society. One society reports the attendance at the several classes: Dressmaking, 70; cooking, 15; millinery, 50; night school, 12; elocution, 30; first aid to injured, 30; practical talks, 80; embroidery and sewing, 75; French, 12; talks on history, 20. Total, 406. It is only necessary to remember that the pupils who attend these classes come after working eight to ten hours in noisy factories, crowded workrooms, to recognize the impulse that moves them. And the pupils are not educated by charity. The sum of $483 10 was paid into the treasury of this society by its members as fees and dues. How proud we are to raise money for scholarships in colleges! How proud we are of the man or woman who works his or her way through college! What should be our feeling for the wage-working woman who earns the money to pay for the privilege of removing the limitations of her early life, and doing this after hours of severe labor! If she be the one who rocks the cradle of the future voter, need we be anxious about the nation's future! That the work results in recognized fruits we may judge from the following sentence from the society's report: "A number of members have married and left the society, and grateful messages have been received from their husbands, thanking the society for the practical lessons learned in its classes."

So much for the teaching in practical household affairs!

We turn to the report of another society occupying its own house: "The plans for the house it now occupies were submitted to the members last spring, and their suggestions were adopted in every respect, and the society can now boast the only house built for a working girls' society."

Another society had an industrial exhibit. The exhibits were the dresses worn by the members, and made by them under the teaching of a dressmaker. The class numbered forty-seven; prizes were awarded for the two prettiest dresses. Quoting again from the same report: "It is becoming the fashion in the Endeavor Society to study how a woman may dress tastefully and yet spend only the right proportion of her income on her clothes; a very pretty woolen dress was made in this class the total cost of which was $3 73."

O Fashion! how rarely are such wise examples taught in thy name! Quoting again from the same report: "As much enthusiasm and interest has been evident in the cooking class as in the dressmaking class. Thirty girls have greatly enjoyed the lessons given at the Industrial Education Association rooms, where the twelve little stoves there, so conveniently supplied, have been in constant use on Wednesday evenings. One member of the cooking class having prepared some delicious pea soup, took it all to her place of business, where it was divided among her associates by spoonfuls as a triumph of culinary skill." The same report continues: "A country boarding-house will be opened this year in connection with the Endeavor Society. The house, which is new and large, is on Long Island, in a beautiful neighborhood, with fields, woods, and a beach for bathing, all belonging to the property. The members of the Endeavor Society are using the envelope system to assist them in saving money for their summer holiday expenses." Another society, besides the usual practical work, reports:

"The legal holidays and Saturday afternoons were spent in rambling parties, and Decoration Day was spent in Orange, by invitation." Another society reports: "There have been many entertainments during the winter, including a Christmas tree; and some of the girls have made baby clothes for the Babies' Hospital, while some one read aloud." From another society, located in Brooklyn: "The classes have been large and well attended, and at the close of the dressmaking class nearly every girl wore a dress which she had cut and made for herself, and one member of the class has taken up dressmaking as a business, and has as many engagements as she is able to fill. The millinery class is taught by one of the members, who has developed a natural talent (by the help of teaching of former winters) so successfully as to make a competent teacher." From the report of an out-of-town society: "The domestic economy class has included bedmaking, table setting, sweeping, and marketing. 'What to buy when going housekeeping' indicates the prevailing idea in the minds of our girls who hope to become in time domestic economists."

Does not this show the true advancement of women? Not advancing into another sphere, but remaining quietly where circumstances placed them, developing, enlarging, the power God gave them to its most complete circle. The women who lead this movement are the ones who have solved the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" While the theorists are debating over the question of the relation of wages to capital, these women quietly work on, and by their teaching and example solve the problem, educating the wife of the future how to use the wages earned by capital and labor; teaching her to make her wage-earning husband a capitalist. While the social scientist is debating the question, "What do the social classes owe each other?" these women answer this question by giving from their greater knowledge, because of greater opportunity; by developing an impulse to growth; by giving incentives to purposeless lives; by a broad, direct, and sympathetic work, no for, but with, those whom they recognize as less fortunate only because of a difference of birth and environment.

While the theorist talks and the pessimist groans, these women, feeling the kinship with the race, independent of creed or condition, because of a common fatherhood in God, work. And the world develops every year nearer to the likeness of the Creator, is brightened, strengthened, and brought nearer to the time when every knee shall bow at the name of Christ, because his philanthropy is the model of their school.

WINDOW DRAPERIES.

By Frances Harman.

THERE is a great variety of materials in use for pane curtains nowadays—silk, lace, and tambour—but there is nothing so dainty as the old-fashioned dotted swiss, which is not very expensive, is easily washed, and is suitable everywhere, except perhaps in the elegant city mansion; although even here its beauty and simplicity need not be despised. Swiss is made now with very large dots, some as large as a ten-cent piece, but the effect of one somewhat smaller is better, being less pronounced. Full ruffles of plain swiss, about three inches wide when finished, should trim the curtains, and they may be tied back with white cotton cords, white ribbon, or, better still, a ruffled band of the same. The easiest way to put the ruffles on is to sew a tiny cord in them, gathering up at the same time, when they can be sewed to the selvedge edge of the swiss very quickly. It must be remembered, however, that *no starch* is to be used when they are laundered. In the first place, stiff draperies are quite *passé*, everything hanging in soft, classic folds now; and, in the second place, they will not stand more than two washings if starch is used. The only way to make them last a long time is to have them washed and ironed under the personal supervision of the house mistress herself, as even the most competent servant will bear a little watching where a delicate fabric is concerned. These curtains should be made very short, just reaching the woodwork of the sash, and if the windows happen to be small the effect is very artistic and beautiful. Swiss in ecru color is frequently used for curtains now, and is preferred by some people to white.

Tambour, which has been used so much in elegant houses of late years, is a fine muslin material embroidered with an all-over design in white chain-stitch. There is a scalloped border at each edge of the material, and ruffled bands of the same are used to tie back the curtains. It is very handsome, and requires very little time to make up, but is much more expensive than the swiss. Antique lace and insertion are seen both for pane and inside curtains, but these also are expensive, and it is not necessary to have rich materials in order to secure good effects; some of the most charming houses are those where economy of money has been practiced in the furnishings and decorations, but where taste is everywhere evident, even to the minutest detail. For inside curtains, cheesecloth drapes beautifully, especially after it has been washed, but here also the rule *no starch* must be insisted upon. I know a bedroom where the curtains of this material are made with a little valance eleven inches deep turned over at the top, and where hemstitched bands of the same are used for fastening back. They are very soft and pretty, and the whole expense was probably not more than fifty or sixty cents for the pair. The cheaper quality of linen scrim makes very suitable dining-room curtains; make them with a two-inch hem, hemstitched on one side and at the bottom, and tie back with wide surah ribbon, tying a large bow. A deep orange color is very handsome if the furnishings of the room will permit its use. The hemstitching is done very quickly, as it so easy to pull the threads in this coarse material. For a sitting-room or bedroom charming curtains are made by embroidering the simple cotton cheesecloth with blue crewel. Have a pattern of discs stamped at intervals all over the curtain, and darn the outline with crewel just as if you were darning a stocking. The material is so soft that it is impossible to work it in the ordinary stem-stitch. It is not necessary to go to the expense of having the discs stamped, however, as the design can easily be put on with a pencil.

Cut a piece of pasteboard the size you wish (twelve and a half inches in circumference is a good size), get the center, and lay it on the material at intervals not too close. With a pencil mark the outline, and from the center draw rays at intervals of about three quarters of an inch; these are to be darned in the same way. Or, if you have a suitable pattern, lay the goods on it, and mark over; the goods is so thin that this is easily done. This style of curtain may be made with a separate valance, two and a half yards of the cheesecloth being used for the purpose, with an embroidered border next the hem. The hems of valance and curtains are put in with two rows of the darning close to the edge. The best way to hang them is to use a brass rod, although a stout cord will do; allow them to hang straight, and quite well drawn back, when the effect of the deep valance at the top is quite unique; its depth is the width of the goods, minus a two-inch hem at the bottom and a shirr at the top. Some curtains done in this way have been in use several years, and have been often washed; but they have been at north windows; a south window might prove too much for the steadfastness of the blue.

All bedroom draperies should be of the simplest kind, and of washable material; indeed, the safer way is to have none at all, as they are great collectors of dust, but if we must have them let us keep them as clean as possible.

In more expensive materials for a sitting-room or library is the Madras, which comes at $1 65 a yard. It is made in imitation of the handsome Bulgarian embroideries, and has figures of roses in pink and red and yellow, with considerable tinsel at intervals. This is quite wide, and may be cut in half for pane curtains, but the full width should be used for inside curtains. Wide olive surah ribbon may tie the latter back, or heavy cords and tassels made of olive green filoselle may be used for the purpose. The pane curtains should hang straight from a brass rod, and be half drawn during the day.

At the Japanese stores are sold extremely pretty cotton curtains in yellows and blues, some of which are sold as low as $2 50 a window. They are quite long, and allow a valance at the top of good depth. For inside curtains in a drawing-room there is nothing to compare with the soft, beautiful silks which are sold now. These may be bought by the pair or by the yard. One design has a ground of cream white, with geometrical designs in very dark red all over it, and a border to match which is very handsome. Plain colors are much cheaper, however, and a charming shade of yellow may be bought for $1 a yard. These curtains may be edged with a narrow yellow gimp, and tied back with heavy cords and tassels; these may be made at home of yellow filoselle. Mrs. Langtry's drawing-room in her Twenty-third Street house is said to have inside curtains of cream white Ottoman silk; with pane curtains of tambour they would be very handsome.

Hints.—The yearly season of refurnishing and redecorating has arrived, and suggestions combining beauty and economy are in order. The "Decorator and Furnisher" for April contains many timely suggestions suited to all purses; among the rest this suggestion for dining-room chairs:

"A good makeshift for dining-room chairs is obtained by using round-bottomed, rush-seated, black cheap chairs covered with cretonnes and chintzes, lined with pale backings and stuffed, the same being adopted for the covering of couches and easy chairs. A frilling hanging some four inches deep may be suspended from the cushion or squab of the chair. Plush and velvets are more liable to fade than a fast-colored chintz. Several good patterns of basket work are to be had, or well-shaped rattan chairs, partly draped, do very nicely."

It requires but deftness and patience for a woman to accomplish wonders in upholstering furniture if the frame is simple.

THE NEW OCCUPATION.

ONE of the most delightful occupations the time has developed for women is library work. Mr. Melvil Dewey, chief librarian of Columbia College, says, in an article in a recent number of the "Epoch:"

"In previous times, say fifteen or twenty years ago, most librarians belonged to one of two classes. The first might be called the janitorial, or watch-dog class. They dusted the books, saw that nobody stole them, and locked up the building at night. Such librarians neither knew nor cared much about books as such. The second class were scholars, thoroughly familiar with books, but caring little or nothing for the library as an institution for the benefit of the public.

"Within a few years a great change has taken place in the conception of what a library is for; the change is from the passive to the active. Formerly a library was a cistern; books were poured into it simply to be stored; now it is a living spring. The old librarian was proud that his books were kept in such good condition; the new one is overjoyed that so many of them are legitimately worn out. The old librarian would say: 'I have had that book twenty years; it is as clean as when it came in.' (Truly, for no one had used it.) The librarian of to-day is proud of the fact that so many people have read the book that it has actually gone to pieces. The modern librarian is pleased to have persons ask for and about books, his constant thought being, 'How can I make my library more useful?'"

The change is only one evidence of how closely books have entered into the lives of the every-day people. Not so many years ago books were the companions and property of the scholar; to-day the business man, through the influence of modern education, the introduction to scientific, historic, and artistic subjects in that necessity of the age, the magazine, has developed an interest in general and popular literature, making the trained librarian a necessity to every well-conducted library.

One hundred leading librarians joined the American Library Association in 1876, and to this Association the entire country is indebted for the progressive movement in the organization and workings of libraries. Mr. Dewey says:

"Perhaps the most significant thing connected with the new library movement is the establishment, two years ago, at Columbia College, of the School for Training Librarians. Admissions to the privileges of the School are made only with great care. Each applicant is obliged to answer thirty-two printed questions which are sent to him, and the answers to these are designed to cover quite fully his educational history and personal tastes. The education given by this School is confined strictly to its own peculiar work. Lectures are given on such topics as libraries and library economy, the foundation and extension of libraries, library buildings, government, and service, regulations for readers, the arrangement of books, cataloguing, the best methods of reading and making notes, and all the various phases of bibliography and cataloguing. The full course of instruction is two college years, with a third year's course covering the study of comparative literature, special work in languages, and advanced studies in bibliography and library economy. The fee for a student taking the full course is only $50 per year, though it is at least $150 in all the other Columbia schools. The studies being topically arranged, a person can attend the school only while it is engaged on the subject in which he is interested; *e. g.*, a private book-owner may attend the lectures on cataloguing, binding, or buying, without studying the details of the management of public or circulating libraries, in which he may have no immediate interest. Such special students are not included in the thirty-three pupils in this year's classes, all of whom are taking the regular course. They come from all parts of the country, some fifteen States being represented."

To the Library School of Columbia College New York women are deeply indebted, as through the courtesy of its management the opportunity is given to hear many talented specialists in the various departments of literature.

Mr. Dewey says that college-bred women are preferred as students in the Library School, and he gives a reason that is the strongest plea for college training for women: "College-bred women are preferred because their culture is wider, but chiefly because *their minds work with a quick precision and steady application not usually found in one who has not had this thorough college drill.*" The salaries of librarians vary from $500 to $1,200 and $1,800, the latter figures being the exception.

Mr. Dewey gives some valuable hints on reading:

"An antiquated conception about reading needs to be corrected—the idea that every book must be read through. In olden times, when there were comparatively few books, and men had more time to spare than they have now, such a conception might prevail. At the present time it would be mathematically impossible for a man to read through a thousandth part of even the books worth reading; hence, he must train himself to pick out of a book what he wants for his purpose at the time. In a hundred poems, which an author groups in a volume, there may be two or three that are specially good. Why should one read the ninety-seven poor ones in order to get at the three he values? Why should he read every article in a magazine or newspaper? It is rarely the case that a great reader—a man

who knows the value of books and how to use them—ever reads a book through. A shrewd reader, trained in the valuable art of 'skipping,' will get the point of an author's argument in one-tenth of the time that it takes the man who reads through the whole book. When a man goes to a library he goes to a dictionary. He doesn't read his dictionary through; he gets what he wants; in getting what he wants he passes over much that is valuable, but is not valuable to him at that time, and so he leaves it alone. The skillful reader makes a dictionary out of his library—he gets what he wants. He handles books, not to say, 'I have read so many books,' but to get inspiration, new ideas on the subject in which he is immediately interested, and he gets it where he can find it without needless dilution."

A SIMPLE TEST.—Many women have wished they possessed a scientific knowledge of physiognomy or phrenology when engaging servants, but a Paris scientist, Dr. Delaunaz, has discovered a simple test that will reveal the mental status of the applicant. He says:

"To ascertain the qualities of an applicant for cook he says it is sufficient to give her a plate to clean, a sauce to make, and watch how she moves her hand in either act. If she moves it from left to right, or in the direction of the hands of a watch, you may trust her; if the other way, she is certain to be stupid and incapable. The intelligence of people may also be gauged, the doctor further says, by asking them to make a circle on paper with a pencil and noting in which direction the hand is moved. The good students in a mathematical class draw circles from left to right. The inferiority of the softer sex, as well as the male dunces, is shown by their drawing from right to left. Asylum patients do the same. In a word, says the doctor, centrifugal movements are characteristic of intelligence and higher development; centripetal are a mark of incomplete evolution. A person, as his faculties are developed, may even come to draw circles in a different way from what he did in his youth."

ANOTHER DISCOVERY.

THERE has recently appeared in the market another claimant for popular favor in the form of a patent medicine, "Scotch Essence." The fences and rocks have been covered with advertisements, and flaming advertisements have appeared in the papers. The chief advantage claimed for the new claimant was that it was "a tired brain and tired-nerve recuperator." The medicine became very popular, and the proprietor of the "Druggists' Circular" had an analysis made by the Dean of the Long Island College, who reports:

"More than one-third the weight of the essence is alcohol, which constitutes it a pretty fair quality of liquor should the dose required be found a high one. Twenty-five cubic centimeters when boiled dry, and to constant weight, gave 0.195 gram of total solids; of this 0.009 gram was insoluble in water, and 0.186 gram soluble. The 0.195 gram, on incineration, produced 0 0143 gram of inorganic ash. This contained potassa, soda, and lime, the minuteness of the quantities forbidding the determination of amounts. About three-fourths was soluble in water, and was found to be both sulphates and bromides, and possibly chlorides. Several attempts were next made to extract an alkaloid, but only with partial success at first. Finally, after working two days at it, and then carefully washing a fine precipitate with water and then ether, there was found to be 0.068 gram of a granular whitish powder as the product of one bottle of six ounces.

"The appearance of the powder was that of crude morphine. The way it was procured declared it to be morphine and no other known alkaloid. All the known tests were applied to it, and there was no doubt but that the alkaloid was present. The only other alkaloid it could be possibly taken for is pseudo-morphine, and it answered to no tests for this substance. Without a shadow of a doubt, then, Scotch oats essence contains morphine. 'Avenesca,' the fanciful title somebody has given the active agent of this proprietary preparation, is, then, a synonym for morphine, and the article that, like opium, will 'quiet pain and produce sleep' is, after all, morphine. It is this thing, too, that is pledged to destroy the morphine craving and 'free the victim from his terrible bondage.' To say that 'the infant and the octogenarian alike may use it without harm and much benefit' is calculated to mislead the unwary in a manner that is pitiable.

"The amount of morphine extracted from the bottle was probably half what it contained. From a prepared solution of sulphate of morphine in distilled water less than one-half was recovered on analysis. A bottle of Scotch oats essence, by this showing, would contain more than 0.196 grain of alkaloid, or over two grains. As a salt of morphine weighs heavier than the base from which it is made, this figure must be increased to represent the amount present. There cannot, therefore, be much less than a half-grain in every ounce, and if we say only one-third, the amount is quite sufficient upon which to lay the foundation of a dangerous habit."

This is not the first time that such startling discoveries have been made in regard to patent medicines offered as tonics, and it probably will not prevent the next novelty offered from making friends with those who have faith without wisdom. The more terrifying is this crude credulity because many mothers have given his "essence" to children on the strength of the proprietor's assurance on the label that it contained neither alcohol nor opium.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE

"THERE'S somebody on horseback coming up the hill—yes, he's turning in here," said my brother Tom early one morning in June.

There were not many passers-by on the rather lonely road on which our farmhouse was situated, and we youngsters never failed to gaze at them.

"A telegram!" said mother, turning a little pale as the ominous-looking envelope was placed in her hand.

But it proved in this case not to contain the dreaded message of sickness or death which it so often carries.

"Uncle John is at father's, and they want me to go over there at once to sign some important papers," explained mother as she read.

"At once?" asked Tom, with rather a blank face.

"That's what they say," said mother, with a perplexed face. "I ought to take the morning train. But how can I do it now that Barbara is gone away for two days?"

"And the picnic!" I said.

"Never mind about the picnic. You children could go to that without me. But how can I leave you without Barbara?"

"Easy enough, mother," I said. "Tom and I are nearly fourteen. It's a pity if we can't take care of the house and of the children while you are gone."

Mother looked undecided.

"I suppose I ought to go," she said. "I'm sure you would be steady, dears, and do your very best. You can make some ginger-snaps for the picnic, Hetty; that will be enough, with the cake I made yesterday, and the boiled ham."

Tom ran to get out the spring wagon, and half an hour later mother went away, leaving many cautions to me.

"The children must wear their thick shoes; and see that they don't sit on the ground, for it's damp, and that they don't eat too much. Pack the basket carefully, dear; and, of course, you'll all behave your very best, and be polite to all the old people you see—and everybody else. Good-by, my dears, good-by! I'll surely be home to-morrow."

The last sound of her voice reached us as Tom drove down the hill, the rest of us waving our hands to her.

I was not at all overwhelmed at being left in charge, for I was well used to helping about the house, and felt a great increase of dignity at my responsibilities in the matter of the picnic. I took great pains with the ginger-snaps, and nothing could look nicer than they did when Tom rushed into the kitchen on his return.

"Look!" I said, pointing to them.

"Look!" he exclaimed, not giving them a glance, but holding up a letter. And my face grew as sober as his own as I looked at it and then into his eyes.

"Miss Hepsy Pratt. Oh, Tom!"

"Wish I hadn't gone to the post-office," said Tom, gloomily. "When I saw mother off I just waited for the mail, and that's it! I knew mother'd want us to open the letters if there were any. And she's coming!"

Miss Hepsy Pratt was the stepdaughter of a man who had married one of my father's cousins for his second wife. On this very frail foundation she chose to build a claim of relationship, and had come every summer as long as Tom and I could remember for a week's visit, always going away with an ample supply of butter and eggs and other farm products. She was a thin, pinch-faced, gray-haired little thing, miserably poor, and without a person in the world upon whom she had any more claim than she had on us. She had taught a little school in her younger days, but the public schools had taken away her occupation, and she lived, nobody knew exactly how, in a little house in which she had a life interest.

Mother was always very kind to her, and made her feel welcome among us. She was very fond of us all, but we children did not like her, and always dreaded her visits. She was very full of queer notions, and gave a good deal of trouble just because dear, good mother always humored and petted her, but Tom and I used to get impatient with her fussy ways.

"If she would only let us alone about studies!" Tom would growl.

Miss Hepsy was much interested in our progress at school, assuming, by virtue of her old experience in teaching, to be a critic in such matters. And she held up her hands in grave disapproval of more modern methods. We always remembered the trouble we had had with her in simple subtraction several years before. Tom and I were twins, and always in the same class.

"Borrow ten from the next figure of the minuend—yes, that's right," said Miss Hepsy. "What next?"

"Consider the next figure of the minuend one less," I said.

"What, my dear! Oh, no! You add the borrowed ten to the next figure of the subtrahend."

"That isn't the way we do," said Tom, stoutly.

"It's the only proper way," insisted Miss Hepsy.

We had already had trouble about "carrying" in addition. She wanted us to say, "Carry one," or more, as the case might be, while we were always taught to say "add." And she sniffed in mild contempt at the new States on the maps, always calling them Territories, and considering nothing of any importance which she had not learned thirty-five years ago.

Well, the letter contained the usual notice, in Miss Hepsy's cramped little hand, that she would spend a day or two with us. The day or two always meant a week or more.

"What shall we do?" groaned Tom.

"What shall we!" I exclaimed.

"It'll take me till past noon to go down for her," he said. "And then I'll have to spend all the afternoon scouring round the woods for sassafras to make her sassafras tea."

"And—the picnic!" I gasped.

"We'll have to give it up!"

"Not go to the picnic!"

The three younger children had gathered near us, and now set up a howl of dismay.

"I declare, it's too bad!" exclaimed Tom. "I don't think it's right—it really is not, Het, that so many should be disappointed just for one. S'pose I don't go for her, hey?"

"Oh, I don't believe that would do!"

"Why not? She could go back. It's only seven miles she has to go on the train. She could come another time, and I do believe she means to make two visits this summer, coming so early. She did that once, you know."

"It really does look like it," I said.

"And Ted's just getting into subtraction. Won't she lead him a life of it!"

"But what would mother say if you did not go?" I asked.

"Well, we needn't tell her."

It was the first time we had ever thought of hiding anything from mother, and I did not like to think of it. But there was the picnic, and we all wanted to go so badly!

I didn't say anything more, as Tom busied himself in polishing the harness for a fine appearance at the picnic. We worked away for about two hours, when Tom came running in to me.

"If here isn't Miss Hepsy coming in Farmer Hoyt's wagon! It's her—sure as you live! I know her by that old faded green parasol. They're down at the foot of the hill. Het, shut those blinds—quietly."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Going to let on there isn't any one at home. Quick! The young ones were out in the hayloft, and I told 'em to keep still for their lives, and I shut the door and crept along behind the hedge. Now—let's lock these back doors."

"But what'll she do?" I said, with serious misgivings at what we were undertaking.

"Do? Why, she'll go away when she finds everybody gone."

The front of the house was locked up, and we went into the upper hall and peeped through the closed blinds. Miss Hepsy never went to the front door, but to a side porch, where we soon heard her knocking. She knocked again, tried the handle, and then went to the kitchen door.

Our window was open, so we could hear the anxious tone of her voice as she said to Farmer Hoyt, after trying the front door:

"Nobody seems to be at home."

"That's too bad," he said. "What'll you do?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

She went and knocked at all the doors again. I caught a full sight of her perplexed, distressed face as again she came around to the front, and it touched me.

"Oh, Tom, let's let her in!" I said.

"Stop!" he said, holding me back. "She's going now. Do you want to miss the picnic now we're all ready for it, and the young ones too?"

But the disappointed look on Miss Hepsy's face as Farmer Hoyt turned his wagon from the gate seemed to bring to me a full realization of the cruel thing we were doing.

"Oh, Tom, I'm going to call her back!" I cried, running down stairs.

"You can't," he insisted. "How would you have the face to tell her we weren't going to let her in?"

The wagon rattled down the hill, and from the window I could still fancy I saw the sorrowful expression on Miss Hepsy's face as she turned her head for one more look at the house.

Oh, if only I had run after her at that moment! We went to the picnic, but I carried with me a far heavier load at my heart than Miss Hepsy could have felt through her disappointment. I could see that Tom did not feel right either. He was quiet and moody, very

different from his usual lively self, and, when he came home, said it was the meanest picnic he had ever been to.

The more I thought of it the more keenly I felt the meanness and unkindness with which I had treated poor Miss Hepsy. I dreaded to tell mother, and Tom positively refused to let me, but my woeful secret grew too heavy for me, and at last I told her, leaving Tom out of the story as far as I could, and taking the blame upon myself. And I really felt that it belonged to me, for boys could not be expected to feel such things as girls ought to.

I never had seen before such a look of surprise, anger, and distress on mother's dear face. She called Tom that he might take his share in the reproof she gave me. Her anger soon melted into real sorrow as she talked to us.

"You do not have many opportunities, nor do I," she said, "of doing acts of gratuitous kindness to any one. You seem to forget that Miss Hepsy is old and poor and almost friendless. I daresay her visits to us have been the brightest spots in her bare, forlorn life. Do you ever reflect that these chances of blessing those who stand in need are some of the choicest gifts of the good Lord? It is he who has chosen to make your lives so full and rich, and hers so joyless. How will you account to him for the way in which you have neglected the duty he laid upon you of sharing your blessings—such a poor little share as she asked?"

How bitterly I afterwards thought of her words! She wrote to Miss Hepsy, not to let her know how we had treated her, but very kindly and cordially to inquire when she was coming and to urge an early visit. In reply Miss Hepsy wrote in a very few words that she was not well, but would be sure to come to us as soon as she was able.

Several weeks passed, at the end of which we received a letter from Miss Hepsy, inclosed by another hand. This time the letter was fuller, dwelling on the joyful fact that she had received a legacy from a far-away relative of whom she had not heard for many years Yes, actually poor Miss Hepsy—the last person for whom any one would have thought of looking for such a piece of good fortune—seven hundred dollars! Mother was the first person she was telling of it, and she was coming as soon as possible to talk it over with her. It would keep her from want the remainder of her life, and there would be more than enough left to bury her, so she was writing this letter now, always remembering the shortness and uncertainty of human life, especially since being ill lately.

The letter rambled on in a queer way, exactly like Miss Hepsy, but finally reached its point, which was to inform mother that she had arranged that the dear children at Clover Hill Farm should at her death receive fifty dollars apiece, to do exactly what they pleased with, in token of her appreciation of all our kindness to her, and because she loved us better than any one else in the world.

The letter in the other hand told of the sudden, peaceful death of Miss Hepsy.

I threw myself on the floor and cried till I could cry no longer. I felt that I would give all I had and much more for just one sight of the faded little face, one opportunity of atoning for the cruel slight I had put upon her.

Tom joined me in declaring we never could touch her money, but mother said that her wishes must be carried out. The next proposition was to spend it on a neat stone to be placed at Miss Hepsy's grave. Mother did not approve of it, however. She said it seemed like a mockery to spend on her when she was dead the money she had so sorely needed all her lifetime.

We finally remembered that she had always been warmly interested in the cause of foreign missions, and we had many a time heard her lamenting her inability to give according to her wishes. So we sent it for a memorial gift in her name, feeling sure that the dear soul would be glad if she could know.

THE DOG AND HIS OWNER.

WAS there ever a boy who thought he did not know how to train a dog? Boys are very apt to feel that there are a number of things they can do well without teaching: bringing up a dog, driving a horse, and rowing and sailing a boat. There are two ways of doing everything—a right way and a wrong way; and the right way requiries training and careful thought; the wrong way only needs ignorance and carelessness to succeed. Now, the right way of bringing up a dog means more than feeding him, more than giving him a good bed; it means teaching him manners, and teaching his brain so that he will develop into an intelligent, polite animal, a pleasure to his owner and friend. Sometimes a dog is a mirror that reflects his master very clearly. The wag of a dog's tail will tell whether he is governed by love or fear. Louise Imogen Guiney in "Wide Awake" tells us delightfully how to bring up puppies:

"The very least and lowest of the duties you owe him is to feed him well, from the beginning. Until he is a year old he should have four meals, or three at least, a day; with plenty of milk, cornmeal, cracker, and such wholesome things, *and no meat of any kind.* Even when he is grown up, he should never be allowed to have his meat raw, or fat; or to have it in summer-time save in small quantities. Dog-biscuit is the best thing for him; and a pail or dish of fresh water should be always ready and convenient.

"Hammond, a great authority on dog-training, says that a puppy can and should be trained to anything whatsoever without punishment or threat. But it needs endless kindness and forbearance. Puppy's attention is hard to get, and still harder to keep; he is like a naughty schoolboy at lessons, whose thoughts are in the blackberry pasture; he has not a grain of sense or dignity, and he is forever winking, and saying: 'Ah, come now! let's leave off!' with his absurd, frisking tail.

"For a long time, no matter what you may do for him, Pup will prefer his own pleasure, a frolic or a run, to all your attentions. He loves you just for what he can get out of you. So you must humor him, and win him over by feeding him with your own hands, keeping him sleek and healthy, and allowing him near you wherever you go. Teach him to stay in special places until you are ready to move, yourself. Coax him into a corner, and reward him with a bit of bread when he reaches it; by and by you need only speak once, or point to the corner; and, at the end, Pup will go there of his own accord, and remain quiet, waiting your will.

"When you wish him to obey, speak decidedly, but *in a low voice.* Put the falling inflection on your closing word. For Pup, young as he is, is a sharp fellow, and very sensitive to sounds, and 'Lie down?' seems to him to mean: 'Might your lordship choose to lie down?' which, perhaps, his lordship doesn't; but 'Lie down!' is a very different thing, and he takes it as: 'You must lie down this instant, and there's no getting out of it!' so down he goes. Never let yourself get angry with Puppy, nor shout at him—for once he is excited by a boisterous tone he will never again mind without it—nor treat him otherwise than gallantly if you hope to make a fine gentleman of him. When he does obey, you must praise him extravagantly, and make a great ado, as if there never had been such a heroic act done before in the annals of the dog-world. Give him a bit of something he likes, and make him proud of having been good. And, of course, if you mean to respect him, and let him stand well in his own opinion, never pamper him, nor permit him to dawdle indoors, nor wrap him up, nor feed him on sweets. But take him for a brisk run, every day, storm and shine; and stroke his head when you pass him by; that is a noble caress, and he will remember it a long time.

"While he is little, and his teeth bother him, give him large, clean bones, *boiled*, to gnaw at; but reprove him if you catch him gnawing anything else, and clip his nose with your thumb and forefinger if he offers, as he will, in his jolly innocence, to nip at you.

"If Pup is a spaniel or a Skye or a pug, you ought to wash him often in warm weather, with the proper sort of carbolic soap, and brush him down after he has dried in the sun. If he is of a bigger breed, he should be taken to a pond or river and taught to go in bravely; but the swimming he will teach himself.

"A pup of good family, whose parents were chosen for their fine qualities, will seldom turn out mean or cowardly. And he will scorn to steal anything, be it ever so tempting. Whenever Pup shows real courage, reward him; but do not spoil his temper by setting him on to a fight, or encouraging him to be a bully. For do not forget that he must be a fellow of true spirit; and never come to blows save when it is the only honorable thing left to do. Above all, do not think Pup afraid because he drops his tail and runs away at every turn; that is his babishness, and his ignorance of social customs; and when he is six months older, he may turn out the boldest blade in the neighborhood.

"Grant him as much liberty as you can safely do. Do not require him to sneak along at your heels, or to bear the disgrace of a chain, when you take him walking. Beyond hand-shaking teach him few tricks; for though they may be amusing to spectators, they make a clown of poor Pup, and remind him of the painful hours spent in acquiring them. His own bright, affectionate, natural ways will be prettier to you, in the end, and far more characteristic, than all the begging and jumping and penny-catching.

"Rules for Pup are like rules for a child—no two pets are quite alike, and there are points of variance where you must 'let your own discretion be your tutor.' But one great rule holds; which is—you must, seriously, have a certain deference for your dog, who is stronger and swifter and quicker of sense than you, and has a more wonderful power of endurance and passionate faithfulness. And you must help him to respect you and trust you utterly, so that he will never cringe, nor snarl, nor show a nervous uncertainty when you approach him, or be anything but frank and confident and full of spirit while you are by. Let him see, too, that you can be masterful and stern; and that, for that very reason, you have chosen to be always gentle.

"You can change Pup, one of these days, into a precious comrade and friend, and, in return, his year or two years of patient education will have aided his little master or mistress, more than either will guess, toward chivalry of feeling and firmness and self-control. You know a thoughtful writer once said that to domestic animals we stand in the place of Providence itself. It may well make us reverence our own position, and be unfailingly watchful and tender of the little loving life which looks up to us, and which will serve us loyally just so long as its poor fond heart shall beat."

THE FIRST OF THE FAIRIES.

By Mary W. Carles.

ONE day, as the postman was delivering the mail, he took the last letter from his bag, and studied the superscription very earnestly. "To the First of the Fairies." It was an ordinary white envelope, with a curious-looking stamp of pink and silver paper, such as must always be used on letters sent to Fairyland. But this particular postman had never before seen one, and as he had had no letters, nor even postal cards, addressed to Fairyland, but only to ordinary streets, like Congress, Brown, and Emery, he felt rather puzzled and a little timid, for no one who came too near the gates of Fairyland could be quite sure what might happen to him.

"Well," said he, "since it must be done, the sooner I get the thing out of my hands the better for me."

So he walked on as fast as he could until he was almost there, and then stood on tiptoe, meaning to pull the bell very gently and slip the letter under the gate. But he was so frightened that he threw the letter over, and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him. He strained his boots so much that the soles dropped off, and he never knew just where he lost them.

The letter fell plump on the face of John Fairy, the little page who opened the door and took the messages for the most distinguished inhabitants of Fairyland. It had been a dull morning, with very little business, and as he had been up late the night before, tying twine about some dear little rosebuds, who were hoping to bloom into beautiful, large roses the next day—for he was a very mischievous fairy—he had curled up and was sound asleep when the letter hit his nose. Up he jumped, ready to do battle with some one, but nothing unusual was in sight except the letter on the ground.

"Now, I wonder where this is to go?" thought the page. "To 'The First of the Fairies.' Oh! for the Queen, of course. Now for a run."

He wound his long yellow hair round his wings and scampered away, flew up the steps of the royal palace, and handed the letter to the Queen, with a low bow.

"Curious way to address my letter!" said she, and tried to tear open the envelope, but somehow the paper seemed too strong. Then she brought her scissors and tried to cut the paper, but, if you will believe it, she couldn't make so much as a crease. By and by she began to get cross, and said to the King, who was lying on the lounge reading the paper:

"I wish you would see if you can do anything with this letter."

"What's the matter with it?" said the King,

"Matter enough, I should think, when I can't open my own letters," said the Queen, handing it to him.

Now, the King, as well as the Queen, could be very cross indeed. Why, if you could have heard them sometimes, you would really have thought they were mortals. The evening before he had spent at a wedding, and people were so much interested in looking at the bride that some of them hardly noticed him, though he was gotten up in most elegant style; and this troubled him sadly. So it was an unfortunate moment for everybody in the palace when he read, "To the First of the Fairies."

"Who has been meddling with my letter?" roared he, as loudly as a fairy can roar.

"Your letter!" exclaimed the Queen, indignantly. "Don't you see that it is addressed to me?"

"What insufferable conceit!" said the King. "How long have you been the first of the fairies?"

During the next few minutes he got into such a rage that John Fairy, who was an inquisitive little fellow and had been waiting to see what news he could get, jumped up to the chandelier and stayed perched there, shaking like a leaf with fright, but watching with all his might, while the King tried all the knives and scissors in the palace, and then had the axes and saws brought in, and yet not the faintest scratch was seen on the envelope. He grew so angry that at last he tossed the letter into the fire, only to see it hop out on the floor unhurt. Then he threw it into the well, and began to hope he was rid of it; but the next time he ordered some cool water drawn, there was the letter, floating about in the pitcher, which had been filled from the well.

At last the King was thoroughly frightened, and, catching sight of little John Fairy, he told him to take the letter out of his sight that instant.

Just then a voice was heard to say:

"Whom do you think by 'first' we mean?
'Tis not the king, 'tis not the queen;
They never can reveal it.
Of all the band
In Fairyland,
But one can e'er unseal it."

"Take it away," said the King, in terror, "and never let me see it again."

"Who knows," thought the page, "but that it was

meant for me? I'm sure I'm first in some things. Nobody in Fairyland can run faster or climb higher than I can." But though he banged it about with all his might, he was disappointed and at last tired out; and, anxious only to get it out of his hands, he took it to the fairy who was known to be the strongest in Fairyland, and asked if it belonged to him.

"Shouldn't wonder if it did," said the strong fairy. "Where did you get it?" So the little page told the strange story of the letter.

"Oh, ho!" said the strong fairy; "just bring my oxen here." As he could make no hole in the letter, he coiled a chain about it in such a way that it did not seem possible to pull the ends ever so little without tearing it. Then he yoked his oxen, four at each end of the chain, and they pulled and pulled until the chain broke, and the eight oxen went head over heels, four one way and four the other. The strong fairy was so angry that he jumped up and down on the letter till he was out of breath and fell down, and then little John Fairy slyly picked up the mysterious letter and slipped off, while, over and over, the strong fairy seemed to hear the words:

"There once was a very proud fairy,
As proud as a fairy could be.
But a long pull came, and a strong pull came,
And a very meek fairy was he."

John was now very near a forest, where lived two warlike tribes of fairies, who were constantly fighting, and thought they could settle all questions on any subject in this way. To one of these fairies he told the story of his adventures with the letter, and asked his advice.

"Easy enough to decide whose it is," said he, delighted with the opportunity: "we'll have a fight." And fight they did till supper time, when one party gave up, and the other marched off triumphantly with the letter. But if you had been there when the moon rose, you might have seen some very hot, tired, excited fairies, pounding and sawing and punching and hammering and filing, until at last they gave up in despair, saying, "Here we have been spending the whole afternoon fighting over a letter none of us can open. Take it back to the King, John Fairy."

Again came the voice:

"You are very brave and bold,
None so sure to have and hold;
But in spite of your best endeavor,
You'll be first of the fairies never."

The little page didn't quite dare to go back to the royal palace; so he spent another day in a hard search, but with the same result. At evening he was summoned to the King, who hadn't been able to get the letter out of his mind, and who now listened very thoughtfully while the yellow-haired page told his adventures with the letter how the first day the strong fairy had tried to open it, and now the fighting fairies had spent hours in fighting over it; how the next day he had taken it to the most learned fairy, who was almost sure it belonged to him; next to the most beautiful fairy, who had claimed it unhesitatingly; then to the richest fairy, and so on, until every fairy had been visited, except those who were considered of no consequence at all in Fairyland. The King pondered a long time, and finally ordered that every member of every household should make an attempt at opening the letter. After John was gone, the King said to the Queen:

"What do you suppose it is? It must be something very important. I wish it might prove to be for me, after all."

Poor John got tired and thin in the days that followed. The letter was the only thing talked of in all Fairyland. Many of the fairies were afraid to touch it, and used to hide when they saw John coming, so that he was a long time on his journey. Every night he had the same account to give the King, who was growing pale and perplexed, and was beginning to wonder whether he might not have been mistaken in thinking himself the most important personage in Fairyland.

At last there was only one house left—a small and insignificant one, where lived a little fairy, who was somewhat deformed, but too busy to remember it often. She had been a jolly, rollicking little thing, but had had a bad fall, and had been dreadfully hurt and bruised. They had tied up her broken wings, and had done all that could be done, and still it hurt her so to move about that for a long time she lay in a little heap and only asked to be left quiet and not even spoken to. But after a while she limped out into the sunshine, and one day she found that holding some violets against a bruised place helped it wonderfully, and after this she made a good many medicines for herself. And though she could never use her wings again, and would have to wear a heavy weight on one ankle as long as she lived, she grew stronger and stronger, and amused herself by studying the flowers and the grasses and the dew, and made medicines of them and put them into tiny vials. She was constantly doing the kindest little things, but generally managed to keep out of sight. When she had patiently untied the strings that naughty John Fairy had put round the rosebuds, they did not see, as they stretched their soft petals in the air, what a strange little figure crept noiselessly away. And among mortals, too, her services were unnoticed.

"What a beautiful breeze!" said the little sick girl, not seeing the small hand which swung a cool branch to and fro, to and fro, till she fell asleep so comfortably. And curious, lovely dreams were whispered into the baby's ear, and kept him ever so still, while his tired mother stitched, and only thought, "What a long nap baby is taking!"

And some of the mortals who had hurts and gashes sometimes in their bodies and often in their minds had given up hoping that the smart would ever stop; but after a time they ached less, and by and by they began to enjoy some things a little, and then more, till they found they were glad to live after all. And they never knew of the little fairy who went round with tiny plasters and little vials, labeled with names which we would not understand, but which mean patience and hope and courage, and who touched them so gently that they never knew what had helped them.

On this particular morning, when John Fairy came to her with the letter, she was unusually busy. She had a long list in one hand and her basket of medicines in the other. So she just took up the letter, and it opened and out dropped a paper. She read it and smiled, but as she hurried away it dropped at John Fairy's feet. He picked it up and took it to the King and Queen, and they read:

"Wherever the bright one tarries,
Sweet is the balm that she carries,
And many the thrusts that she parries.
For the help she gives to the sick and sad,
For the hope she brings to make them glad,
She shall be first of the fairies."

"Why," said the King, "is that all? I thought it would be some big thing"

"It is a big thing," said the Queen.

BE SURE IT'S WORTH THE EFFORT.

WE hear all through our lives many words of wisdom on the need and advantage of economy There is an economy that is most extravagant, and it would be well if, very early in life, we learned to distinguish between true economy and its counterfeit. We have all heard of the whistle bought by Benjamin Franklin for which he paid five times its value, and from his experience in purchasing this whistle we have the old proverb, "He paid too much for his whistle," applied to a man who pays too much for an article, or who suffers in an experience from which judgment and common sense should have saved him It was perfectly legitimate for the boy to have the whistle, and it would have been a good investment if he had paid its value, but no more. Pleasure is a necessity if a boy wishes to grow up a cheerful, healthy man. Pleasure is necessary to a young man if he wishes to develop into a loving, lovable old man. A man pays "too dear for his whistle" who, in building up a fortune, loses the ability to laugh, to enjoy the beauties that God created for his enjoyment.

A man is very extravagant if he refuses to buy books in order to save money—books that are necessary to both his enjoyment and his education A man is extravagant if he refuses to spend a reasonable amount in hearing good music, seeing good pictures. A man is extravagant, because by his mistaken economy he loses his power of enjoyment, and in old age, when his money-making faculties are dead or impaired, he has no resource to brighten and solace him. This may seem a strange subject to bring to boys' attention; but the boys of to day are the old men of the future. The boy of to-day is showing the tendency of the kind of man he will make, the impulses that will control him. There is a little scene that is described in a New York State paper that will show another way in which we may be extravagant: One fine day a Scrigglesville man came to town with a pailful of clams, which he sold. Then, washing out the pail carefully, he had a gallon of molasses poured into it, and started for home. Feeling the weight of his burden, he put a stick through the pail, and hung the pail over his shoulder. Presently, jogging along in an abstracted fashion, the Scrigglesville man espied a pin in the road, and, being of a frugal turn, he stooped over to pick it up. This seemed to the molasses to be as good a chance as it could find, and it promptly stepped out of the pail, and walked all over the back of the Scrigglesville man's neck. "Good heavens!" gasped the Scrigglesville man, as he struggled to his feet and viewed the devastation wrought upon the scenery; "a gallon of molasses for a pin!" Be sure your present possessions are less valuable than those for which you struggle, before you run the risk of losing them in the effort to get more. Remember, the boy makes the man, and be careful, watchful, of the kind of man he will make.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

THE TALENTS.[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE simplest truths are those the most difficult to expound, as the most dangerous heresies are those practically accepted by every one, theoretically professed by none. If a man really believes that there is a God who is the Creator of all men and the Moral Governor of the universe, he must also logically believe that he owes to that God a supreme and unqualified allegiance; that he himself and everything that he possesses belong to that God, and that for the use of himself and all his possessions he must give account to that God daily. This is a truth on which Christ laid great emphasis, in reiterated parables. Sometimes he compared man to a tree planted by the owner in fruitful soil—watered, fed, cultivated, for the sake of the fruit which it was to bear, to which the owner came from time to time seeking fruit. If the tree bore no fruit, the owner ordered it cut down and cast into the fire, that its place might be taken by some tree more serviceable. Again, he compared man to a steward whom the master had left in charge of his estate, and who was required by every consideration of honesty to use the estate under his charge for the benefit of the master and owner. Again, he compared man to a son who ought to have lived at home under his father's roof, and whose first act of sin and folly was in demanding that the father should give him for his own a portion of the inheritance, that he might go away from his father and spend it in his own way, disregardful of his father's will. Again, he compared man to the tenants of a vineyard who were bound legally and morally to make account to the land owner of its fruits, but who, when an accounting was demanded of them, beat and killed the servants who had come for the purpose In the parable before us he sets forth the same truths under a slightly different figure. Man is compared to the servants of a non-resident nobleman who delivers to them severally a portion of his property, directing them to employ[2] it in some profitable business on his account.

Now, this truth is a simple and even a self-evident one. God has made me, and I and all my powers belong to the Maker. He has made the earth and stored it with all its wealth; he has created the natural forces and laws which are used in the creation of wealth, and he has put all these at my service My labor is his because I am his handiwork, because I am dependent upon him for my existence, because, therefore, my supreme allegiance is due to him; and all that by means of my labor I get out of the earth is his, because I am merely taking from the treasure-house that which he previously put there. All the wealth which is dug out of the earth in coal and silver and gold, or which is gathered from its surface in wheat and corn and various cereals and fruits, or which is indirectly produced by changes of form, structure, and location by the power of steam, or by water power, or by the wafting winds of commerce, is gathered from stores which he has accumulated and made valuable by means of powers with which he has endowed us. To take these stores and employ these powers for our own uses and purposes is just as truly an act of dishonest defalcation as for the clerk to take money from his employer's till for his own pocket.

This is a truth which no one theoretically denies, but very few of us practically and thoroughly accept. The applications of this truth are endless. Some of those applications are accepted. It is agreed among most men that a minister, for example, is bound to use his pulpit in the service of God and for the good of his fellow-men. His salary and his reputation are mere incidents; if he works primarily and chiefly for these, he receives, as he deserves, the contempt of his congregation. So in some measure it is recognized that the author's pen is not his own; that he is bound to use it for the benefit of the race and not merely for his pecuniary profit. The teacher is accounted a public servant; and we are beginning slowly to see that the politician or statesman is also under obligations to use his place and the powers which it gives him for the public service and not primarily for his own. All this shows some considerable advance in moral sentiment since the time of Christ; for the time has been when priests believed that the people were created to serve them, or at least to serve the church, and when kings and bureaucracies regarded the people as beasts of burden whose function it was to carry burdens for their lords and masters. But there is no more reason why a minister should consecrate his pulpit than a merchant his counting-room or a manufacturer his mill. The powers and the property are as much God's in one case as in the other. The dishonesty of using them for one's own aggrandizement

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for April 29, 1886.—Matt. xxv., 14-30.

[2] In the phrase, "Occupy till I come," the word "occupy" is used in the sense of following as a business.

is as great in the one case as in the other. Let us understand, then, as the first lesson lying on the surface of the parable of the ten pounds, and emphasized by many other parallel parables, this one: God has given you your kitchen, your parlor, your pictures, your dresses, your jewelry, your money, your store, your mill, your farm, your schoolroom, your clients, your patients, your library, your pulpit, your whatever it may be, that you by it may do something to make the world wiser, better, happier, in the true and divine sense richer than you found it; and for the way in which you use the one pound or the ten that have been given you, for the service which you render thereby to those about you, you will have to give an account at the last.

But you do not know how to serve! The truth is that most of the schooling of the world thus far has been concentrated on teaching us how to serve ourselves. It has been selfish, not benevolent; it has taught men how to accumulate, but not how wisely to bestow. You are not very useful, because you do not know how to be of use You are afraid, therefore you are idle. Commerce can by an illustration point out the way of usefulness even to you. If you have money which you desire to invest, and you dare not hazard it in an enterprise of your own, you go to those who are wiser than you are, and put it in their hands, that they may make interest for you. Poor as this world is in benevolence, there are in every community men who are trying to serve their fellow-men and who have skill in the science of doing good. Take your one pound, or your ten pounds; take your money, your talent, your time, and put it in their hands; put yourself under their guidance There are those who are skilled in the science of Christian benevolence, and who are willing to take even apprentices and find Christian service for them Where there is a will there is a way. Of one thing be very sure: the tree that bears nothing but leaves, the steward that has only accumulated for himself, the vineyard keepers who have taken the fruits of the vineyard and endeavored to satisfy their conscience by giving now and then a little something to God's poor, the servant who has either used the pounds for his own service or kept them wrapped in a napkin, adding nothing to them whatsoever, must give account at the last to his master for his misappropriation of the master's goods.

He added this parable because he was nigh to Jerusalem, and they thought that the kingdom of God should immediately appear. Eighteen centuries have gone by; and it still delays to come. He might well repeat this parable to-day, because there have come in these last days scoffers walking after their own lusts, and saying, "Where is the promise of his coming? For since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation."

QUESTIONS.

What does Christ mean by the kingdom of God? Examine references to it in both Old Testament and New Testament.

What is Christ's command to each of his servants? Watch. Occupy for how long? Till I come.

What general truths are taught by this parable? What parallel teachings does the New Testament contain?

What lesson do you derive from the story of the man who hid the money in a napkin?

Is God an austere Judge, reaping where he does not sow?

HOME TALKS ABOUT THE WORD.

THE opening sentence of to-day's lesson will puzzle us if we do not remember that Christ said, "The kingdom of heaven is within you;" that in each of us is implanted that which is part of the kingdom of heaven. Within us is the power of love, which is the very personality of God. "God is love." Love of right, love of peace, love of righteousness, love of mankind. We, who carry about this kingdom, carry about the gifts or talents that will make the kingdom more valuable to the King.

God has given to each of us the talent he can use, the talent best suited to our ability and condition. None of us are sent into the world, the servants of the King, destitute of any talent; we each possess some gift that will enrich our own lives and the world through its influence. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, possessed the gift or talent of science and invention, and the furthermost parts of the world are brought together through the miracle of his genius. Edison has become the light of the nineteenth century, dispelling darkness, making crime less prevalent—for crime needs darkness for its success. Bell has become a voice for the age, and time and money are saved to the world—saved to bring larger returns because he perfected the telephone. Peabody possessed the talent of wealth, and hundreds of families bless him to-day for light, air, sunshine, cleanliness Powers saw "Paradise Lost" in the block of marble, and we gaze reverently on the evidence of his talent. Raphael saw the Divine Child and his Mother, and we are made better through his talent. Handel heard in the wind of heaven, in the patter of the rain, felt in the play of sunshine, the music he gave us in the grand oratorio of the Messiah. George Eliot saw the lesson of life, and we read her interpretation in books. Milton, Dante, Browning, used their talents to enrich their own souls, and we grow nearer to the God we love through the light they have given us.

Every beautiful building rearing its head toward the high heavens is a monument to the King who gave the talent of architecture to man, a monument to that man's faithfulness to his King in using his talent; every beautiful piece of goods is but the evidence in texture and coloring of God-given talents, and man's faithfulness in their use. Every line of poetry that lifts you one step nearer heaven is another evidence of the King's talent used by his servants.

Every picture painted that does not lift the soul that gazes upon it into a kinship with noble thoughts is a talent of the King's dishonored; every book written that does not give impulse to more noble, more intelligent living, is a King's talent wasted, more than wasted—prostituted; every imperfect piece of cloth woven is a King's talent ignored; every imperfect building erected shows the King cruelly defrauded. Every lesson unlearned, every gift uncultivated, every opportunity unimproved, every duty neglected, is a talent hidden in the earth that will drive the possessor into darkness, loneliness, remorse, because he has not kept step with God's servants whose works keep them marching toward the King. Who is the man who is made ruler over many things? The man who was careful to rule the first thing given in his charge well. Who is the man whom the world delights to honor? The man who has used his every talent, who commands his every power, and enriches the world in his life.

The day of reckoning comes! Who is ready? The man who has kept every day a completed whole. Does not the day of reckoning come in all things? What is examination day? What is the day when you count up expenses and income? What is the day when the building is completed, the picture finished, the book written, the invention put to the test? What is the hour when we look at the results of the day, the week, the month, the year? The King reckons for a life! How will we stand? Will we be able to stand beside the man with five talents, having used our gifts so well that we become in turn rulers of cities? The opportunity is given us; we alone are to blame if we do not reach the King's expectation. He gave us all that was necessary for our work. Not to each of us is given the same talent; not to each of us is given a talent that commands the attention of the world; but to each of us, no matter what our position, is given the power to live the life of a child of God, giving out an influence that will lift our companions into a companionship with God. Paul very clearly tells us how this life must be lived, this life that needs only a love of God. Read Romans xii., 5-21. Will this be easy. No! Paul says, "But by the grace of God I am what I am; and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I labored more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." And again, "For it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of his own good pleasure." What is our relationship to the King who gives the talents, who gives us the impulse to work? "I am the vine; ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing." The kingdom of heaven within us; given in charge of the King's talents; the power to use them for his glory and the upbuilding of the kingdom. The more we use of the power he gives us, the more he will give. Never alone; the King's impulse within us; we the branches, He the vine. "For we are laborers together with God: ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building.' Every act that dishonors mind or body insults the King, hinders the growth of the kingdom. The King gives the power according to our ability; do we use it for His cause?

THE HOLY SPIRIT AND CHRISTIAN WORK.

III.

BY THE REV. A. H. BRADFORD, D.D.

"Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit."—Cor xii., 4.

THOSE who most truly realize the circumstances in which they are placed in this world are least inclined to dogmatize about the other world. In the midst of so much darkness, each little ray of light is welcomed. "We walk by faith, not by sight." About nothing are we more uncertain than about spirit. What is a spirit? How does it act? Has it form, or is it formless like the wind? Has it any power over matter? Can it lift weights and impel bodies? or can it move only on something like itself? Who ever saw a spirit? If one were to appear would it be recognized? The unseen realm is one which can be approached only by faith; the senses can neither prove nor disprove its existence. Perhaps the surest testimony to a spirit without us is the witness of our own spirits within. Deep answers to deep. There are three stages in the development of our thought about these things. The first is that of childhood. Children are trustful; the word of parents is not questioned. When told of an unseen realm in which God and the Saviour are, childhood does not doubt. It has no evidence except the testimony of those whom it trusts There is nothing more beautiful than such faith. Before long the child begins to ask questions. Who is God? Where is he? What is he like? What do you mean by spirit? Where are its days passed? How may a spirit be known? If these questions could be considered by themselves in the quiet of hours devoted to thought, answers would be easier. But the period of inquiry is coincident with the development of passion, with the first thrills of ambition and desire, and to answer them in the midst of such confusion and conflict is well-nigh impossible. But, whether possible or not, the moment a man begins to think, that moment the spirit within him which he does not understand begins its battle with the flesh. The knowledge which comes in answer to these questions is seldom easily attained. Now and then individuals are met who talk upon these subjects with easy confidence; but such persons, having only skimmed the surface of things, are never able to help those whose inquiries reach to the depths. Certainty concerning spiritual things is usually the result of struggle. The light dawns after a long night of mental darkness. Young people seldom have profound experiences. Consciousness of dependence comes only from consciousness of weakness, from loss and sorrow and pain. I am not so much surprised at the imperfections of Christians as at the impatience of those who, if they know anything of spiritual things, know that knowledge and appreciation of them usually result from a long and painful process. A child learns the material world by coming in contact with it and being hurt by it. Not more easily are spiritual things learned. We are born babes into the new life. Sanctification is always a long way from the new birth. A man may be *growing* spiritually before he is very spiritual. Conversion is not the end, it is the beginning, of spiritual life. This introduction has been necessary to a proper treatment of our subject, *The Holy Spirit and Christian Work.*

We use the term work because it is the common one, but what we call work is only manifestation of life. Certain things inevitably follow certain other things. A man's conduct is as pure and beneficent as his character. If he never gives without grudging, if he hoards his money, if he is careful about his interest but not anxious to send his dollars about doing good, there is only one conclusion: inside he is like the outside. If he is censorious and unkind and uncharitable, you might as well advise a lump of sand to put on the color of a rose, or a piece of wood to exhale the fragrance of mignonette, as to exhort him to do differently. He must get a new heart. Christian work is always the fruit of spiritual life. To attempt to induce men to be generous and helpful and self-sacrificing without first helping them into fellowship with the Spirit, would be as wise as to exhort a rock to produce oranges.

How men work with the Spirit. The New Testament contains the record of those who were led by the Spirit, but gives no answer when we ask how the Spirit works. Turn to the biographies of inspired men like Paul, Augustine, Luther, and Edwards—they are equally silent. The men were manifestly swayed by divine power, but the method of inspiration is unknown. Turn to the writers of the New Testament. Surely now our inquiry will be answered. But when we seek to find how these men did their work, the mystery is as deep as ever. We believe that they were chosen to preserve for future ages the words of the world's Teacher; but how they wrote, and the relation and proportion of the human and the divine in their compositions, has always been a subject of controversy. Sometimes the Holy Spirit is represented as co-operating with the human spirit in answer to prayer, as on the Day of Pentecost. Sometimes He moves on men with sudden light, as in the case of Saul. The only way in which we can get an answer to our question is to study the analogies of nature—God's manifestation of himself through matter. How may our spirits work with God's? Just as we work with Him in physical things. Consider two facts. God is everywhere, and never absent; it is impossible to get away from him. The Psalmist says that he is even in hell. When Christ promised the Comforter, he said that he would abide forever. It is proper to sing, "Come, Holy Spirit," if we remember that he never needs to come. The second fact is the power of choice; each individual can choose to work with Him, or can refuse to do so. This is exactly what one sees in the physical sphere. Nature and her laws surround and never leave us; we may work with them or we may antagonize them. The soil, the sun, the rains, are, comparatively speaking, constant factors. If I want a harvest, all I have to do is to conform to nature I plant

potatoes and corn in soil suited to each, keep the garden free from weeds, protect it from animals, and then the sun and the rain bring harvests from those hard and apparently lifeless seeds. Nothing that the gardener could do could cause the potatoes and corn to reproduce themselves without light and moisture; and the light and moisture might have fallen on them for a whole century without causing them to grow, had not the intelligence and will of man properly planted them. The condition of a harvest is that the farmer shall co-operate with nature. Nature never changes her laws to suit the convenience or caprice of the individual. The rains fall and the sun shines and the seasons alternate without the slightest regard for you or me. We can conform to them, and our little hands will seem to be doing what, after all, the elemental forces alone can do. Two gardens are side by side; the soil is the same; they are equally exposed to light and rain; the gardeners are equally skillful. One is full of flowers, and the other is a mass of matted weeds. One man worked with nature, conformed his will to her will in every respect; the other tried to be independent. Nature is always supreme. She can be used only by being obeyed. We can light and heat our houses with condensed sunbeams if we will bring the coal and the spark together. We can hitch our carriages to the sun and make that do our bidding, if we will first conform to its laws. Obey nature and you can work with nature.

Apply exactly the same principle to the Spirit: obey Spirit and you can work with Spirit. Conform to God's methods and he will work through you; oppose them and you will fail. The harvest of the Spirit is as natural as a harvest of wheat. There is a factory full of looms and spindles. Cotton is piled in masses on the floors; every wheel is idle, a thousand men are doing nothing. In a building outside, furnaces are blazing, wheels are whizzing, engines are throbbing; and yet what is all that force doing? Nothing. The factory is silent, the men are idle, the engines and furnaces are useless, until there is connection completed between the two buildings. The power is applied to those wheels; movement begins, looms start, spindles fly, men are busy. So is it in spiritual things. Men do spiritual work naturally, inevitably, joyously, the moment they submit their wills to God. By submission of the will, the connection is completed between our spirits and God's. The power never fails, the ability to receive never ceases; but that power forces your will and mine no more than the sun forces a farmer to sow his wheat, or than an engine compels connection with the wheels and spindles in a factory.

Our question was, How do we work with the Spirit? Our answer is, By conforming to the laws of the Spirit; by obeying conscience, which is God's voice in the soul of man; by keeping our eyes and ears open, our hearts pure, and our minds inquiring, in order that the truth may reach us; by forcing our wills to be submissive and responsive to God's will, so far as revealed to us.

Usual manifestations of the Spirit's presence and power. The Holy Spirit always recognizes individuality. No person is ever inspired to do what he cannot do, although he is often moved to do what seems to him impossible. There is diversity of gifts. All music is not of man or bird, of wind instruments or elemental forces. The beauty of the universe is that of flowers and stars, mountains and lakes, cataracts and flaming skies. A universe of roses or Niagaras would not be beautiful. Men are influenced according to their peculiarities. There is as much diversity manifested in spiritual activity as in nature. But through all the diversity of manifestation one purpose clearly runs. The Holy Spirit is God continuing, by personal contact with the human spirit, the work in which our Lord was engaged. That was the work of salvation and amelioration; the two with him were never separated. He came to save men from the guilt and the power of sin, and to help them to a better earthly life. If you will study his teachings and his acts, you will find that these are always blended.

The Son of man is come to save the lost." "He shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." When we study his life we find him now saying, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more," and then opening the eyes of the blind, and curing women of their diseases. When he gave his disciples their commission, it was in these words: "As you go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand; heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils." Christ brought good news for the whole life of man, and the Spirit continues that ministry, usually using each person for the work which he is best fitted to do. John Wesley had spiritual fervor and gifts of execution and oratory; he became the leader of a reformation and the founder of the most intensely evangelistic sect ever known among Protestants. Frederick Robertson, by sorrow and isolation, by great knowledge of the human heart in its struggles with invisible things, by wonderful purity of spirit, combined with a mental honesty which nothing could daunt, was fitted to do what such men as Wesley and Whitefield—great and useful as they were—could not do; viz, show that Christianity was credible to the whole life of man. And God used that suffering minister as probably no other for a century, to commend his word to men of thought, men who, if they ever became Christians, must reach the goal by way of doubt and conflict. Wesley preached to thousands; Robertson preached in a little church that would seat only a few hundred, but he was so earnest, so honest, so able to show the reasonableness of Christianity, that his words have gone to the ends of the earth; and though he died before he was forty, it may be doubted if any man in our century has exerted so beneficent and inspiring an influence among thinking people. These men were preachers; but humanity has manifold needs. John Howard heard the shrieks of prisoners; his prison reform was as truly in the line of the Spirit's work as any revival ever recorded. We forget that many live in circumstances which make the idea of God an absurdity to them. We have comfort; sorrows come, but blessings come also. We see our dear ones die, but we can smooth their pillows and plant roses on their graves. The heavens are not all brass. But suppose we lived as those prisoners did who had been incarcerated for life for no crime but desiring freedom; suppose we had been separated from all loved ones, and condemned to live in filth, among vermin, in companionship with the vile, without ever having had the chance to prove our innocence, would it be so easy to believe in a just God? God raises up and inspires certain men as truly as he inspired Paul or John, and sends them out to so change the conditions in which men live that the idea of a better Power above may be credible. Mrs. Reaney's work in providing protection for London cabmen in storms, and that of Octavia Hill in reforming London tenements, are as directly in the line of the Spirit as Mr. Spurgeon's. It is well known that even Mr. Moody's meetings, the greatest since Wesley's, did not touch London's lowest life. One preaches; one teaches; one seeks to improve tenements; one works in the cause of temperance—a better crusade than that to rescue the tomb of the Lord; one cares for homeless children; one tries to make convicts realize that they have not ceased to be men; one has a large family of children and no one to help in the training, and she simply devotes herself to her home; and one never able to do anything publicly tells quietly and simply, from friend to friend, how God found him a sinner, hopeless and useless, and has given him joy and peace. All these are impelled by one and the same Spirit, for all, in the way in which they can best work, are continuing the ministry of Him who went about doing good. Get rid of the idea that only those who do great things have the Spirit. Can you save any one from needless sorrow? Can you provide a home for one who has none? Can you send a little light into a life that seems all darkness? Can you take one man by the hand and walk with him and stay by him until the power of temptation is gone? Can you do nothing but make a bright and cheerful home for your fatherless family? Can you help two stubborn, selfish, unkind men to understand one another and to walk together in love? None of these are great things, but if any one of them is your work, then not Judson preaching in Burmah, nor Hannington dying in Africa, nor Wesley leading in revivals which influence a nation, is more truly following in the footsteps of Christ, or is more surely inspired by the Spirit of God.

All who walk with God according to their ability and opportunity continue Christ's work as naturally and inevitably as flowers are made fragrant and harvests golden by the life that is in nature. We are not to wait for an impulse to do anything; the Spirit illuminates rather than impels; and where a man sees any good thing that he can do, he needs no impulse to set him at work. The fact that he sees it shows that the Spirit is with him. One thing always characterizes those who are in the Spirit: they strive honestly and at any cost—by humiliation, by shame, by confession of error, by sacrifice—so to live among their neighbors that all who know them shall see in them something of that Christ who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; who spent his days in doing for others and never asked any one to do anything for him; who prayed for those who were killing him, "Father, forgive." The common work of the Spirit is to transform such selfish lives as yours and mine into such a divine life as Christ's.

Unusual manifestations of the Spirit's presence and power. While it is not right to think of God as absent, it is equally unreasonable to doubt that he can move on single men, or on masses of men, for the accomplishment of great purposes. His ability to do so was manifest on the Day of Pentecost. Certain individuals in history have been chosen for special work and clothed with exceptional power, as reforms and revivals have proved. In studying them, however, care must be taken to separate that which is really spiritual from that which is peculiar to the instrument. The roughness of Luther was not of the Spirit; the Spirit had to use a harsh man. The hardness and bigotry of Calvin were not of the Spirit; all things considered, he was the best man for his work, notwithstanding his narrowness and hardness. The extravagances of many revivals are not because the Spirit is present; just as many would have the "power" and go into convulsions if there were any other cause of excitement. From the beginning until now there has been this combination of physical and spiritual, and each individual has to decide for himself what, in a man or a movement, is of the Spirit and what of the imperfect agent. But when all allowances have been made, certain incontestable facts remain. The time came when the processes of deterioration and corruption in the church could go no further without death. Then Luther was raised up and the Reformation began. I have been in the room in which that man was born, in the library where he first found the Bible, have stood on the spot where he burned the Papal bull, seen the doors on which he nailed his theses, and been in the very cell in which he translated the Word of God. And I tell you that no thought keeps pressing on a student of that marvelous life like this: behind him, moving him, sustaining him, overruling his eccentricities, curbing his extravagances, and causing all things to work for good, was the divine Spirit who was the real power.

Such a period was the great awakening in New England under Jonathan Edwards, when the realities of the invisible world were presented to men with a power never surpassed. The preaching seems to have been one-sided, and even to have misrepresented God, but none the less is the hand of God visible, using those means, imperfect as they were, to make men realize that life is solemn and judgment certain. Such a period was the revival which swept over our whole nation after the panic of 1857, when the common subject of inquiry was concerning the salvation of the soul and the glorious power of Him who is invisible. Such a period is now in progress in the Scotch universities, where a man, not a clergyman, but an African traveler, a Professor of Physical Science in Glasgow University, who seems full of the Spirit, has been the means of turning the hearts of university students toward the spiritual life as never before in the history of Scotland. To question the reality of such movements is to suspect history; to call them the results of machinery is to show ignorance of facts; to question whether God can move on individuals or on masses for the accomplishment of special purposes is to doubt whether he can do what you and I do whenever we choose.

There is no law for the Spirit of God which man can formulate. This only is perfectly evident: all things are slowly but surely moving upward. As tides follow the moon with mighty waves flowing backward and forward on the surface, while, down beneath, the great tide lifts steadily onward and upward the terrible confusion of waters, so the Spirit of God is silently, invisibly, but surely, lifting humanity toward the divine. This separation of the Spirit's work in us and by us, into the common and uncommon, suggests two practical thoughts.

The unusual manifestations of the Spirit are so entirely out of the range of human calculation that we are never to expect them, but always to be ready for them. We wait for God to do this work in his own time and way. Revivals are never manufactured. We see what is done at such times, and imagine that this is all we need to do and the revival will come; we forget that the real power is unseen by us. It is always God's purpose to save individuals and uplift the world, but it is not always his purpose to use all for the same work. In unusual manifestations of the Spirit the initiative comes from above.

In the ordinary life of man the responsibility is always on the individual. The power never fails. It cannot be limited. You and I can and do have all of that power that we wish. If one is spiritual and another sensual, it is because one puts his will in God's hands, and the other keeps a large share of his in his own. Waiting for God to move you! Do you not know what is right? Waiting for God to make you generous and forgiving! Cannot you be so without special help from him? Waiting for a power to make you feel like praying! Do you not know that you need something? Why wait to be driven to asking? Waiting to have some one show you the truth! Have you not powers of your own which you trust in everything else? Trust them now. None ought to expect impulsion from outside toward prayer, toward search for truth, toward obedience to conscience. The Spirit is not to be waited for; he is here. The power never compels, it always can be used. God almost never impels a man to do that which his natural powers tell him he ought to do. We might as well expect God to impel us to eat when hungry as to wait for him to impel us to pray when we feel our weakness. The responsibility rests on us.

Yesterday the earth was white and cold with its blanket of ice and snow. Everything was somber and gloomy. Even the snowbirds had hidden away from the rain, and the trees were lonely and sad. I looked on the cheerless desolation of winter, and attempted to

trace the biography of raindrops. They disappear from sight, but wherever they go it will not be long before the sun finds them and reaches down gently and lifts them into the clear blue of the heavens, keeping them there until it has gathered others with them, and warmed them. And then it says to them, "You have been up here with me long enough, and now I want you to help me in my work of bringing beauty and gladness to the earth. And the drops come down again, and, as they fall, the sun shines on them and they become parts of a rainbow which arches the land with its promise; and when they reach the earth they fill the mouths of thirsty lilies and grasses. By and by the sun calls them back again, keeping them once more near to itself for a little while, and again and again sends them out to help in making other rainbows and to fill the goblets of other flowers. And so the great and splendid sun and the small, insignificant raindrops keep working together painting arches on clouds of blackness, drawing flowers from wintry graves and satisfying their thirst with the water of life; and that process has gone on since the first rose blushed at the greeting of the sun, and will continue until the day dawns in which the Lamb shall be the everlasting light.

This old and always beautiful parable of nature is an exact analogy of the life in the Spirit, except that to men are given powers of resistance. You and I fill no larger places in the universe than the raindrops of yesterday's storm. We live a few days, and go out of sight; but the divine Spirit of love, which to the sages of ages is as beneficent and personal as Jesus Christ was, finds us, draws us out of our loneliness up into companionship with those whom he has made like himself, keeps us near him until we become like him, and then sends us on our ministry to those who seem to have sunk into everlasting night. One finds a lonely spirit, and becomes a companion; another finds a broken heart, and pours into it the oil of sympathy: another finds homeless children, and becomes their mother; another finds a young man in danger of sin, and takes him by the hand and holds him until he is strong to resist; another sees a great nation without knowledge of the Good Father, and hurries to it with the glad message; another finds a lonely woman on the street ready to die, and wraps around her the mantle of charity, and takes her to her own home, and keeps her there until she has heart and courage to live. And so the work goes on, and those who by themselves were as insignificant as raindrops on the ocean have become no more useless and insignificant, but co-workers with the God of love and the Spirit of truth, for the hastening of the day when there shall be none to hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain.

My friends, this is your work, this is my work, this is what all may aid in doing if they will open their hearts to the Spirit of truth and love.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTES FROM CALIFORNIA.

I cut the following from last evening's San Francisco "Bulletin," as telegraphed from New York:

"M. F. Ingalls, the millionaire Cincinnati railroad man, who has just returned from Florida, says, 'The people now are leaving there by every train in great droves, and accommodations are so slender that it is most unpleasant traveling.'"

Per contra, United States Surveyor-General Hammond says: "There is now a floating population of 300,000 all over California, like flies on a lump of sugar, waiting to find some place to stay." He estimates that the next census in 1890 will show that California has doubled her population, which will then amount to 1,500,000. There are four great overland railroads completed, and others will soon be. "I estimate the population of California, from information derived from various reliable sources, on December 1 last at 1,250,000, and the increase since then at 100,000. People generally have no idea how rapidly and wonderfully the northern section of the State is filling up, while down south the growth can hardly be imagined." And the difference between California and Florida is that the former is equally desirable as a place of residence in all seasons of the year, while the latter is, for the most part, only adapted to a winter residence for Northern people.

It will surprise many persons to learn how little difference there is in the climate in the northern and southern sections of California. It is true that almost any climate can be found in the State, in the valleys, foothills, and on the mountain sides. The Signal Service showed that the northern region was as warm as the southern for the week ending March 31. At Red Bluff, in the north, the mean was 54 1 degrees above zero, while at Sacramento (central), Fresno, Los Angeles, and San Diego, in the extreme south, there was only a variation of 1 to 6 tenths of a degree! Riverside in the south is 1,000 feet above tide water, and Oroville in the north is only 300 feet. Some of the best land for citrons and other fruits, grapes, etc., is found in Central and Northern California, and oranges ripen earlier there than in the southern section.

Of course all this serves to intensify the present and prospective demand for home missionary work. The Executive Committee of our Congregational Home Missionary Society calls for at least $20,000 for the northern district, while there is as great need for increased appropriations at the south.

The Monday Club meeting in San Francisco comprises the ministers in San Francisco and Oakland and the vicinity, including such laymen as choose to attend, and sometimes ladies, with numerous strangers visiting the State. It is usually largely attended, and the presence of the Professors in our Pacific Theological Seminary at Oakland adds to the attractions.

A city Evangelistic Committee has been formed, undenominational, in San Francisco, of which General O. O. Howard, who is deeply interested and active in all religious movements, is chairman, and under its auspices the Rev E. P. Hammond, the evangelist, is holding revival meetings in different churches, afternoons and evenings. He began in a Methodist church, and then goes to the Fourth Congregational, and will continue his labors for some time Mr Moody had been expected to spend some time in the city, but was released from his engagement for this year on account of pressing calls elsewhere The Rev. Mr. Harwood, from Missouri, has been appointed a State evangelist under the California Home Missionary Society, and will soon commence holding meetings in Bethany Congregational Church, the Rev. W. C. Pond, pastor.

The Hon. Horace Davis, formerly a member of Congress from San Francisco, but now engaged in business, has been inaugurated as President of the State University. He is the son of "Honest John Davis," M. C. from Worcester, Mass, and is a graduate of Harvard. It is expected that his executive abilities will be valuable to the University. He is held in high esteem. Senator Stanford is prosecuting energetically his plans for a unique university at Palo Alto, near San Francisco, and on the west side of the Bay. The grounds have been laid out by Olmstead, and a part of the group of buildings are in process of erection, and in course of the year it is expected that a beginning will be made in the way of instruction, to be gradually developed. Whatever money can do in the way of establishing a university will be attempted, as millions are already set apart for the purpose and there are seventy millions more in reserve if needed for this pet scheme. It is to be a memorial of the Senator's son and only child, Leland Stanford, Jr.

The State Convention of Prohibitionists meets in San Francisco to-day, and will be largely attended by delegates from all parts of the State. There is much enthusiasm manifested for this cause.

REV. J. C. HOLBROOK, D.D.

SAN FRANCISCO.

JAPANESE POLITICS.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

As I have some experience in Japanese politics, will you allow me to correct some misrepresentations in a letter signed "B.," and published in your issue of March 22? I can see from what he writes how little knowledge he acquired about Japanese politics during seven years of his stay in the country. He tries to defend the shameful edict issued by the Japanese Cabinet on December 27, and to represent the popular movement as a work of "harebrained youthful fanatics." The facts, however, contradict his assertion. Those whom the despotic Cabinet expelled were not youthful fanatics. On the contrary, the most of them were the distinguished men of mature age, whose reputation is widely known in Japan. I may mention Nakashima, the former Governor of the Kanagawa Department; Shimamoto, a former official of the Treasury Department; Yosida, a former official of the Foreign Department. Some are editors of Japanese newspapers. For instance, Osaki, an editor, is a follower of Okuma, the present Minister of Foreign Affairs. Others are the members of Local Boards in the provinces, such as Yechigo, Yamagata, Tosa, and other places.

These men were sent to Tokio as the deputations of the oppressed farmers to ask the Government to relieve them from the effect of overtaxation. At present the owner of the richest land can keep his property only at a loss. According to the statistics the number of deaths resulting from starvation during 1885 and 1886 were 210 and 1,212, respectively. The country is threatened with financial ruin through the superficial policy of the present Cabinet. A cry, "Give us food," is heard from one end of the country to the other. The present Cabinet resorted to a desperate course to maintain its position, and sent out thousands of police and spies to arrest and expel all the members of deputations under the pretext of a conspiracy against the Government.

The present Cabinet never took the trouble to prove its charge, and no opportunity was given to these exiles to defend themselves before an open court. Those who wanted to know the reason were cast into filthy Japanese prisons. If they were guilty of the crime alleged, why did the Cabinet not deal with them according to the usual criminal procedure? The law provides for such cases as this. There is no excuse whatever for the Cabinet in their extraordinary despotic measure on December 27.

Again, the writer B. doubts whether there is any one amongst opposing parties so well qualified to govern the country as the present Cabinet Ministers, and goes on to say, "If so, I know not who they would be." I am not surprised at his ignorance, as he has shown himself to be utterly ignorant of Japanese politics. It is a well-known fact that now every talent is arrayed against the present Cabinet. I need not enter into any further detail than merely to point out that Okuma, the leader of opposing party, is considered by the defenders of the present Cabinet to be a greater man than Ito. Besides, who are those Ministers? None of those now in power have done anything worth noticing. During the war of restoration in 1868, Ito and Inouye were very humble men. Ito was a servant of Kido, a great statesman now dead. Inouye was in Nagasaki, 500 miles away from the scene of action. What have they been doing the last ten years? They have been ruining the country through their superficial policy and financial mismanagement. They have been introducing superficial elements of European civilization to cover their shameful schemes. They have even, by their licentious conduct, been violating the sanctity of the Japanese home

Now the time has come when the preachers of the Gospel can win the confidence of the Japanese people by their fearless conduct and sincere sympathy with the oppressed Japanese people. But if they stoop to the authority of a small number of Oriental dignitaries in disregard to their principle, the Japanese people will say those Christian preachers are the friends of the despotic Cabinet and enemies of the people. Then the anti-Christian feeling will be universal in Japan. I sincerely hope that the Christian preachers will prove to be the friends of the oppressed and the champions of liberty in Japan.

TATUI HABA.

PRAYER.

May I give a few ideas regarding prayer, which, though differing from those of the "Inquiring Friends," I hope are not unscriptural? Faith is the foundation of all true belief in God, and to me it does not seem obtainable by logical deduction. It is easier for some minds to accept truth than for others, but the only way to grow in faith is to do the will. What we believe from hearsay we may perhaps lose—it is not a part of us; but what we gain by effort and hold to understandingly cannot leave us.

In the eighth chapter of Romans Paul speaks of the carnal mind as enmity against God. It comprehendeth not the things of the Spirit, and it cannot pray, for it has not the spirit of prayer; it is mindful only of things of the flesh.

But the Spirit of God which is in us, and is our *real* self, and makes us sons of God, is prompted from its divine origin to pray aright, and in accordance with the will of its Father; thus, "The Spirit maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered." Our desires are often too deep for words.

I think I am right in saying that answers to prayers come to us through our faith. We offer our petition, and it returns to us according to our faith. If we take Christ's promises as he gave them, we are certainly justified in believing that when we ask we shall receive. I think it is James who says, "If ye ask anything according to the will of God, he heareth us, and if we know that he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we *have* the petitions which we have asked of him."

One more thought. Christ says, Ask, seek, knock. He meant us to make an effort for what we desire; simply the asking, seeking, knocking, and doing it with faith, knowing that what we desire with all our mind and strength will come to us.

Thus, to look up and simply say, "Do with me what thou will" (though there may be times when we know it is all we can say), is not bringing to us the daily blessings we might receive.

I believe God is a pitying, loving Father, who hears our petitions, and when we ask through his Spirit—and if we are his children, it abideth in us—we receive the blessing according to our faith. It seems to me to be a law as fixed as are all of God's laws, and only waits for us to fulfill the condition.

I hope this is not "dangerous doctrine;" it certainly does not agree with much I hear on the subject.

A CONSTANT READER.

There are thirty missionaries among the Moslems of Algeria, Morocco, and Tunis. If colporteurs and Bible agents are included there are over fifty missionaries among the 16,000,000 of the Barbary States and the Sahara

HYDE LECTURES ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE closing lectures of this series were given by the Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, at Andover Seminary, on April 9, 10, 12, and 13. The subject of the seventh lecture was "The Departments of Work." The variety of work is most surprising. It is: (1) Evangelistic. This may be localized or itinerant. The important features are: (*a*) The means of traveling, (*b*) the place for preaching, (*c*) the auxiliaries employed, (*d*) the persons speaking, (*e*) the classes addressed, (*f*) the arguments and persuasion employed. (2) Educational: the most conspicuous work on the ground. Its main development is connected directly or indirectly with the evangelistic aim. (3) Literary: this undertakes the creation of a Christian literature. Beginning with the translation of the Bible, the missionary must be translator, compiler, author, editor of whole libraries for the home, the school, the church of converts, and for the heathen. (4) Medical. Not every country is equally favorable for this youngest of the main departments, but China and India offer large opportunities. More indirect are the remaining minor branches. (5) Musical. Next to the Bible comes the hymn and tune book. Next to prayer comes praise. The missionary must be the teacher. (6) Industrial. Mechanical employments are to be taught in connection with the schools. (7) Episcopal, or paternal. This brings the oversight of native converts, their families and churches. (8) Architectural. Homes, schoolhouses, chapels, churches, are to be built. The missionary must often be architect, builder, contractor, master-mechanic, master-mason. (9) Mercantile. Some one must be expressman, treasurer, paymaster, jack of-all-trades. Nos. 8 and 9, when possible, should be put into the hands of a competent layman. (10) Epistolary. (11) Philanthropic. (12) Matrimonial. The native scholars need to be suitably married. The great dangers in all this variety are distraction, routine, and secularization.

The eighth lecture discussed "Mission Problems." Co-operation in missions is demanded by all the interests of God's kingdom; is hindered by personal rivalries and incompatibilities, and by denominational ambitions at home and abroad. Yet there is more progress abroad than at home. Different native communities easily flow together before they have crystallized into sects. Education. The school system is criticised as a diversion of labor and of funds, as expensive and unfruitful, if not harmful. The educator denies all this, and presses high education as a preparation for the Gospel. The central problem is that of the Native Church. It is, in fact, a cluster of problems: (1) What shall be the treatment of heathen inquirers? (2) What the management of the native ministry? (3) How shall the native church be brought to independence? (4) What shall be the organization of the church? There are many other theological, ethical, practical questions. The place of lay evangelism is now being actively discussed in England.

The subject of the ninth lecture was, "The Mission Home and Rest." The Roman Catholic and Protestant ideals of missions were compared, the former being monastic and sacerdotal, the latter domestic and personal. The first thing the Protestant missionary does is to establish a home. For the sake of his work, himself, his family, and the Western church, this home should be a bit of America set down in the East. But the most comfortable home does not prevent weariness. Hence the need of sanitaria and an annual vacation of a month or two. Even this does not prevent a breakdown after the lapse of a few years. This calls for a furlough and return to the native land. Statistics give the average term of service before failure of health. The furlough should be regulated on this basis of experience. And, since the missionary is put on a barely living salary, fair and fixed provision should be made for his future and for that of his family.

The pains, dangers, and temptations, the hopes, satisfaction, and crown, of mission life were depicted. The lecture closed with indicating the place of the study of missions in the school and of the science of missions among the theological sciences.

The subject of the final lecture was "The Church and Missions." There are four different methods through which home endeavor reaches out to the foreign field. These are: (1) The Individual, (2) The Congregation, (3) The Society, (4) The Church. The first produces independent, fitful, ephemeral missions. The second, like the first, if it does not die out, is usually merged in the third. This free associational form is the most common. For union movements, for fractions of churches, or for loosely organized churches, it is the ultimate form. But as the church rises to highest fidelity, it becomes itself the mission organization. The Presbyterian and Methodist missions of Great Britain and America are managed by the church itself. One of the main questions in the organization of societies is the conditions of membership.

The varying customs of different societies in this regard were mentioned, the function of Mission Secretaries and of Prudential Committees described, and the importance urged of sending frequent deputations to the mission field, for purposes, not of control, but of study and advice. Then followed suggestions to pastors as to ways of studying the mission work for themselves, of presenting it to their churches, and of discussing it in clubs and associations.

The lecturer closed with summing up the impressions made upon him by the study of the work on the field, emphasizing specially the new peril and the new claim created by the presence in the countries of Asia of the secular civilization of the West, which, if not dominated there, as here, by Christianity, will dissolve and desolate the ancient systems of India, China, and Japan, destroying at once idolatry and faith, superstition and reverence, customs and morality. The Church of God alone, planted by missions in every land, can reconstruct the disintegrating heathen civilizations into Christian States and the kingdom of God.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

It is proposed to establish in Bethany (the town of Mary and her sister, Martha, where the Lord raised Lazarus from the dead) a home which shall form a center of Christian work. The village has to-day about five hundred inhabitants, who live in squalor and die in ignorance of the Gospel.

There are some indications that the Baptists of Canada will soon come out against the exemption of churches from taxation. Prominent members of the denomination have recently condemned the principle of tax exemption, and the "Canadian Baptist" takes the same view of the question.

Wakefield, the scene of Goldsmith's inimitable story, is at last to become the seat of a bishopric. The needed sum, $735,000, which is to be funded as an endowment, has been received, and this, with $15,000 a year taken from the See of Durham, will pay the salary of the new prelate. Dr. Carpenter, now Bishop of Ripon, is likely to become the first Bishop of Wakefield.

The Rio Janeiro "News" says: "'O Paiz" of the 4th inst. states that the police sub-delegate at the late colony of Santa Isabel, province of Espirito Santo, had prohibited the Germans resident there to meet in a private residence for Protestant religious services. The matter had been carried to the attention of the president of the province."

A number of selected families from one of the southern counties of England will sail this year for South Africa, intending to form a settlement in Cape Colony, to be called Tennyson, after the poet, who has taken considerable interest in South African affairs.

The French and Italian papers are giving glowing accounts of the immense crowds which are being attracted daily to the Duomo at Turin by Father Augustine, of Montefeltro, a Franciscan monk, whose extraordinary eloquence is said to be equaled by his great humility and unaffected piety. Many believers are attracted to the cathedral. A letter says: "At the Duomo on Wednesday, four hours before the Father ascended the pulpit all the chairs and all the benches were occupied. The precincts of the vast church seemed transformed into a sea of human heads. The divine word coming from the mouth of the humble brother electrified the congregation. Several times the sacred associations of the place were powerless to keep back the applause which broke out with irresistible force. The University of Pisa closed two hours before the sermon began, and professors and students ran with one accord to hear the illustrious Franciscan. On coming out of the church the thousands of persons greeted him with their cheers and huzzahs."

An appeal has been made for aid for poor Hebrews in Jerusalem.

There is some talk in England of changing the Archbishopric of Canterbury to an Archbishopric of London. The Primate as a matter of fact resides in London, and goes but seldom to Canterbury. "The Rock" says that the salaries of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, amounting together to $125,000 a year, are now to a large extent frittered away in the extravagance of two palaces, one at Lambeth and one at Tulham. "The Church of England," it says, "has to set her house in order, and to prove to a radical and utilitarian age that she is worth preserving. Rich prelates and palatial ecclesiastical residences are among the things that excite the wrath of the radicals. It is not our parochial system, nor our hard-working, often underpaid clergy, nor our Scriptural liturgy, nor our beautiful services, that invite attack; but it is a state of things which Churchmen cannot consistently defend, and from which the Church derives no real benefit."

For many years past the Brahmins of Benares have determined the date of a holy festival of their religion, known as Durga Puja, by an English almanac. They have now discovered that this corrupt following of the hated foreigner has vitiated the whole series of religious rites. Acts of merit are rendered valueless, marriages are invalid, and the vengeance of heaven is ready to fall upon the people. Things will continue this way until a number of venerable old Brahmins get together, look at the stars awhile, and repeat a lot of mysterious words. In this way they will find out the right date of the festival, and the curse will be taken off the land.—[Tribune.

"We learn," says London "Truth," "that the Bishop of Oxford will probably resign his see next month, in consequence of the precarious state of his health, which threatens entirely to incapacitate him from any active work. Dr. Mackarness has held the see for more than eighteen years, having been appointed by Mr. Gladstone when Bishop Wilberforce was translated to Winchester. The Bishop will be entitled to a retiring pension of about £1,600 a year."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR ITEMS.

Scores of Societies which were organized before the Christian Endeavor principles were fully understood, and which consequently omitted the prayer-meeting pledge, the consecration meeting, or some important feature of the committee work, are now being reorganized on the stricter basis, adopting the main ideas of the "Model Constitution" adapted to meet the needs of the local church. It is found that the Society stands for certain tangible, definite ideas, and unless these ideas are adopted there is little prospect of great success, while at the same time there is the utmost variety in minor details. It is a great deal better to start right first, but wherever these leading features were not adopted at first, and a reorganization has been effected, the most happy results have been secured.

Several new helps for the Societies have lately been prepared by the United Society. Among these are a new and improved record book for Secretaries, a neat invitation card for the use of committees, and a large and beautiful lithograph copy of the prayer-meeting pledge suitable for framing, to be hung upon the wall of the prayer room; also improved editions of prayer-meeting topics. The national badge is universally adopted, and is quite generally worn by members of the Society. Samples of cards and leaflets and price-lists can be obtained free by addressing the United Society of Christian Endeavor, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

The Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., pastor of the Clarendon Street Church of Boston, at a recent meeting of the Boston Union, held in his church, said in his address that he regarded the Society as a most valuable tool for the church to use. As the telescope is but the lengthening of the human eye, and the telegraph but the stretching out of the human finger so as to write a message a thousand miles away, and the bicycle but the lengthening of the human step so as to pace ten feet instead of two or three, so the Society of Christian Endeavor is but the lengthening of the arms of the church so that it can take all the young people within its loving grasp.

A missionary in South Africa sent to the "Golden Rule" a very interesting account of a Society of Christian Endeavor among the Zulus. The organization is modified necessarily to meet the needs of the natives, but the main features are the same as in America. The Zulu young people take much delight in their Society, are instructed by the missionaries in Bible truth, and learn to pray and work by actual experience, as do their young brethren on the other side of the globe.

Recent conventions or union meetings of unusual interest have been held in Troy, N. Y., in the First Presbyterian Church; in Paterson, N. J., Bridgeport, Conn., Toulon, Ill., and in many other places West and East.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

Senator Macmaster died in Toronto more than twelve months ago, and bequeathed more than a million of dollars for a Baptist University. It was decided last week to establish the institution in Toronto, but to maintain an independent existence instead of joining in the College Federation.

Preparations are being made on an extensive scale for a meeting of the Canadian Evangelical Alliance, to be held in Montreal next October.

An extensive correspondence on the union of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches has been conducted in one of the Ottawa city papers. Dr. Grant (Presbyterian), Dr. W. J. Hunter (Methodist), both wrote very favorably; but Dr. Potts (Methodist) thought there were no indications favorable to organic union, though he was glad to see the friendly spirit which prevails in both Churches. Dr. Bryce, of Manitoba, would favor such a union, as he thought that the evangelization of that province and the Northwest Territories would sooner be accomplished.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada supports missionaries in seven foreign fields, where are twenty-seven Canadian and seven native missionaries, with five lady missionaries from Canada, and fifty unordained preachers and evangelists, with 175 native preachers and catechists, making a total of 220 laborers. There are 3,000 native communicants, and as many scholars in the schools. These missions are sustained at a cost of about $79,000.

Rev. C. A. Cook (Baptist), Parliament Street, Toronto, has accepted a call to labor at Bloomfield, New Jersey.—Principal Grant, Queen's College, has been compelled through failing health to take a vacation. He has gone to Australia, and expects to be absent six months.—At the closing exercises of Knox College, Toronto, the degree of D.D. was conferred on the Rev. H. Parsons, Toronto; J. Stewart, Glasgow; and C. Fordham, Lahore, India. Principal Cavan stated that the endowment fund had reached $207,583, and of this amount $165,235 had been paid.—The

Rev. John Borland recently died in Montreal, at the age of eighty. He had been President of Conference and Chairman of District. He was an influential minister in the Methodist Church.——The Rev. J. H. Eynon (Methodist) was buried March 17. He was eighty-seven years of age, and had been in the ministry more than sixty years.

RELIGIOUS PRESS CLUB.

THE first regular meeting of the Religious Press Club of New York City was held on Wednesday of last week. About fifteen members were present. The object of this Club, as we have already stated, is the promotion of fraternal feeling among the religious press fellow-craftsmen, and the securing of occasional conferences on questions of common interest. At Wednesday's meeting, after the adoption of the constitution, the following officers were elected: President, H. K. Carroll; Vice President, H. W. Mabie; Secretary, L. A. Maynard; Treasurer, T. O. Conant; Executive Committee, M.H. Bright, M. O. Kingsbury, and M. H. Mallory. At the close of the business meeting the members of the New York Organized Guild spent a short time in getting acquainted with one another, and they proposed still further and better to carry out this end by having at their next meeting their annual dinner.

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

MIDDLE STATES.

—The fifth annual meeting of the International Missionary Union will be held at Bridgeton, New Jersey, July 5–12, 1888, inclusive. Ministers and others interested in foreign missionary work are invited to be present. All foreign missionaries of either sex, temporarily or permanently in this country, are eligible to membership in the Union, and will receive free entertainment during the meeting. For information address the President of the Union, the Rev. J. T. Gracey, D.D., 202 Eagle Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

—The New Jersey Annual Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church was held in Hackensack, N J., last week. This branch of the Methodist church is about ninety years of age. It has twenty-five conferences, 2,000 itinerant ministers, and 350,000 members, under the administration of five bishops and one general superintendent, who is in charge of the missionary work on the west coast of Africa. The connectional institution and the church organ, the "Star of Zion," are situated in Salisbury, N. C. Bishop J. J. Moore, now in his seventy-fifth year, delivered extemporaneously the annual address.

—The Madison Avenue Congregational Church of this city was formally dissolved by council last week. The society was organized seventeen years ago by Dr. Hepworth, who had previously been a Unitarian; he was succeeded by Dr. Newman. The building formerly occupied by the Madison Avenue Church is now known as the Gospel Tabernacle.

—The Presbytery of Nassau, L. I., last week, without a dissenting vote, passed the following overture to the General Assembly on the subject of "Reprobation:"

"The Presbytery of Nassau hereby respectfully overtures the General Assembly that a committee be appointed to revise Chapter III. of the Confession of Faith (with special reference to sections 3, 4, 6, and 7), on the ground that, in its present form, it goes beyond the Word of God and is opposed to the convictions and repugnant to the feelings of very many of our most worthy and thoughtful members; and that said revision be sent down to the Presbyteries, and, if accepted by them, be substituted for Chapter III. in the Confession of Faith."

—"The Metropolitan Church and Choir Directory," just published, is a volume which many persons will find very convenient for reference. It contains the names and addresses of the clergymen and professional musicians connected with the churches of all denominations in New York and Brooklyn, and also those of the Sunday-school superintendents and sextons.

—The Congregational State Association of New Jersey will hold its annual meeting at the First Church in Montclair, April 17 to 19. Among the exercises will be a conference on the subject "The Church and Social Questions;" missionary addresses from representatives of the great societies; the reading of papers on "Woman's Work" by several representative women; and papers on the structure and interpretation of the Bible by Professor Francis Brown and Dr. A. J. F. Behrends.

—There is to be held in Philadelphia next week a "National Conference on the Christian Principles of Civil Government," at which such questions of morals and religion as the marriage and divorce laws, the temperance question, etc., will be discussed. The Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago, Miss Frances E. Willard, the Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., and others will take part.

—The members of the Bushwick Avenue Congregational Church of Brooklyn held a special meeting on Friday evening to consider the report of the committee appointed to investigate the charges of mendacity made against the Rev. Arthur Chester, the pastor of the church. The report of the committee fully exonerated Mr. Chester on every charge, and congratulated him because, "notwithstanding his record for years has been searched with a sleuth-hound pertinacity, his foes have been unable to make anything but these flimsy accusations." The report ended as follows: "We recommend that the Bushwick Avenue Congregational Church dismiss the allegations against Pastor Chester as frivolous in substance and malicious in their promulgation." The report of the committee was unanimously adopted by the members of the church.

—The New York and Brooklyn Association met in the Central Congregational Church, Fifty-seventh Street, near Eighth Avenue, New York City, April 12, afternoon and evening. The reports from the churches were generally encouraging. In the afternoon the Rev. Lyman Abbott read a paper on the ninth chapter of Romans, being a chapter from his forthcoming Commentary on that Epistle, and Mr. A. H. Siegfried read a capital paper on certain aspects of church music, which could be heard to advantage by most non-liturgical churches. In the evening the Association and its guests listened to an address by Dr. MacArthur, of the Baptist Church.

—The Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, pastor of the Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Pa., has intimated, to the general regret of his congregation, that he contemplates resigning on account of the arduousness of the work and his need of rest.

—The Munn Avenue Presbyterian Church of East Orange, N. J., was reopened on Sunday, April 15; the extensive enlargements cost $33,300, of which $30,000 was raised by subscription and the rest was contributed at the opening service. The paster, the Rev. James M. Ludlow, D.D., preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion.

—A generous member of Grace Episcopal Church in this city has promised to build a beautiful church on Blackwell's Island. It will be located on a commanding site near the almshouse, and will be under the charge of the Rev. William G. French, who has given more than fifteen years of faithful and devoted service to religious work on the Island.

—At the semi-annual meeting of the Presbytery of New York last week the Rev. D. G. Wylie, of Knox Presbyterian Church, East Seventy-second Street, was elected Moderator. An elder from the Church of the Covenant said that the pulpit there was still vacant, but that the congregation was negotiating with a minister in Scotland. A member informed the elder that he could not call a pastor from Scotland or anywhere else without consulting the Presbytery, and reminded him of the law against importing contract labor. The elder retorted that the Trustees of the church had consulted the District Attorney, and had no intention of infringing either the spirit or letter of the law. They were fully aware that any foreigner had a right to visit this country, and when here could enter into such contracts as he chose.

NEW ENGLAND.

—The annual report of the Young Men's Christian Union of Boston shows that it counts on its roll a total of 5,148 members as against 4,963 last year; that its library has increased by 771 volumes; that it has provided 34,000 hours of vacation as against 29,000 last year, and that it has given 2,000 persons "rides for invalids," an increase of 350.

—The Hon. John D. Washburn, Secretary, has, by a vote of the Board of Trustees of Clark University, extended an invitation to Professor G. Stanley Hall, Ph D., Professor of Psychology and Pedagogics in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, to become President of the new university. Professor Hall is a graduate of Williams College of the class of 1867, and later spent a number of years in Europe in the study of modern educational systems.

—A New Haven paper says: "In the theological department of Yale University there are at present twenty-nine members of the senior class who will graduate after their three years' course of study, and by June 1 will have left for their various fields of work. There are in all eighteen colleges represented, and out of the twenty-nine only five are graduates of the Yale academic department. With few exceptions the members of the graduating class have been preaching during the past year, and their prospect for work in years to come is very promising. One of them has already six calls to preach, and several have as many as three or four. The demand for men to fill the pulpits is the greatest from the Western and Northwestern States, and in Wisconsin alone there are thirty appointments to be filled."

—The Congregational Superintendents' Union of Boston has started a memorial to the Rev. Asa Bullard, the pioneer Sunday-school worker, who passed away last week. They propose to raise $100,000 as a permanent fund for the carrying on of Sunday-school missionary work in this country. The interest of this fund is to be expended each year in pushing this work under the direction of the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, and "Father" Bullard's friends everywhere are invited to contribute to the fund. The committee will shortly issue a circular giving the details of their plans, which will be sent to any one who will address the Secretary, F. P. Shumway, Jr., Melrose, Mass.

—An association for the study of economical questions has been formed by a number of Episcopal clergymen of Massachusetts.

—The corner-stone of the new edifice of the Eliot Church, Newton, Mass., was laid on April 5. The sum of $100,000 has been raised, which, with the insurance on the old edifice, $50,000, will probably cover the entire cost of the new building.

—The Eastern Connecticut Congregational Club held its twentieth annual meeting in Norwich, N. Y., on April 11. The Rev. Forest F. Emerson, of Newport, R. I., delivered a vigorous and inspiring address upon "Christ's Teaching Concerning the Use of Money."

—The Maine Methodist Conference began in Portland on Wednesday of last week, Bishop C. H. Fowler presiding.

—Before adjourning, the New England Methodist Conference held in Milford, Mass., unanimously adopted the report of the special committee expressing indignation at the pending action by Congress forbidding the landing of any Chinese except officials and public men. The Conference ordered that the report be signed by its officers and forwarded to the New England Congressmen.

—The Rev. F. E. Clark, President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, sails this month for England, where there is a good deal of enthusiasm for this new form of Christian activity, and where he hopes to do a considerable work in inaugurating societies.

WEST AND SOUTH.

—A newspaper dispatch from Charleston, N. C., says: "The question of the admission of the negro to representation in the Diocesan Convention of the Episcopal Church is assuming important proportions. The Rev. J. M. Pollard, colored rector of St. Mark's Church, known since 1887 as the "bone of contention," publishes a card in which he says that under no circumstances will he apply for admission to the coming convention. The convention is to meet in Anderson on May 10. A majority of the delegates elected are instructed not to recognize the convention unless the bishop and clergy practically agree to rule the negro out. It is thought that a compromise may be effected by the establishment of a missionary diocese for the colored people, on the Virginia plan."

—The Rev. George W. MacMillen has been elected President of the reorganized Richmond College, Ohio, to succeed President Faris, and will enter upon the duties of the position at the close of the present academic year.

—The annual conference of the Mormon Church closed its sessions in Salt Lake City, Utah, on April 12. The feature of the occasion was an epistle signed by Wilford Woodruff in behalf of the Twelve Apostles, which differs materially in tone from similar papers issued by his predecessor. It is an exhortation to the people to live pure lives, being simply such an epistle as any bishop or pastor of a Christian congregation might present to his flock. The late President John Taylor used to make use of these epistles to advocate polygamy, and argue its rightfulness by references to the Old Testament and the alleged Mormon revelations, but President Woodruff has ignored the subject.

—The Episcopalians of Southern California are making a vigorous effort to erect a new diocese of Southern California.

—On Sunday of last week a special service for commercial travelers was held at the Church of the Redeemer, Atlanta, Ga., the Rev. G. R. Turk, pastor. Five hundred invitations were issued by mail to the business houses, hotels, and all "drummers" in the city.

—The Presbyterian Church of the Covenant of Chicago was dedicated on April 8, the Rev. Dr. Francis Patton, President-elect of Princeton, preaching the sermon.

—The First Congregational Church of Springfield, Ohio, is to rebuild and enlarge its present church edifice. At a meeting held by the members recently the sum of $9,070 was subscribed in an hour.

—The Rev. Henry Elliott Mott was recently chosen as pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Dubuque, Iowa. A council called to consider the advisability of installing him received a report from a committee that Mr. Mott's past doctrinal unsoundness and present insincerity made it advisable that he should be rejected. This notwithstanding the fact that a council at Newburyport, Mass., commended him as in perfect standing in the Congregational Church, that the Lansing Presbytery commended him to the Dubuque body, and that many evangelical pastors united in confirming his orthodoxy. When the vote was taken on the report, the question was so stated that two or three members of the council voted under misapprehension. The report was adopted by a tie vote, but it is expected that the matter will not be allowed to rest in this unsatisfactory position.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—G. H. Pratt, of Talcottville, Conn., has resigned.

—H. H. Parker accepts a call to Williamston, Mich.

—F. L. Stevens, of Southington, Conn., has resigned, to take effect July 1.

—E. W. Allen declines a call to Westchester, Conn.

—Wallace Nutting has received a call from the Belleville Avenue Church of Newark, N. J.

—Daniel Phillips, of Hampton Falls, N. H., declines a call to Wapping, Conn.

—S. L. Vincent has received a call from Bridgewater, Vt.

—W. G. Mann, of Munson, Me., has received a call from the Second Church of Biddeford, Me.

—J. D. Smiley, of Brewer, Me., accepts a call to Riverside, R. I.

—L. H. Augier, of Turner's Falls, Mass., has resigned.

—H. H. Kelsey, of West Wintsted, Conn., has resigned.

—C. F. Weeden was installed as pastor of the First Church of Colchester, Conn., recently.

—J. D. Wells accepts a call to Ames, Iowa.

—R. P. Hibbard was installed as pastor of the church in Gloucester, Mass., on April 4.

—F. C. Emerson, of Lake Benton, Minn., has resigned.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—J. T. Pollock, of Utica, O., accepts a call to Madisonville.

—A. C. Brown has received a call from Tipton, Ia.

—C. S. Conklin, of New Brunswick, died recently.

—S. N. Howell, of Watertown, Mass., died recently.

—T. M. Boyd accepts a call to Pendleton, Ore.

EPISCOPAL.

—J. H. Ranger, of Christ Church, Bay Ridge, L. I., has resigned.

—Stevens Park, D.D., is to become rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—J. E. Wilkinson has accepted the rectorship of St. John's Church, Grand Haven, Mich.

OTHER CHURCHES.

—R. G. Seymour, of the Ruggles Street Baptist Church of Boston, has resigned on account of ill health.

—H. H. Philbrook has been called to the Central Square Universalist Church, Mass.

—C. P. Lombard has been installed as pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Plymouth, Mass.

—J. T. G. Nichols, of the Unitarian church of Sago, Me., has resigned.

—F. L. Payson accepts a call from the Universalist church, Belfast, Me.

—I. C. Tomlinson has been called to the Universalist church, Saugus, Mass.

Books and Authors.

RENAN'S HISTORY OF ISRAEL.[1]

M. Renan wields a facile and brilliant pen. For a generation he has been clothing even austere themes with attractive grace, and themes themselves attractive with a new fascination. Now, at last, he has gone back to the beginning. M Renan frankly admits that he began his great work, "The History of the Origin of Christianity," in the midst, with a vast space behind him. Life was uncertain, and "Jesus attracted" him He turns back now to the preliminary history, with a grasp of the relations between Old Testament and New, in which perhaps more than anything else, and more than he himself might relish, he resembles the simple Bible reader who sees revelation in all the Scriptures, and for whom the earlier dispensation is significant chiefly because it prepares the way for Christ!

By this volume, and those that are to follow, M. Renan intends to fill out his scheme and have a complete history of that part of the world's development which culminated in the triumph of Christianity —not in itself, as he takes pains to tell us again and again, a finality, but a step forward in the march of human thought. History, for M. Renan, as we all know, is not God fulfilling a purpose, but man growing. This theory he applies to the earlier Hebrew books, as he has already applied it to the later Christian books.

M Renan's attitude toward the Old Testament history will surprise no one. He has few novelties to offer. Others before him have written the story of Israel with the same prepossessions and the same assumptions, the same denial of the supernatural and the same indifference to contrary views. But he veils this indifference under a less obtrusive compassion; he is less pugnacious and more genial; he does not batter down your objections, but smiles them calmly away. Then his learning, which is abundant, is not oppressive. It appears constantly, but rather as a graceful accomplishment than as a tool or a weapon. Besides this, all the while that he is quietly brushing out of existence the divine element in history, he is offering in its place morsels of his philosophy, utterances that sound large because he applies them so broadly, and that satisfy the mind, for the moment, with the appearance of accounting for all things. He is full of aphorisms. He characterizes men and events in striking phrases or epithets. He puts much into a few words, not by weighty compression, but by delicate hints and suggestions that open up great subjects. He does not exhaust these subjects; sometimes he hardly enters upon them. He is satisfied with having led you to see them. He never lets you look long enough to grow tired. He turns the kaleidoscope before you find the figures monotonous. His chapters are short.

These are some of the qualities that make the charm of the present volume—for charm it certainly has. They are qualities that give M. Renan a power over the hearts and minds of his intelligent countrymen, and others akin to them in temper, such as few real scholars have wielded in the realm of literature.

If, however, we change our point of view, and inquire what contributions to historical knowledge M. Renan makes in this book, what new facts, or new interpretations or new arrangements of the old, he has to offer us, what, in short, an earnest student can learn from him, we get but a meager answer.

(1) The very fact that a student is in earnest disqualifies M Renan to be his guide. M. Renan thinks that, although he believes little himself, he can understand belief. He is greatly mistaken. What we miss more than anything else in these pages is the lack of appreciation of the controlling power wielded by faith in God. Renan understands the Old Testament heroes much too easily. What is poetical or romantic in their lives appeals to him, but not their moral struggles. He has no profound sympathy for them, is not himself moved by them. The instinctive delight with which Ewald—cool as he was—and Stanley dwell on lofty character is wanting. Renan is always cultivated, amiable, patronizing, a trifle *blasé*. Great historical characters, even if they had nothing to do with religion, are entitled to be dealt with respectfully. M. Renan belittles them.

(2) M. Renan's religious postulates, which he elevates almost to the dignity of axioms, disqualify him to be a guide. In one aspect of the case this disqualification is even more serious here than in the history of Christianity itself. Denial of the supernatural in Christianity has to contend with a multitude of facts patent to the ordinary experience of the present day. Denial of the supernatural in Old Testament history has no such offset, and the basis for a comprehension of that history, and of Christian history itself, is thus hopelessly wrong. This affects the history of Hebrew life, society, and politics. It affects, of course, much more vitally the history of the Hebrew religion. One feels that M. Renan has not begun to grasp the elements of the national growth in this phase of it. When the lack of religious appreciation and the lack of earnestness join hands, we have a revolting hardihood of expression—as in the treatment of "Iahvé"—the "jealous, egoistic, personal . . . national god," whose "faults the people of Israel corrected" and "suppressed his proper name, reducing it to a mere synonym of Elohim" (p. 85). He looks up to nothing. Spiritual sublimity, the sternness of moral facts, the elevation of divine communion, the exaltation of humble worship—these things he does not understand, and therefore he does not understand the Old Testament.

(3) M. Renan's critical attitude toward the documents he is concerned with is somewhat more conservative and a little more scientific than that which prevails in certain parts of the radical school. We do not refer to questions of literary analysis, upon which the author in the present volume does not enter, but to his treatment of the Old Testament books as sources of history. He is more ready than some of his fellows to find historical content even in what he regards as legend, and he does not shun the labor which, by indiscriminate rejection, they comfortably avoid, of at least endeavoring to distinguish the historical from the fanciful in the early Hebrew narratives. To a considerable extent, however, this gain is more apparent than real. We can hardly follow one who considers ancient documents as genuine sources of history merely because they artlessly reflect the circumstances of the time when they were composed, and because the persistence of Oriental type and habit is such that we can, in the East, safely argue back from the author's age to the age he writes of. Nor do we take much satisfaction in his repetition of what he has himself said elsewhere, that "in such a history the point is not to know how things occurred; the point is to picture to one's self the different ways in which they may have occurred" (Preface, pp. xiv., xv.). Sometimes, no doubt, this is all we can do, but it is not needful to extend the field of uncertainty to M. Renan's measure.

The grave defects in what is so obviously the work of a man of genius, which so seriously impair its worth to students, of course make it also a hurtful book to the multitudes not learned who are intelligent enough to feel its spell and receptive enough to adopt its views and be penetrated by its spirit. This statement serves to emphasize the necessity of the adequate treatment of the theme by conservative but fearless, open minded scholars, men who believe in revelation and in the Bible, and appreciate at the same time the gains of recent scholarship. It will no longer do either to simply paraphrase the Old Testament, or to simply fight with great show of learning the advocates of new interpretations. Renan and his like will grow harmless when Christian students have learned to use their eyes and recognize the facts.

The book has undoubtedly strong points apart from the fascination of the style. Its author is a man of high scientific attainments. His opinions on matters of scientific research are always worth knowing. His position with reference to some of the historical questions arising within the sphere of the present work is important. In regard to the origin of the Shemites no man is better qualified to speak. When he says, "The heart of the Shemitic race appears to have been Arabia" [c. B C. 2000] (pp. 9, 10), the opinion is entitled to high respect. In like manner it is undoubtedly a scholar's sober judgment which leads to the emphasis laid upon the ancient Babylonian influence exerted over the people that became the Hebrew nation, and this judgment has a distinct conservative value. The author's admission of a historical kernel in Genesis xiv. is exceedingly valuable, and may fairly counterbalance a good deal of ultra-skepticism on the subject in other quarters. With all that concerns the relation of the Hebrews to surrounding nations M Renan shows an acquaintance that is the result of long and scholarly familiarity. This may be expected to become increasingly manifest as the work goes on. Some etymological discussions thrown in —never to weariness—are interesting and suggestive. In such details, and particularly when the questions are purely historical and philological, one has an exhilarating sense of companionship with a keen and adroit mind. It is when the topics grow deeper and loftier that we become sadly aware of its deficiencies.

The volume before us leaves David king in Jerusalem. The entire history, down to the time of Christ, will require three more. We look forward to them with interest, but with anticipations not wholly pleasant. But while this new history of Israel will not afford great positive aid to those who are striving after a better apprehension of the Old Testament history and literature, and while it at times shocks sensibilities that are entitled to reverence, it will yet, we cannot doubt, do a needed work. It will arouse a new and more thoroughly informed interest in these ancient records, it will call attention to some of the difficulties which beset their interpretation, it will prepare the way for the acceptance of sounder and therefore more enduring views than those which it presents, and perhaps than those which in some minds it may displace. Out of discussion comes the confirmation of truth. M. Renan may contribute, in a way of which he does not dream, to genuine Biblical scholarship. We repeat, Old Testament history needs to be rewritten in the light gained through the advance of Biblical studies in recent years. It should be written with discrimination and with reverence both. The picture that honest historical inquiry would be able to paint at the end of its investigations may differ in some lines, and perhaps not unimportant ones, from that furnished by the traditional view of the Old Testament. But it will surely be nearer to the truth, and we may thank even M. Renan if he shall stimulate Christian scholars to labor in this rich field with the truly scientific spirit.

[1] *Histoire du Peuple d'Israël.* Par Ernest Renan, Membre de l'Institut, Professeur au Collège de France. Tome Premier. (Paris: Calman Lévy. New Zork: F. W. Christern & Co.)
History of the People of Israel Till the Time of King David. By Ernest Renan. First Volume. (Boston: Roberts Brothers.)

THE MOVEMENT OF 1848-9.[1]

Mr. Maurice's book is an attempt to show the links which connected the various revolutionary movements in Germany, Italy, and the Austrian Empire in the years 1848-9, with (as his title-page declares) some examination of the previous thirty-three years in the same countries. For reasons succinctly and satisfactorily presented, the story of the contemporary French revolution is passed by. He has brought to his task profound interest in the principles and results which lay under and flowed from those movements, opportunity and capacity for ample and patient research, and a judicial temper, with a literary style of sufficient force, clearness, and finish. Moreover, there is adequate evidence in the work of the assertion in its preface that the volume is the fruit of many years' work. He had, as well, assistance in its preparation, to a somewhat extraordinary degree, from those who could say as to the events he traces, *Quorum parties fumus.*

As a consequence, Mr. Maurice has made a book which stands by itself, and cannot be overlooked by the wide student of European history. Its fault is a marked lack of what may properly be termed historic perspective; a grouping and dealing with events in their proper relations. The effect of this upon the ordinary reader, however attracted he may be toward the general theme, is to produce a painful confusion of mind. Something of this defect may be the result of undue compression. "The Revolutionary Movement" is neither a manual nor an exhaustive record. Whatever the author's design in this regard, the book is weakened by meager treatment of portions of his story which in themselves and by their connections demanded a breadth of dealing that Mr. Maurice's plan appears to have forbidden. Well-constructed tables of dates, of the chief races in the Austrian Empire, and a copious index relieve, but do not remove, this blemish. There is an ample list of authorities consulted, and portraits of Mazzini, Kossuth, and Robert Blum are appropriate accompaniments of the letterpress.

Apart from the exception taken, this volume is one of import and value. The careful reader of history will find in its pages fresh and impressive testimony to the truth that genuine civil liberty must ever be of slow growth, and that to endure it must be at once the outgrowth and the bulwark of free religious thought and real religious sentiment.

The failure of the revolutionary movement of 1848-9 might well have been avoided, in Italy, if Mazzini could have molded his countrymen to his own conception of such truth as this:

"But the great distinction between Mazzini and the other political leaders of his time was, that his aim was not merely to establish a form of government, but to imbue the people with a faith. The unity of Italy was not, with him, a mere political arrangement, but the working out of God's government over the world, a development of a nobler and better life." (p. 58.)

And this truth, manifest in Italy, found even plainer demonstration in Germany and Austria.

[1] *The Revolutionary Movement of 1848-9 in Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Germany.* With Some Examination of the Previous Thirty-three Years. By C. Edmund Maurice, author of the "Lives of English Popular Leaders in the Middle Ages." With an Engraved Frontispiece and other Illustrations. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Biographies of Words and the Home of the Aryans. By F. Max Müller. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.) In this latest of Müller's books his personal characteristics are singularly evinced. That which in ourselves we call firmness and in our friends pig-headedness is a quality which has made Max Müller a tower of strength in the center of the confused clash and shouting of rival linguists. The "Biographies of Words," in particular of *Fortune* and of *Person*, are popular, brilliant, and full of interest, though deeply learned; but the *pièce de resistance*—that is to say in English, the boiled corn-beef—of the banquet is the "Home of the Aryans." It is not unknown to our readers that recently some of that sort of people who

care for nothing else in this life save to hear or say some new thing, startled old fogies by asserting that Europe, not Asia, was "the cradle of the human race." Our settled notions about Eden in the Iranian table-lands, and the four rivers of Paradise—Tigris, Euphrates, Oxus, and Indus—were willfully and rudely upset. We were informed that Lithuania or else Scandinavia was the starting-point of the Indo-European races; that somewhere in Russia there was a bog which bleached its swarthy neighbors till from black hair and eyes they became blue-eyed and flaxen-polled. In this way variety in complexion was accounted for, and difficulties dispersed. It is no wonder that our Oxford Nestor rises in awful wrath and shakes his venerable mane. In this land we have had a taste of the horrors of new theology; fancy, then, the damnable heresies of new philology and new ethnology! First spear he hurls is, "We cannot reconstruct the Aryan tongue;" that hangs fixed and trembling in the enemies' shield. Next, "We can never know the date or stage of separation of Aryan tribes." Next, without pause, "We cannot guess how that separation took place;" and, last, "We cannot fix the home of the Aryan speech in Hindustan, much less in Scandinavia." Who can abide these blows! What crest remains intact! One foolish, vicious habit we must abandon, and that is, connecting languages and blood kinship. There is no necessary connection. If a Black Hawk Indian learned English and spoke it and nothing else, he would not thereby become a Teuto-Celt, viz., Englishman. Again, as a side shot, "If antiquity of speech bears weightily upon questions of origin, Iceland and not the Scandinavian peninsula would be the original Garden of Eden. Besides, since it is certain that the ancient inhabitants of Scandinavia, Lithuania, and Pomerania kept Lent all the year around, that is, dieted continuously upon fish, as we learn from the kitchen-middens or piles of shells and fish-bones along the Baltic and Arctic shores, why are not the roots of the Aryan names of fish common to the various tongues? Upon the whole, we cannot do better than to follow Professor Max Müller's lead and set our faces rigidly against this new-fangled Lithuanian notion, which is evidently, from every point of view, frightfully heterodox. We have only to look over the list of the Sanscrit, Celtic, Gothic, and Slavonic common roots, of which Professor Max Müller furnishes over forty pages full, to become convinced that the Scandinavian theory of the Aryan home has not a leg to stand upon, so that one becomes stupefied with wonder that Cuno, Poesche, Von Löher, Schrader, and Penka should have dreamed such utterly empty dreams. Some correspondence upon the mysterious *soma*—which, by the way, is no longer mysterious after this correspondence—upon jades (not human but mineral), upon Aryan fauna and flora, and upon the question of the use of copper or of iron among primitive Aryans—these, with some other papers, finish the tale of the volume.

Christianity in the United States from the First Settlement Down to the Present Time. By Daniel Dorchester, D.D. (New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. $4 50.) This large volume of eight hundred pages forms a most complete scrap-book of historical and statistical information regarding the position and influence of the churches in America. Thoroughly fair-minded, it is full of facts, which judged merely from the standpoint of the secular reader are of the greatest importance and interest. In historical study the canon of criticism in judging the relative importance of events is not the public attention which they attracted at the time, but the influence which they exerted upon the future. This statement, so obvious as to be the commonest of commonplaces, is yet so persistently ignored that histories are being written to-day which will devote a hundred pages to the description of an election which affected the interests of no one except the candidates, and totally ignore a religious movement which with a hundred thousand people changed the entire current of their lives. Dr. Dorchester's subject is so full of interest that we regret that he has not attempted something more ambitious as well as more compact than the volume before us. A book of this kind, divided into innumerable sections, each of which has a certain historical guide-book completeness in itself, cannot by any possibility present a philosophical or artistic account of the development of the religious life of the country. However, the volume fills its niche, and will be of service in popularizing a knowledge of the past and present of our churches. The statistical tables which Dr. Dorchester has collected are of especial value, and might form the basis for some very optimistic conclusions regarding our future. For instance, Dr. Dorchester finds that in 1800 the total number of communicants in the Protestant churches was 364,000; now it is 10,065,000. In other words, while the population has increased tenfold, the church membership has increased thirtyfold. Regarding the changes in popular morality the advance is equally marked. A glance backward encourages to press forward.

A powerful argument for the divine origin of Christianity may be constructed from the perpetuity and steadily increasing influence of its sacred books, testified to by nothing more impressively than by that ever-widening flow of literature which makes the Bible, in whole or in part, directly or indirectly, its *raison d'être*. The fact comes afresh to mind as we take up the solid and compact volume *Palestine in the Time of Christ*, now passed to a third edition, by Dr. Edmond Stapfer, Professor in the Protestant Theological Faculty of Paris, translated by Annie Harwood Holmden. (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.) It is in two divisions—Book I. treating of Jewish social life in the first century, Book II. dealing with the religious life of the Jews during the earthly career of our Lord. The New Testament, Josephus, and the Talmud are authorities for the volume, and the material therein at command is drawn on and arranged with a skill and practical exhaustiveness which commands praise from the beginning to the end of the book. Geography, History, the Sanhedrim, Administration of Justice, Population, Home Life, Dwellings, Clothing, Public Life, Life in the Country Districts, Literature and the Arts, with Science, are the topics of the First Book, presented with remarkable freedom from extraneous and irrelevant matter. It is, however, in the Second Book, as Dr. Stapfer gives to his readers the fruit of study in brief, comprehensive monographs upon the Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes, the Synagogue, the Sabbath, the Bible, Purification, Fasts, Almsgiving, Prayer, the Temple, the Feasts, the Principal Dates in the Life of Jesus, Jesus and the Preaching of the Gospel, that he provides a treatise unequaled, as we now recall, by any other publication accessible to English readers, in fullness and lucidity. It is a working book of whose value any Christian minister or layman will become increasingly assured by its faithful use. Maps and plans illustrate it.

Sketch of American Finances. 1785–1835. By John Watts Kearny. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.) The history of American finance has not yet been written. Bolles's cumbersome volumes contain most of the important facts, but are monuments of a muddy literary style. Professor Sumner's "History of the Currency" is satisfactory so far as it attempts to go, but confines itself strictly to its subject. When we picked up Mr. Kearny's little volume, we hoped that it might fill a similar mission, but were disappointed. The volume treats of the funding and gradual extinction of our early national debt. Had the author performed well the limited task which he set out to perform, the book would have been valuable. But he lacks the knack of presenting financial matters so that they will be clear to the ordinary reader. As a whole, the book is not interesting, though, of course, many of the facts which it contains are both interesting and suggestive. At the framing of the Constitution our national credit was so low that public securities were selling for no more than fifteen or twenty cents of their nominal value. But by 1790 they had risen nearly to par. The General Government assumed not only the debts contracted by the States during the war, but undertook to equalize the burden of the war expenses. The method of settlement left the Government in debt to some of the States, while other States were in debt to the Government. The debts of the Government were paid, but the debts of the States were not, showing that even at the beginning, when indirect taxation was unpopular, it was easier to raise money by indirect taxation to relieve the payers of direct taxes than to raise it by direct taxes for the relief of indirect taxation. From the beginning of the Government the public debts which have been repudiated have been those whose burden fell upon the property-owning classes. The financial history of the War of 1812 has also much that is instructive. The absence of an internal revenue system at the outbreak of the war, and the consequent dependence of the Government upon customs duties at the very time when commerce was largely cut off, proved a serious difficulty. This fact is not without suggestiveness in the present crisis.

Christian Economics. By Wilfrid Richmond, M.A., Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.) This volume opens with a lecture upon "Conscience and Political Economy," which states very clearly the radical want that every moral thinker finds in the current political economy. Political economy, having to do with the wealth of the nation, has to do with its well-being, and should be one of the first of the moral sciences. The writer acknowledges his indebtedness to Ruskin and Toynbee and President Walker, and is, indeed, throughout a disciple of this school of thinkers. As an economist his position is not more than that of a disciple. The economic student will find almost no new ideas or new suggestions. The writer is a minister who has taken the thoughts of the new school of economists as themes for a series of sermons. The style, as is common with sermons, is somewhat diffuse. In temper the writer is by no means a radical. There is no sweeping application of Christ's teachings to the concrete wrongs of society as it now exists, but rather a disposition to temper these evils by inculcating the general spirit of the Gospels. If the writer does not find his economic views by fearlessly applying the words of Christ, he is not guilty of the worse fault (so common among ministers) of wrenching the meaning of Christ's saying into exact conformity with the dogmas of political economy. He suggests several very pertinent considerations why these dogmas are not to be accepted as the bases of moral action. Taken as a whole, the book is not so well worth reading as the authors from whom its author draws his inspiration, but is significant of the new spirit which is beginning to characterize the Christian pulpit, which seeks to bring political and industrial institutions into harmony with the best instincts of the conscience and heart.

Our Sentimental Journey, by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.), is the pleasant chronicle of a trip by tricycle through France from Calais to Rives, and opens with a dedication of four or five pages to the sentimental shade of "Laurence Sterne, Esq." The journey is undertaken with the idea of following the course traveled by Tristram Shandy in the days of post-chaises, but the unfortunate cyclists are constantly forced to put sentiment in the background and battle with stern fact in the shape of steep hills, sandy roads, and perverse winds. In spite of these trials the journey is not without great delights, and we enjoy with the travelers the picturesque bits of French landscape, the distant glimpses of châteaux half hidden in the trees, the peaceful wanderings of romantic streams, the exhilarating motion over the occasional stretches of smooth road, and are amused—as probably they were not—by the vicissitudes of the trip, the violence of the French temper, the struggles with refractory hotel-keepers, and the vain pursuit of sentiment in a high wind and a drenching rain. The book is profusely illustrated by charming wayside sketches, quaint buildings and gateways, bits of peasant life, and some humorous suggestions of the more unhappy features of the journey.

The Jews; or, Prediction and Fulfillment. By Samuel H. Kellogg, D.D. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) This is a new edition of Dr. Kellogg's careful study of the Jews with reference to the Scripture prediction and the historic fulfillment of the same. More than four years ago the first edition appeared, and the positions then held are still stoutly defended. He has found nothing in fresh studies nor in the criticisms of reviewers to cause him to modify his argument nor its conclusions. An appendix of much value is added to this edition, presenting the latest information on the financial position of the Jews, their presence and influence in education, the press, political positions, their fertility, and relation to modern socialism, the colonization of Palestine, and Jewish movements toward Christianity. The studies of Dr. Kellogg both stimulate interest in this wonderful people and awaken fresh zeal in promoting every effort for their conversion to Christ, whom they crucified, but before whom at length every knee shall bow.

LITERARY NOTES.

—General Hugh Ewing has written a novel called "A Castle in the Air," which Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will issue shortly.

—Mme. Ristori's autobiography, announced some time ago, is likely to see the light in this country soon as a volume in the Famous Women Series of Roberts Brothers.

—The series of articles on "Faith or Agnosticism," by the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field and Robert G. Ingersoll, which originally appeared in the "North American Review," has been printed in pamphlet form by that journal.

—T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce for immediate publication an authorized translation of Count Tolstoi's latest work, "Life," which has been suppressed in Russia, pending an investigation by the Censor of its religious doctrines.

—An American "Notes and Queries," resembling the English periodical of that name, will make its first appearance in Philadelphia next month. Messrs William S. Walsh (editor of "Lippincott's Magazine") and H. C. Walsh are to be the editors.

—Mrs. Burnett's "Sara Crewe" is leading its predecessor, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," in point of popularity. A second edition of 10,000 copies is already announced by the publishers, the Scribners. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been translated into Italian.

—According to the late German papers there has been another find among the Goethe archives at Weimar. It is a hitherto unknown sketch of the second part of "Faust," in which the classical Walpurgis Night is wanting, and which deviates in some other respects from the present version.

—Scribner & Welford publish a new series of the Bohn Libraries, of which the volumes already issued are Goethe's "Boyhood," Oxenford's translation, Goethe's "Faust" (first part), translated by Anna Swanwick, and Bacon's "Essays," with introduction by Joseph Devey, M. A. The new series is neatly printed, and tastefully bound in light green covers of a novel pattern.

—A novel organization, highly to be commended in purpose and design, is the formation of an "Our Young Folks' Reading Circle" in Chicago, which seeks to enlist members in all parts of the country. The purpose is to select and announce a certain list of the best books of each year such as may be read with pleasure and profit by boys and girls—history, biography, fiction, travel, etc.

—Judge George C. Barrett, of the Supreme Court, New York, before whom the "boodle" Aldermen and Jacob Sharp were tried, has written an article on "Miscarriages of Justice," which will appear in the "Forum" for May. The same number will contain "Obstacles to Good City Government," by ex-Mayor Seth Low, of Brooklyn; "Appropriations for Public Works," by Senator S. M. Cullom; and a strong article by Michael Davitt on "Irish Landlordism."

—On one occasion Charles Dickens came up to the late Mrs. Procter and invited her to be present at an amateur performance which his children were arranging with their friends at his house in Tavistock Square. Her reply was, "Mr. Dickens, my charge for witnessing amateur theatricals is five shillings, and five shillings extra if I am expected to applaud." Dickens looked vexed, and turned on his heel. She did not go to the party, nor was she expected.

—Heretofore it has been impossible to trace the wanderings of any single volume of a large issue. By a novel method of duplicate stamping and registry, adopted last month by the American publishers and booksellers, this is at an end, and every book becomes in itself legal evidence, and can be identified so long as it holds together. The new method, besides being simple, is so efficacious that it will prevent losses by fraudulent insolvencies, bogus commission sellers, and, above all, by the scalper.

—A quantity of priceless manuscripts, dating back as far as the ninth century, were recently stolen from the National Library in Paris by a man named Chevreux. Among them were several diplomas of Charles the Fat, Otho, and the Emperor Louis, and there were, besides, many charters of bishops and lords of Lorraine, Burgundy, Champagne, and Languedoc, in all sixty-six parchments, estimated to be worth about a million francs. Fortunately, the police obtained a clue to the theft, and, on searching the apartment of Chevreux, recovered the whole of the documents.

TEMPERANCE NEWS.

AGAINST A NATIONAL PROHIBITION PARTY.

After quite a silence from your readers, Mr. H. S. Cowell, of Ashburnham, Mass., attempts to give the reasons why a National prohibition party should be organized. I do not suppose that you would give me space to reply specifically to each argument, so I must reply generally and group my reasons. I assume merely that it is the desire of Mr. Cowell to gain the best and speediest practical results, and that the organization of a National prohibition party is asked for, for a practical purpose.

At the outset let me say that ever since the legal abolition of African slavery that subject has been used as justification for every new political organization. Yet nothing has swept over the country like it, but any number of failures have occurred. That there is no logical connection between the personal vice of intemperance and the legislative crime of African slavery could be readily shown.

Now, I did not suggest, in my very brief note, that if the National Congress had an anti-saloon majority they might not aid the suppression of intemperance through the proper police forces of the State; but this does not reach the question as to whether the States or the Nation, as severed sovereignties, shall have the control. Mr. Cowell says it is the duty of the States to give the National Government the necessary powers. Does he then believe that this form of government can be so changed that the United States Government will appoint and control the police forces, say of New York City, and so so of all the greater and lesser municipalities? Do the advocates of National prohibition avow and work for such a reconstruction of our government? If so, they are wasting time. The legal power to suppress saloons exists now in every city and State; all it wants is the public sentiment to execute the power

But there are other grave objections Ever since legal measures have been resorted to to suppress the drink evil, there has been unwarranted schism among sincere men as to methods. The word "license" has played great havoc It was and is an unfortunate word. But it never was intended nor used to give legal existence or sanction to a saloon, but always as a tax, a burden, on it. The saloon does not now and never did exist which was created by a license, and yet a man who thinks that it is better to burden and load down the saloon with a tax, where you cannot have public sentiment to blot it out, is considered at swords' points with the prohibitionist. A National prohibition party will add to the weakening of the temperance forces by further division. Just see. We have local optionists, advocates of high license, constitutional prohibitionists, and men who say, Enforce your law of surveillance, whatever it is; and now shall we have a National skeleton to divide still more? There is no earthly chance of a National party electing anybody, but it will divide the local elements everywhere. The more separate organizations of temperance, the feebler the power to do any good. In Iowa, for instance, where the dominant political party has consecrated all of its legislative power to suppress the saloon, there is a temperance transcendentalism organized into a separate prohibition party which continually threatens and helps the avowed friend of the saloon into power.

The temperance work is based, like religion, upon the moral and benevolent forces of society, and it has to begin in the unit. It has to work out from within. It begins in the household and then spreads to the community and the State, and in due season will leaven the nation by its local overflows. All our political movements are from the local to the National. It is high time that the temperance elements in each locality combine, forbearing one another in love, remembering that it is not for pride of opinion that we contend, but for practical results.

In conclusion, I will say that were there a side door to our Government by which you could suddenly transport into every office at Washington a National Prohibitionist, and make no change in public sentiment or form of government, you could not help a single community in all our land to suppress a saloon. AMOS STECKEL.

BLOOMFIELD, Iowa.

DRINK IN INDIA.

Unless all signs fail, the time is soon coming when the English Government will take active steps toward the abolition of the liquor traffic in India. Were it not for the revenue which the traffic yields, such a measure might be adopted to-day. The agitation of the question has brought the English to realize that they are not only responsible for introducing the traffic among the Indian dependencies, but that the Colonial Government has actually encouraged its extension. In the last debate in the House of Commons on the question of the Indian frontier, it was found impossible to keep back the discussion of the Indian liquor laws. Those who hated Russia and were in favor of warlike preparation against her were inclined to justify the continuance of the present policy of "stimulating" the traffic. The London "Spectator," in describing the debate, said that it "was a mixture of Russophobia and teetotalism, the speakers discussing Afghanistan and arrack, frontier railways and palm toddy, all together till the reader half doubts whether he himself can be quite sober." No doubt seems to exist as to the fact that governmental officers are sometimes actively and violently opposing the native temperance movement.

It is the native temperance movement, and not the temperance movement in England, which, after all, must be relied upon to suppress the traffic. The "Spectator" says that even a resolution to quadruple the spirit duties in India would be popular, since the "whole population, drunkards and all, hold that suppression is the clear duty of the rulers." The "Christian Commonwealth" recently published some of the protests of prominent Hindus against the continuance of the traffic. That of Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen may be cited as a sample of these:

"It is, indeed, harrowing and painful to contemplate the extent to which sensuality, profligacy, and brutal revels on the one hand, and irreligion, blasphemy, and practical atheism on the other, are making ravages among all classes of the native community in consequence of the spread of drunkenness, and undermining the religious and moral life of the nation. . . . In short, the use of intoxicating liquor has done more than anything else to degrade the physical, moral, and social condition of my countrymen."

When this is the unanimous sentiment of the native populations, it is not only a political but a moral crime for England to refuse to India the measure of home rule which shall prevent the pauperization and demoralization of her people.

LOCAL OPTION IN GEORGIA.

A very intelligent Prohibitionist calls our attention to an article on "The Weaknesses of Local Option" recently published in the "Voice" by Professor Scomp, of Emery College, Oxford, Ga. This article, as we were rightly told, contains about the best argument against local option which has been published, and we gladly give its chief points. The first is that, in Georgia at least, where the question of license or no-license may be voted upon every two years, the saloon-keepers apply for licenses just before the election and then plead vested rights for their traffic during half of the prohibited period. During the remaining half they perhaps remove their saloon just beyond the borders of the county and hire wagons to deliver their goods, and keep up political agitation. This agitation, even when not successful in their own county, has a decided political effect, since it keeps members of the Legislature, and all political aspirants, in fact, in perpetual fear of being black-listed and having their political prospects ruined. Professor Scomp states that of 111 members of the House who voted for local option in 1885, only about twenty were returned to the same branch of the next Legislature, and at this very time the liquor power in the State and out of it is working with the ring politicians in making up such a legislative slate for next November as shall defeat the re-election of ex-Governor Colquitt to the United States Senate.

The next point which Professor Scomp raises is that local option prevents a united movement of the temperance people to secure State legislation. "Time and again," he says, "has the query been propounded to us, 'If four-fifths of Georgia is under prohibition, why do you not sweep the State?'." The reason, he says, is that local option has divided up the temperance movement so as to destroy its force. If local option had not been granted, the State would have had a prohibition amendment before now, but as it is, the State organization has no life and no power. The local option law "served out to each county a mess of pottage, the smallest possible ration which could still or silence the hungry cry for legal prohibition. Temperance was turned away to the counties and ceased knocking at the doors of the statute-making power."

Upon this second point Professor Scomp dwells at great length, and there is no doubt but that the granting of local option did practically destroy the party organization of the Prohibitionists, and, if the object worked for is the power of the party organization, the passage of this law was a misfortune. But the leaders of every movement are apt to exalt their organization above the principles for which they are contending. Mr. Henry George recently showed very clearly how the leaders of the Labor party were willing to reject an opportunity to carry into effect one-half of their platform, because in so doing the name of their own organization would be done away with. The Liberal politicians of England are always sorry to have the Tories adopt a Liberal measure, because such success to their principle endangers party success at the polls. Illustrations of this sort might easily be multiplied. From the standpoint of one who desires a National Prohibition party, the passage of a local option law is a misfortune, but from the standpoint of one who cares for the suppression of the largest possible number of saloons it is a decided success.

Professor Scomp's first objection to local option appears to have more weight, but when sifted down it merely means that the suppression of a part of the saloons does not accomplish as much as the suppression of all. If Georgia had State prohibition, the counties which refuse to vote for local option would probably not elect anti-saloon officials, and the influence of the saloons thus permitted upon adjoining counties is even worse than that of those now existing in the "wet" counties.

ECHOES.

CHURCH AND THEATER.

THE MORALS OF THE THEATER AGAIN.—The still recurring theme of the theater, as the church does and should regard it, is treated by The Christian Union this week. It publishes the substance of interviews with P. T. Barnum, Mme. Modjeska, Manager Palmer, of the Madison Square; Manager Sinn, of the Brooklyn Park; Gabriel Harrison, an ex-manager and actor, now a teacher of elocution; Charles Fisher, the noted comedian of Daly's; and Harrison Gray Fiske, Secretary of the Actors' Fund. It also gives its own position, which is entirely rational, and leads to this conclusion: "That the church makes a great mistake in attempting to-day to deny to its members the theater, as it did a century ago in attempting to deny to them the novel, or two centuries ago in attempting to deny to them pictures and statuary." This on the ground that the drama is as legitimate an art as painting, music, or fiction, and that the theater can be made "to promote the well-being of the community." The church, therefore, should aim to encourage and improve the theater, approving and applauding when good, condemning and opposing when bad. "If the ministry will do this, they will find that the theater is as amenable to the influence of an enlightened and catholic moral sense as the press or even the pulpit. But it is not amenable to ignorant, intolerant, and wholesale denunciation, and it ought not to be." The Christian Union, of course, cannot, then, commend such atrocious assaults upon the drama and the dramatic profession as the Rev. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago, has made; and it asks too much of the dramatic journals when it suggests their printing Mr. Johnson's diatribes. Mr. Johnson is not what The Christian Union styles him—a critic; he is a libelant; and his utterances are not to be compared to the courteous conversation of those who speak for the drama in its columns.—[Springfield Republican.

A STEP FORWARD.—It was a very great step forward when so able a man as Dr. Lyman Abbott opened the columns of The Christian Union to a liberal discussion of the theater, its influence and duty.

It was a gracious sight to see the theologian on one page and the dramatic critic on the other, substantially agreeing upon the ethical basis of dramatic art and upon the means to be taken to elevate the modern stage.

Of course one can understand that a liberal education, both for the pulpit and for the press, must lead men to the same elemental laws of æsthetics and ethics, whether the men are theologians or editors or actors.

But when we have got two men selected from the extreme ranks of the religious and the secular bodies, who do agree upon the basis of right and wrong in the drama, and who express themselves clearly and forcibly, the conclusions arrived at are well worth considering, seeing how lamentably different the rank and file of theatrical workers, and for that matter church-goers as well, are in the knowledge of those philosophic truths that lie undisturbed under all human endeavors in art.—["Nym Crinkle" in the Mirror.

IS IT DOWNWARD?—The interviews with leading members of the theatrical profession on the moral standing and influence of the theater, published in The Christian Union, are certainly marked by calm judgment and a thoughtful interest in the public welfare, and for this reason some of the statements made are all the more important. The truth is that the natural tendency of public amusements is downward and not upward, and this tendency can only be checked by the infusion of a moral tone and taste which have been produced elsewhere and which deteriorate under the influence of the theater. As to the plea that the theater can be made helpful by giving it a better moral support, it is sufficient to say that the church readily finds more direct and effective means of doing good.—[Chicago Advance.

Roman type and script are making progress slowly but surely in Germany. The society for the abolition of the old German letters, which in 1866 numbered only 2,871 members, now has 4,436 on its list, which includes teachers, physicians, booksellers, and merchants. In the last year thirty-one professors joined the league—a notable fact. In 1886, according to Hinrich's "Bibliography," out of 6,913 books on artistic, scientific, mercantile, and industrial subjects, 5,316 were printed in Roman type.

The "Christian Advocate" says: "One of our correspondents attended a large union meeting a few Sundays ago in which a somewhat flowery young preacher prayed as follows: 'O Lord, we ask that thou wilt bless the Y. M. C. A.' This is equal to the colored man's ascription of thanks to the Deity for what he had done for the world, 'both B. C. and A. D.' Such performances strengthen the hands of those who oppose all extempore prayer."

FIGHTING QUAKERS.

Many anecdotes of the early Quakers are preserved in Philadelphia to show how even under Penn's rule the impulses of human nature struggled against their rigid laws of duty and submission. Not a few of the young men of Quaker families served in the Revolutionary army and in the navy in 1812, and wore on the field their broad-brimmed hats and shad-bellied coats.

It is said that one of these young "Fighting Quakers," as they were called, met his father on the street on his return home The old man laid his hand rebukingly on his son's arm, saying: "The wool in thy coat was sheared from my sheep, and woven in thy mother's loom, yet there is blood on it!"

"And the blood is thy blood," boldly replied the young man. "If thou hadst been twenty instead of sixty, thou, too, wouldst have fought under Washington."

"Zachariah!' stammered the old man. "It may be so, Zachariah. Thou hadst better go into thy dinner"

A well-known story is that of a Friend who was in a sailing vessel boarded by a British press-gang in 1812 He paced the deck with folded arms during the fight, until he saw one of the assailants climbing on deck by means of a cable.

"Friend, dost thou want that rope?" he said, calmly, hurrying up, knife in hand. "Thou shalt have it," and he cut it The man dropped into the sea.

A better authenticated story is of a grave old Quaker, two of whose sons went into the late civil war without his knowledge. The youngest son was fired, as was almost every other young man at that time, from Maine to Florida, with the wish to give his life for the cause which he believed just He had accepted a commission, but he did not wish to go without his father's consent.

He took occasion to make his preparations rather ostentatiously in his father's sight, laid out his officer's uniform, and tried to attract attention, but all in vain As a last resort, he seated himself in the room where the old man was pacing up and down, and began to polish his sword.

His father watched him, with a face growing paler and with dim eyes At last he went up to the young man and said, quietly: "Samuel, if thee thinks thee must use one of those tools, get the best, and—I will pay for it, Samuel."—[Youth's Companion.

GOOD ENGLISH.

Bishop Huntington, in an address given before the Keble School, said:

"We all repeat and perpetuate conventional blunders and hereditary solecisms without once applying the study of four or five years in syntax and conjugation to our current speech. Where is the reform to begin? I say, emphatically, Set about grammatic correctness, first of all. Watch yourself. Criticise yourself Be intolerant with yourself. Get some housemate to expose you. Say over the thing correctly till the mistake is made impossible. It would be no more discreditable to your training to finish a picture out of drawing, or to misspell the name of one of our Territories, or to mistranslate a line of Virgil, or to flat in music, than to confound the parts of speech in a morning call.

"Nothing is to be said of slang. If I were to exhort those who are here on that matter, it should be only to forbearance, in that they are obliged to *hear* it from their ill-bred acquaintances. 'Awful handsome' and 'horrid nice' and 'jolly sunset' and all that pitiful dialect, coming of weak heads and early neglect, we shall have to bear with till select and high-toned schools have chastened the manners and elevated the spirit of the better-conditioned classes; and, through them, the improved standard will work its way outward and downward into the public schools and the homes of the people. Unexpected hyperbole is often witty; but nonsense is not, nor are stale repetitions of nonsense."

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Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the Advertisement in The Christian Union.

Which Cyclopedia?

It is generally admitted that a good Cyclopedia is a desirable possession for every home. As to which Cyclopedia is the best for popular use, the "Doctors disagree." Evidently the matter of choice should depend somewhat upon the use for which it is intended. A customer of ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA writes to the publisher as follows:

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Inquiring Friends.

[Any subscriber sending an inquiry on any subject to The Christian Union, accompanied with a postage stamp, will receive a reply either through the columns of the paper or by personal letter. The answer will be given as promptly as practicable.]

The Christian Union, in a recent allusion to "the New Jerusalem denomination," said that "if the spirit and views of its founder had always dominated his followers," it "would never have been a new denomination, but only a new spirit and life in all denominations." We wish our contemporary would let us know how it feels so sure of the spirit and views of Swedenborg as practically to declare the position of nine-tenths of those who, from an earnest study of his writings, receive the doctrines of Christianity as unfolded in them, and which they conscientiously take as being his spirit and his position, to be a mistaken one.—[New Church Messenger.

Our reasons for "feeling so sure" are as follows: 1. Swedenborg did not withdraw from the Lutheran Church while he was teaching his doctrines, and never intimated a desire that any of his followers should do so. 2. His writings nowhere reveal a purpose or wish to form a separate organization; on the contrary, his hope and expectation of leavening the church universal find expression in many ways. 3 An ecclesiastical organization is opposed to the spirit of Swedenborg's teachings. A spiritual *theory* does not make a spiritual *man*. He who leads a life of obedience and self-sacrifice, even if he has no well-formulated theory, is more spiritual than one whose head is full of beautiful theories without the corresponding practice. 4. The statement of the "Messenger" that "nine-tenths of those who, from an earnest study of his writings, receive the doctrines of Christianity as unfolded in them," are in favor of a separate organization, is extraordinary in view of the facts. We can only account for it on the supposition that the editor of that paper rejects as incompetent witnesses in the case all who do not belong to the organization.

An interested reader of The Christian Union is more than concerned to know what advantages, if any, life insurance has over savings bank investment, for clergymen of modest income. Kindly inform me through the Union which is in most respects more advisable as a protection against future necessities. S. G. A.

The advantage of life insurance over savings bank investment is that, in case of death, the total amount of insurance is paid at once to the widow and the children; while in the case of savings bank deposits only the amount actually deposited is in the bank for the benefit of the wife and the children. Thus, if a man insures for $5 000, and pays a premium of forty or fifty dollars a year, and dies at the end of three years, his widow will have $5,000, while if for three years he deposits fifty dollars a year she will have only $150.

What steamer first crossed the Atlantic Ocean? C. J. W.

The "Savannah," built in this country, arrived in Liverpool in June, 1819. She went to Copenhagen and St. Petersburg before returning. She burned wood, and was not profitable. It is said that on her first voyage she was chased a whole day by a revenue cruiser which took her for a ship on fire.

Who was Salvatierra, of whom Mr. Butterworth writes in your issue of April 5? H. L. B.

Salvatierra was the pioneer Spanish priest of California. A mystic, he came to look upon all worldly concerns as vain, and turned to the Mexican Indians to preach the worth of the soul. He led the way of Christian civilization in old California. The poem expresses his views of life.

I see there is a call in Inquiring Friends in your issue of April for a "remedy for drunkenness published several years ago in the Christian Union, consisting partly of quassia." I think the article referred to is the one I inclose; and as you cannot "readily find it," I send it. C. A. M.

AN AID TO CURING ALCOHOLISM.

We believe that the best authorities are generally skeptical as to there being any sure cure for confirmed habits of inebriety, unless the effort in that direction be aided by a strong exercise of the will of the unfortunate subject of the bad habit. There are, however, many remedies recommended as aids in diverting or, in a minor degree, satisfying the appetite for strong liquors which are undoubtedly of great advantage in some cases, and one of these is thus recommended by a self-styled "rescued man:"

"I was one of those unfortunates given to strong drink. When I left off I felt a horrid want of something I must have or go distracted. I could neither eat, work, nor sleep. Explaining my affliction to a man of much education and experience, he advised me to make a decoction of ground quassia, a half-ounce steeped in a pint of vinegar, and to put about a small teaspoonful in a very little water and to drink it down every time the liquor thirst came on me violently. I found it satisfied the cravings and suffused a feeling of stimulus and strength. I continued this cure, and persevered till the thirst was conquered. For two years I have not tasted liquor, and I have no desire for it. Lately, to try my strength, I have handled and smelt whisky, but I have no temptation to take it. I give this for the consideration of the unfortunate, several of whom I know have recovered by means which I no longer require."—[Scientific American

Can some one tell me the whereabouts of this quotation? It is used in Star King's "White Hills," and he credits it to John Ruskin, but gives no specific reference: "These (mountains) are at once the schools and cathedrals for mankind, rich in illuminated manuscripts for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons for the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, and glorious in holiness for the worshiper." T. M. B.

If "M. H. F.," who inquired in the issue of April 5 concerning the doctrine of the Trinity, will send address, we will be pleased to forward a communication received for him.

Will some one please name character referred to in Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women" in fifth stanza from the end?—as follows:

"Or her, who knew that love can vanquish death;
Who, kneeling with one arm about her King,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
Sweet as new buds in spring." M. T.

"The Cavalier's Escape," asked for by L. G. G, was written by Walter Thornbury, and may be found in "Ballads of Battle and Bravery," selected by W. Gordon McCabe (published by Harper & Brothers in 1879; price 25 cents). S. F. P. G.

What course should a young man take to read law whose means, position, etc., preclude his attending, for the time being, a law school or law office? What books should he read? What suggestion would you give? R. J. M.

Send to the Columbia Law School or the Yale or Harvard Schools for catalogue, which will give you lists of textbooks in about the order they should be taken up.

Seeing an inquiry for a book on sewing, I would say that S. W. Tilton & Co., of Boston, Mass., publish the book called "Plain Needlework," which is used in the Boston public schools. H.

How's "Shakespearian Reader" (Appletons) contains some sixteen plays in one volume, prepared for family reading. Also, Rolfe's "Friendly Edition" (Harpers), similar to Hudson's edition, is an expurgated one M. N. R.

In your issue of April 5, among the answers to "Inquiring Friends," I notice that "L. W. P." has a sermon with Old Mother Hubbard as a text. Will "L. W. P." kindly furnish me with two copies, or inform me where they could be obtained? If so, I will gladly meet the expense. Ellen L. Lambert.
Springfield, Mass.

1. Is there a life of Jacob Abbott, or any memoirs? We have so many of his books and love them so much that we love their author, and want to know more about him. 2. I want to ask about the "Swiss Family Robinson." My uncle has a copy, and my cousin has one. I've read them both, and I'm greatly puzzled about one thing: they are just the same, as they should be, except the last few chapters, which are totally different. Will some one please explain this to me? F.

1. The only memoir of Jacob Abbott is one appended to the memorial edition of the "Young Christian," published by Harper & Brothers.

IN AND ABOUT CHICAGO.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

FIVE years ago Bishop Ireland, of Minnesota, delivered a very able and still remembered lecture on "The Duty of the Citizen regarding Intemperance." By the invitation of many leading citizens, he spoke again on the evening of the 6th on "The Saloon." Every seat and all the standing-room of Central Music Hall was filled with an audience as remarkable for its character as for its size. It was not composed of Prohibitionists, nor of people who have fully made up their minds that their way is the only one by which intemperance can be fought, but of thinking people who look upon the saloon as an enormous evil, who care far less for any method than they do to make this public enemy as harmless as they can, and who, when united in a morol reform, have more than once shown that their influence is resistless.

The address was a strong and eloquent presentation of the evils that come from the use of alcoholic beverages, and how they reach out to destroy health and homes and characters and property, and to cause accidents, quarrels, murders, divorces, crimes, and all sorts of misfortunes. The Bishop said that intemperance is necessarily on the increase, for there is "an organized conspiracy for promoting it, and the very agencies whose function is to repress it are paralyzed by its power, and even pressed into its service. The saloon keeper is Alcohol's soldier, America's danger and disgrace, laughing at and rebellious against many laws, and defying the people to curb his power." The remedies proposed were wise laws and the enforcement of them. While he favored all moral and religious means, the Bishop affirmed the indispensable necessity of some law, "not to create virtue, but to remove temptation from virtue's way," to arrest the aggressiveness of the saloon, and to maintain the public good and the State's own safety, even at the sacrifice of some individual liberty. "The high license law of Minnesota," he said, "I know to be most satisfactory. The saloon must be so reduced as to live without dependence on immoderately drinking patrons. It must be so situated that police supervision will be both easy and frequent. The weaklings of society must be protected, and so must schools, houses, minors, habitual drunkards, and the sacred precincts of churches and cemeteries. The saloon must not be a privileged business. High license will reduce saloons, and it does good." The presence of such an audience to listen to an address on this much discussed topic, and the approval with which it was received, show an anti-saloon sentiment which is a good deal larger than a man's hand.

The election passed off so quietly that, save for the people gathered about the polling-places, one would not have supposed that anything unusual was going on. If we were as sure as some of the party newspapers are that to have a Republican Council is to have a wise and pure city government, there would be little more to desire, for in the new Council the Republicans outnumber the Democrats nearly two to one. That is, however, nearly the same proportion as last year.

The Mayor, in his annual address, claims that he has fulfilled his promise to suppress public gambling and to close disreputable saloons, and says that since the middle of June "not a public gambling-house has been opened, excepting spasmodically for two or three days. Men are especially detailed to hunt for them, and as soon as one is discovered, a warrant is sworn out and the place is raided." Ninety saloons were refused licenses, and the licenses of fourteen have been revoked, though to four of these, on account of mitigating circumstances, the license was restored. The total number of arrests were 46 505 against 44,361 the previous year. Of these, 27,632 were charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct, 155 were under ten years old, and 7,384 were between ten and twenty years of age.

A recent legal decision to the effect that the Mayor has not discretionary powers to determine where licensed saloons shall be kept is causing some of them to be opened near schoolhouses and other public institutions. This defect the City Council will soon be called upon to remedy. The Board of Education and the ministers, as well as many citizens, have already petitioned for such an ordinance as shall keep saloons away from the schools. Those which are opened in such localities are usually of the worst kind, in which there is no hesitancy about debauching the morals of children.

PINKERTON MEN.

A PLEA FOR EMPLOYING THEM.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

IN discussing the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy strike in your issue of April 5 you say: "The employment of Pinkerton men by the railroads, if not illegal, ought to be. It is immoral, and leads directly to violence. It is the business of the State to protect both the property and the traffic of the railroads, and the railroads ought to trust the State, and, if it fails in its duty, to hold it responsible for the consequent damages. If a corporation may employ a private army to protect its property, private individuals may arm themselves to protect their persons; and from this condition of things to barbarism the transition is a short and easy one."

All this is true enough as a generalization, but it seems to me hardly doctrine of practical utility. What is "the State," to which you urge railroads to look for adequate protection, and for compensation in case of damage through failure of protection? "The State" is composed of officials elected by a popular majority—whatever the party label—which, if not actively inimical to railroads, is at least very ready to evade the settlement of any claims preferred by railroads, however equitable. Juries are notorious for anti-railroad bias Judges chosen by popular election, as is generally the case in the West, share this bias to no small extent. The proposition now before the Iowa Legislature—if it has not already become a law—to elect the Railroad Commissioners, who of all officials ought to be Cæsar's wives in the matter of their reputation for impartiality, so as to make the Commissioners more directly responsive to any anti-railroad sentiment of the hour, is a striking illustration of the tendency referred to.

All this has a direct bearing on the question whether it is reasonable to ask railroads to refrain from protecting their property themselves, and to require them to depend upon the State for protection, and to look to the State for damages in case its protection fail. It would be a long, hard fight, in which the railroads would be hampered by an unsympathetic public opinion in securing from hostile juries and indifferent judges damages whose collection, even if awarded, would in turn be hampered by every legal obstruction that popular anti railroad bias could interpose. The remedy would be totally inadequate compared with the injury.

Suppose, for illustration, that the employees of a large manufacturing concern, which for some reason, possibly by its own fault and possibly not, had incurred popular hostility in the city where it was situated, were out on strike, and that there was danger of its buildings being fired by the more violent strikers. Would you say to such a manufacturing concern: "It is your duty to leave the protection of your plant to the city police; if they fail to protect you, you can collect your damages of the city, including the loss on your plant, and the larger indirect loss by the diversion of your business, more or less permanent, while you are replacing that plant? Any other course provokes violence, and is the first step backward toward a state of barbarism"?

How does the illustration strike you, Mr. Editor, as an application of your principle to ordinary business, where the anti-railroad prejudice in which all of us share does not come in as a complicating factor to bias the judgment? One of your readers at least would like a further exposition of your views.

Arthur Reed Kimball.
Waterbury, Conn.

THE CENTER OF POPULATION.

For one hundred years the point which represents the center of the Republic has been steadily moving due westward along the thirty-ninth parallel of north latitude. Its average rate of progress has been about five miles per year. In 1800 its location was eighteen miles west of Baltimore; in 1810 it had crossed the Potomac; in 1820 it was well on the western side of the Shenandoah Valley; in 1830 it had reached the highest ridge of the Appalachians; in 1850 it had passed the mountain barriers and was following the course of the Little Kanawha through West Virginia; within the next ten years it had, by a rapid march of more than eighty miles, reached a point over halfway across the State of Ohio; in 1870 it was within fifty miles of Cincinnati; in 1880 it had entered the Valley of the Miami; in 1890 it will probably be found well within the boundaries of Indiana. That, sooner or later, this central point which represents the westward "course of empire" in the United States will cease to advance, or otherwise will reach a turning-place, is absolutely certain Should its progress continue for another century as during the past hundred years, it would at the end of that time be more than halfway across the State of Missouri. But this is not likely to be the case. Each succeeding census for several coming decades will doubtless show a slacking up in the rate of advancement westward, and finally the direct forward movement must cease. Bearing in mind the narrow vision and the mistaken forecasts of our early legislators, it seems hazardous to conjecture with regard to future probabilities. Yet there is good reason to believe that not for many years will the nucleus of the country's population pass beyond or even reach the Mississippi River.

PLEASANT PEOPLE.

What a boon to all his friends and acquaintance a pleasant person is, says a writer in the "Atlantic Monthly." It may be hard to define pleasantness, but we find no difficulty in recognizing it when we meet with it. Pleasant people are not always by any means the most admirable of mankind, nor the most interesting, for it often happens that the qualities in a man which are worthiest of esteem are, for lack of other modifying elements, the very ones which make against his agreeableness as a companion, and a person who does not impress us as particularly pleasant may nevertheless interest us very much by the display of unusual mental or moral characteristics, or from a complexity of nature which seems to offer itself as an enigma we are curious to solve. Pleasant people may not even be the most truly lovable, but they are likable. We perhaps have no desire to make friends of them in the deeper sense of friendship, but we are glad when we meet them, and enjoy ourselves while in their society. The tie thus formed, though slight, is a real one, and I believe that we should all do well to remember, in the interest of our closer friendships, the attractive and cohesive force of mere pleasantness. The highest virtues and offices of friendship we are not called on to exercise every day, and in familiar intercourse we have not less, but rather the more, need of making ourselves pleasant, because of the times when our friends will have to answer our drafts on their patience and sympathy.

If we question what it is that goes to constitute a man or woman pleasant, it appears to be a result of both temperament and character. It is hardly necessary to say that these are not the same thing, and yet they are not distinguished in common thought and speech as clearly as they might be. Without attempting any close analysis, we may perhaps say that temperament is a certain combination of elements given us at birth, while character is another set of powers and dispositions slowly acquired and grown in for us; for the first, nature is responsible, our parents and ourselves for the second.

It seems easiest to describe a pleasant person by negatives, although assuredly his pleasantness affects us as a most positive quality. To begin with, such a person must not be too much "shut up in his own individuality," to use the phrase of an English writer. That is, he must not be very reserved and concentrated in his emotions and affections, but have a certain expansiveness of nature and openness of manner. He must not be too fastidious, but able to take people for what they are, and what they are worth to him for the passing moment and the needs of the social hour. He must not be of too intense a nature, nor so preoccupied with the serious aspects and duties of life that he is unable to put them aside temporarily and lend himself to lighter thoughts and lighter people. One of the pleasantest men I ever met was one of the most hard-working, devoted to a dozen good causes and public interests beside his personal and professional ones. None of these were made a bore to others, and his equable and kindly disposition, his readiness to enter into other persons' ideas, his interest in literature and art as well as weightier matters of politics and science, made him able to please and be pleased by men and women of the most diverse sorts. It has sometimes struck me forcibly with respect to such a man: How pleasant he must be to himself—how comfortable to live with every day!

A WHISTLING LANGUAGE.—At a recent meeting of the Berlin Anthropological Society, Lieutenant Quedenfeldt lectured on the whistle-language used on the Gomera Island. During some months' stay in the Canary Archipelago the lecturer was able to learn the nature of this language which is a sort of pendant to the drum-language of Cameroons. There are no fixed whistles or signals. The Gomers can carry on any conversation by means of whistling, and be understood by the person with whom he is conversing a mile off. The whistling is quite articulate, and is a kind of translation of common speech into whistling, each syllable having its peculiar tone, so that even foreign words can be whistled. The vowels *e*, *i*, *y*, are more loudly whistled than *a*, *o*, and *u*; and if a consonant is at the end of a word, for example, "Juan," the *a* is whistled in a rising tone. The Gomero uses either his fingers or his lips when whistling. The practice is only common on the Gomera Island, and is not found in the other six islands of the archipelago The reason may be found in the peculiar geological construction of the island, which is traversed by many deep ravines and gullies, which run out in all directions from the central plateau. They are not bridged, and can often only be crossed with great difficulty; so that people who really lived very near to each other in a straight line have to make a circuit of hours when they wish to meet. Whistling has therefore become an excellent means of communication, and gradually assumed the proportions of a true substitute for speech.

THE DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.—The greatest known depth of the ocean is midway between the Island of Tristan d'Acunha and the mouth of the Rio de La Plata. The bottom was here reached at a depth of 46,236 feet, or eight and three-fourths miles, exceeding by more than 17,000 feet the height of Mount Everest, the loftiest mountain in the world. In the North Atlantic Ocean, south of Newfoundland, soundings have been made to a depth of 4,580 fathoms, or 27,480 feet; while depth equaling 34,000 feet, or six and one-half miles, are reported south of Bermuda Islands. The average depth of the Pacific Ocean, between Japan and California, is a little over 2,000 fathoms; between Chili and the Sandwich Islands, 2,500 fathoms: and between Chili and New Zealand, 1,500 fathoms The average depth of all the oceans is from 2,000 to 3,000 fathoms.

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FACT AND RUMOR.

Watch-dials are now made by photography at a mere fraction of their former cost. They all used to be painted by hand.

The following unique sign appears in Toccoa, Ga.: "Lamps fixed, razors honed, fresh oysters, Vienna bread, and tombstones."—[Columbus Enquirer-Sun.

On Sunday evening the large congregation at the Methodist church in Cobleskill rushed out at an alarm of fire just as the pastor closed his sermon by repeating with emphasis his text, "So run, that ye may obtain."—[Albany Journal.

A curious acoustic phenomenon, sometimes observed at sea, has been termed by M. Fizeau the "mirage of sound," from its analogy to certain well known phenomena of light. The sound-waves are deflected upward to a very marked extent under the influence of strata of air of various temperatures, and to this effect are ascribed numerous collisions between vessels having powerful fog signals.

Wit is sometimes shown in analysis, whether exhaustive or not. The ministry of the Church of England is described by a not unfriendly writer as consisting of Latitudinarians, Attitudinarians, and Platitudinarians. A writer in the "Atlantic Monthly" spoke of the Church under three aspects: The Church Militant, the Church Constructant, and the Church Termagant.—[Methodist Advocate.

The newest British iron-clad, the "Nile," which has just been launched, is 345 feet long, is of 11,940 tons, has engines of 12,000 horse-power, is expected to steam nineteen miles an hour, has steel armor from fourteen to twenty inches thick, carries twenty-six guns, four of them sixty-seven ton fellows, capable of throwing shot weighing 1,250 pounds each, carries also eight torpedo tubes, and cost $5,000,000.

Recently a man went to work in one of the large Albany breweries. He was a Knight of Labor. So was the engineer in the same establishment. But this fact seemed to have little weight with him, for he went to the office and this colloquy ensued: "Is your engineer's name ——?" "Yes." "Then I don't care to work here with him." "Why?" "Because his grandfather was an informer in the old country." The man left.—[Albany Journal.

A wire rope half a mile long, six and one-fourth inches in circumference, and weighing seven and one-half tons, has been manufactured at Gateshead, England. There are six strands of nineteen wires each in it, the breaking strain of the whole being one hundred and seventy-five tons, and that of each wire in the rope one hundred and twenty tons to the square inch. This immense rope is to be used in a colliery in North Wales.

Dr. Talmage told this story at Louisville, Ky., the other day: "Once there were a number of men, solemn and sedate, and an old woman at a meeting. The first man got up and said: 'Oh, yes; I am a ship sailing straight to heaven, and my bark is sailing fast. I'm going at the rate of seventeen knots an hour, and I'll soon be near the shore.' The second, to slightly overcome the former professor, said, 'Yes, I'm sailing home; my ship is going forty knots an hour, and I'll soon be near the shore.' The old lady listened carefully at every word, and then when the men had pictured their religion on their ships, she got up and said: 'Well, you are all gettin' 'long mighty fast. I have been a-goin' to heaven for seventy years, and I've walked all the way. If I get there at all I'll walk the rest of the way, and all I've got to say to you men is that if you get to goin' much faster you'll bust your biliers, and you won't git there at all.'"

THE ALUM BAKING POWDERS.

The Massachusetts State Board of Health, like the State Food Commission of Ohio, publishes the names of the alum powders found on sale within its jurisdiction, as the most effective way to prohibit the sale of what it classes as a detrimental article of food.

The report names twenty-seven brands of alum baking powders detected, many of which will be recognized by housekeepers who have been using them under the representation that they were pure and wholesome cream of tartar baking powders.

Being cheaply made, these goods are sold to the retail dealer at a price that affords him a large profit, and the retail dealer, probably unaware of their nature, is induced to push their sale in place of pure powders upon which the profits are smaller. In this way they are being placed in considerable quantities into the hands of consumers who have not a suspicion of their real character.

Alum baking powders have been legally declared adulterated articles of food in the State of New York, and several parties have been convicted of violating the food adulteration laws in selling them.

The prevalent method of disposing of these goods, where it is not prohibited by law, is by accompanying each package with a gift or lottery ticket. In several States acts have been passed making this a misdemeanor. In such localities manufacturers of alum baking powders who regard the law have been compelled to reduce the price from 30 or 40 cents to 20 cents per pound, at which rate they are now generally sold without a gift. As an illustration of the low value of the alum baking powders, the fact is stated that one of them, no worse than the others, is sold at 5 cents a pound. The extent to which the poorer classes, who are their chief users, are imposed upon when they are charged from 20 to 40 cents for a similar article is quite apparent.

The following are the names of the alum baking powders as given by the reports of the Massachusetts State Board of Health:

ALUM BAKING POWDERS

Davis's,	A. & P.
Henkle.	State,
Silver Star,	Silver King,
Ne Plus Ultra,	Welcome,
Enterprise,	Old Colony,
Can't Be Beat,	Crystal,
Eureka,	Centennial,
International,	Jem,
Puritan.	Windsor,
Albany Favorite,	Sovereign,
Golden Sheaf,	Daisy,
Burnett's Perfect,	Geo. Washington,
Forest City,	Fleur de Lis,

Feather Weight.

While many of the alum baking powders named are only known locally, others are found in almost all sections of the country. Those of largest sale are made in New York and Ohio. An avoidance of the brands named by the Ohio and Massachusetts State authorities will not insure against the use of the objectionable articles altogether, for the manufacturers, when the fact is published that a particular brand contains alum, will simply change the name, and the sale goes on as before. Large quantities of these goods are also sold in bulk, by weight, while there are hundreds of different brands put up by small dealers in different parts of the country where the public analyst is not yet known.

Official examinations like those by the Massachusetts and Ohio authorities, which give reliable information as to the real qualities of articles of food, and furnish a guide by which consumers can determine the pure and wholesome from the impure and dangerous without chance of mistake, are of great public benefit.

The Massachusetts analysts have tested the various cream of tartar and phosphatic baking powders sold in the State, and their report that the Royal baking powder is superior to all others in purity and wholesomeness, and contains nearly 20 per cent. more strength than any other, is quite as important to consumers as the information relating to the alum powders. The exact determination as to strength of the several brands was as follows, the figures representing the number of cubic inches of leavening gas from one ounce of powder: Royal, 126 15; Cleveland's, 107 7; Congress, 81 2; Horsford's, 95 1.

A very earnest effort is being made to secure the passage by Congress of a law that shall foster the trade in pure food. The proposed law provides for the examination of manufactured articles of food, drink, and drugs, and for the publication, in the manner already adopted in Ohio and Massachusetts, of the names of those brands found adulterated or injurious to health. A law of this character, that shall impose suitable penalties upon importers and manufacturers of such commodities, will be of vital importance to the whole country.

Are you a trouble to yourself and an annoyance to others? Is there a heaviness in your head, a taint in your breath, an obstruction in your throat? Briefly—

HAVE YOU CATARRH?

IT CAN BE CURED! Whether you believe it or not, send for a pamplet describing

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Catarrh. In this country there is no disease that is so nearly universal as Catarrh. Of its cause, nature, or remedy, its victims are usually very ignorant, so a little enlightenment on the subject will prove a blessing to the many sufferers from this evil. For this purpose it is needful to know something of the anatomy and physiology of the mucous membrane, for this is the seat of the disease.

The most familiar examples of the mucous membrane are the inside of the lips, cheeks, throat, and nostrils. In these situations it may be quite closely examined by any one. It is seen to be smooth, shining, of a pink color, and is moist. From these visible locations the membrane extends through the whole of the respiratory or breathing organs, and of the digestive organs; it also lines every organ which has an opening to the out side world. In its anatomy it bears a strong analogy to the skin. In some lower order of animals either of these membranes may be made to do the office of the other. The animal may be turned wrong side out, in which case the skin and lining of the stomach have changed places, and the animal continues to live.

One office of this membrane is to exude from its myriads of minute glands a bland, transparent, unctuous fluid. This is called mucus, and it keeps the membrane in a condition to perform its many other functions properly. There are many causes operating to set up congestion, swelling, and inflammation in this membrane. When it becomes inflamed the quality and quantity of the normal mucus is immediately changed. A good illustration of this is an acute attack of influenza, "cold in the head," which needs no description. There are many stages and degrees of this affection, and all are properly named CATARRH.

It may cause severe pain in the head, face, ears, throat, chest, and elsewhere. The effects are very annoying to its victim, and at times the sufferer becomes disgustingly offensive to his companions. One characteristic of this disease is the obstinacy with which it resists the best directed and even successful treatment. The number of M.D.'s who can boast of having CURED a single case of Catarrh is humiliatingly small. Hence have sprung up a little army of "Catarrh Specialists." Sometimes these succeed in partially drying up the profuse discharge, and call it a cure. But the disease is a strictly constitutional one, and hence cannot be cured by the application of merely local treatment.

Our Treatment by Inhalation is the only known remedial agent that will cure Catarrh with encouraging promptness. There are two features of the cure of Catarrh by this treatment which should commend it to the enlightened attention of its victims: First—The whole constitutional health is being improved and established at the same time. Second—The system being thus put into a state of integrity, it remains there, and the cure is therefore permanent.

It will be interesting to the afflicted to peruse the new brochure, a book of 200 pages, full of the account of Drs. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen and the testimony of wonderful cases in Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders, cured or helped by this treatment. It will be sent free by mail to all who will address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1,529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Penna., 331 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal., 58 Church Street, Toronto, Canada.

"ALMA, Neb., April 6, 1887.

"Six months ago, to day, I commenced the use of a Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen, which, as I wrote you in April, I expected to take at least one year to get well. If ever I am about as well now as a man of sixty-two years of age could be expected to be, after suffering for twenty years. *I am entirely cured of catarrh; pain in spine; bowels regular; appetite improved.* Before using it I seldom ate more than one meal a day, and never any breakfast for some years, and *sleep was out of the question except about one night in three for the last eighteen years. Since inhaling I have not lost a half dozen nights' sleep in six months, and none in five and a half months.*

"After my daughter (nine years of age) and I had used the treatment two months, in each case *catarrh was cured*, and we have had no symptoms of it yet. She was afflicted with *Chronic Catarrh* of two years' standing, having taken a severe cold while having the measles. She complained of her head, blowing chunks from her nostrils; complained of soreness over her whole body, so much so that she would cry when but slightly squeezed; subject to chills; was so diseased we gravely feared we would not raise her. I had tried the most skilled physicians, and other remedies, in the last year, receiving not the least benefit. She is going to school for the last week; blows no lumps from her nostrils; has no chills; complains of no soreness. We are rejoiced as well as astonished, as are all our friends, in two months to have accomplished with Drs. Starkey & Palen's Treatment what doctors and advertised nostrums of twelve to eighteen months' treatment not only failed to accomplish, but she was constantly getting worse. She has gained in flesh; cheeks full and a good healthy color; is joyous; in good spirits; has regained her appetite; instead of a troubled sleep she sleeps sweetly and gets up refreshed. My physician is going to use the Compound Oxygen in his practice. He tells me if it will cure such a case of *catarrh* as he treated in my little daughter for two years without success, there is certainly virtue in it.

"HON. H. C. GRIFFITH"

"From 1878 to June, 1883, I was troubled more or less with catarrh. During those years I tried several remedies, but from them I received no permanent relief. In the winter and spring of 1883 I grew a great deal worse, and suffered greatly with sore throat, hoarseness, and catarrhal fever. At times I could not speak publicly, because of hoarseness and coughing. Alarmed at my condition, I sought a remedy, and was led to try your Compound Oxygen Cure. It worked like magic. Within two weeks my hoarseness and sore throat were gone, and my general health began to improve at once. At the end of three months, when I had finished the first treatment, the catarrh was gone. I have not been specially troubled with catarrh since. I regard your Treatment by Inhalation as *a wonderful discovery* of science, and a blessing to suffering humanity.

"REV. A. A. JOHNSON,
"President of Wesleyan College.
"FORT WORTH, Texas, Nov. 2, 1885."

83 CLINTON ST., SPRINGFIELD, MASS., June 16, 1886.

From the Rev. Homer A. King, Evangelist, and inventor of the King Bicycle.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN—*Gentlemen:*—"I have used your Compound Oxygen for over two years with excellent results; an increase of ten pounds in weight, sweet breath, and entire freedom from any signs of catarrh, except when I have taken a cold. I wish to continue its use. You will therefore oblige me by filling the inclosed order."

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P. T. BARNUM'S
Greatest Show on Earth and the Great London Circus.
All the Myriad Attractions now Presented.
New Paris Olympia Hippodrome.
Wild Moorish Caravan.
3 Circus Companies in 3 Rings.
Elevated Stage Performances.
2 Mammoth Museums.
2 Herds of Performing Elephants.
2 Droves of Desert Camels
2 Menageries of Wild Beasts.
Chariot Races, Roman Races, Animal Races.
Real Moorish and Arabian Desert Scenes, Moorish Warriors, Arabian Horses, etc., etc.
The Greatest Show ever given by Barnum.
Instructive, Moral, Delightful, Amusing.
Admission to all, 50 cents; Children under 9 years 25 cents.

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Send for samples of Test Stitching, showing relative strength of the shuttle or lock-stitch seam, compared with seam made by the W. & G. Automatic. The only genuine "Automatic" Sewing Machine. Physicians endorse it:—"No Risk to Health."

Willcox & Gibbs S. M. Co., 658 Broadway, N. Y.

Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the Advertisement in The Christian Union.

FINANCIAL.

The London, Paris, and Berlin money markets have all developed extreme ease during the past month, with rates from one per cent. to one and a half per cent. on call, in the open markets, and with the Bank of England discount rate at two per cent. The great scheme of Goschen, at the head of the English Treasury Department, which is proving a marked success, to reduce the interest rate of the English consol to two and three-quarters per cent. has necessitated the fostering of an extremely easy money market on the part of the English Treasury. Of course, where such a volume of consols as the English public debt represents—say $3 000,000,000, about—is reduced even one-fourth per cent. in the rate of interest, there will be many holders who will shift their investments. This has been going on now during the past two months and more, and many of such investors have taken, in place of these two and three-fourths per cent. consols, approved American bonds of first class railways, which net to the holder at least four and one-half to five per cent. This acceptance of our securities in such large volumes by English and European investors has resulted in the absorption of extensive lines of first-class bonds in foreign bankers' hands, and in the successful negotiation of new bonds recently issued by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Co., the Rock Island Co., the Southern Pennsylvania Railroad Co., and the Atchison Co. Of these new issues $6,000,000—the remnants of these offerings held by bankers—have been taken during the past week. It is fortunate that just at this time, when here at home there is a lurking spirit of uncertainty and distrust, predicated on the rate-cutting in the Northwest, West, and Southwest, and on the strikes, and also on account of the dilatoriness of Congress in legislating in behalf of our finances, foreign money is so ready to be risked in our bonds, for such investments have served as a substitute for gold exports, which, but for them, would now be in full operation Our merchandise imports are therefore this year twenty per cent. larger than in the like period of 1887 while our merchandise exports are some five per cent. smaller, so that if this timely demand for our bonds had not taken place and bridged over our merchandise indebtedness, we should be in a fair way of losing some twenty-five or thirty million dollars gold. As it is, not a dollar of gold has gone out from the country for account of our foreign trade this year, and it now looks as if none would go The combinations of drawbacks to railway earnings, as we have named them above, occurring together with the blizzard in March, reduced our railway receipts, in the aggregate, on the representative roads in the country, only about some three and a half per cent. as compared with March, 1887, which latter period, however, was especially noted for very large earnings, as it preceded the enforcement of the new Inter State Commerce law, and heavy freights were hurried forward by shippers in apprehension of the adverse workings of that law. April earnings are less than in 1887 so far, and it is anticipated that for a month or two earnings will be reduced from the same periods a year ago, as the remnant of the wheat and corn crops is less in store than then, on account of smaller crops. The Southern roads proper, however, are earning in advance of 1887 thus far, and prospects are very promising.

The coal trade is quiet this year. The output for the first quarter of the year, however, is only a little less than for the first quarter of 1887, notwithstanding the Reading strike, which lessened so greatly the coal mining by the Reading Company. This is the season for a quiet market in coal and iron, and until manufacturers can know what Congress will do in the way of tariff legislation there will be prudence practiced, not only in the iron trade, but in various departments of industries and manufactures.

The export movement of cotton for the seven months dating from September 1, 1887, has aggregated in value little more than $80,000,000, which hardly varies from the export figures for the same staple during the corresponding months of 1886 or 1887; but just now, and during the month of March, the cotton movement is and has been much restricted It is apprehended that this reduced movement may continue for the next month or two, although, so far as the port of New York is concerned, the export movement of general merchandise is now very favorable in money value, exceeding the movement of a year ago.

The bank depositories now hold nearly $56,000,000 in Government funds, which is about the amount held a month ago. Payments for interest and pensions during the past two months have kept down the accumulation of funds in the Treasury somewhat, but our revenue laws make such accumulations inevitable, and unless Congress acts in some way for a lessening of our National revenue we shall find in the autumn that a very sharp contraction will have been worked in our circulation, and a very large and idle hoarding of additional funds will have taken place in the Government vaults. The stock market, while fluctuating within a narrow range during the past week, as a rule is strong; there are instances where stocks have declined somewhat, but the markets have maintained a remarkable degree of firmness considering the adverse conditions and the strenuous efforts made by the bear contingency to break down prices. The bond market is strong for first-class bonds, and dull but steady for speculative issues.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, decrease	$1,062,600
Specie, increase	1,171,900
Legal tenders, increase	1,792,400
Deposits, increase	2,859,000
Reserve, increase	2,249,850

This leaves the city banks with a surplus reserve of about $10 000 000. Money on call is one and one-half per cent. on dividend-paying stocks, and two per cent. on mixed securities.

WALL STREET.

CIRCLING LETTERS.—Some twenty-five years ago there lived a happy family in the State of Maine. There were five sisters in the family. After awhile they all married—as all happy sisters should—and separated from each other—as all happy sisters have to do when they marry. After years of separation it was remarked that communication between them was very irregular, and it was impossible to tell how the different members of the family were prospering. One of them at last wrote another a letter, and requested her to send it with one from herself to a third sister, with a request to do likewise with another sister, till the circle was made complete. The custom has been kept up ever since. When the package arrives it contains a letter from all the sisters. The last one who receives the package containing the first sister's letter keeps it, so the writers never receive their own letters back. The children of the sisters have inaugurated the same custom, and when one of them gets a package it contains fifteen or twenty letters, so all the cousins talk at once. It is a very pleasing custom, and should be adopted by other families who are separated. One of the sisters mentioned resides in this city, and from her we received the basis of this article.—[Nevada City Herald

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MIDDLETOWN, CONN.
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6 PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURE BONDS
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Capital, $750,000
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Principal and interest both fully guaranteed by Capital and Surplus of $1,105,016. In seventeen years of business we have loaned $11,494,600, paying from interest. $7,066,800 of interest and principal have been returned to investors without delay or the loss of a dollar. 6% to 12%
Real Estate First Mortgage and Debenture Bonds and Savings Certificates always on hand for sale—In Savings Departments, in amounts of $5 and upward; in the Mortgage Department, $300 and upward. Full information regarding our various securities furnished by
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LAWRENCE, KANSAS; or
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NATIONAL LOAN & TRUST CO.,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.
ESTABLISHED 12 YEARS.
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HAVE LOANED NEARLY $5,000,000.
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BUSHNELL & BUSHNELL,
REAL ESTATE & PRIVATE BANKERS,
365 Robert Street, Cor. 5th,
ST. PAUL, MINN.
Investments made. Money loaned. Interest coupons collected. We have a very large list of property in St. Paul and its environs. Reference: First National Bank, St. Paul Trust Co., National German American Bank, St. Paul, Minn. Correspondence solicited.

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FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS.
Principal and Interest Guaranteed.

Connecticut General Life Insurance Company.
23d ANNUAL STATEMENT
JANUARY 1st, 1888
(Condensed.)

Receipts in Year 1887,	$296,061 08
Disbursements "	204,412 98
Assets, Jan'y 1st, 1888,	$1,716,606 23
Liabilities, " "	1,296,365 36

Surplus to Policy-Holders by Conn. and Mass. Standard, $420,240 87
Of which $181,001.44 is a special reserve due to Savings Endowment policies.
T. W. RUSSELL, Pres't.
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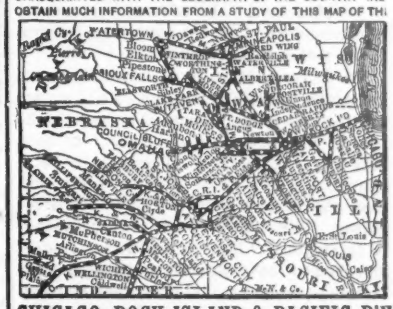

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THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1888.

THE MIFF TREE.

[Read this description of "The Miff Tree," and if any one belongs to a congregation without one, we wish he would write and tell us about it for our religious news pages. We are sorry that we have not space to print a picture of the tree, but we think the readers are so familiar with the birds described as to be able to picture them for themselves.—PUB. C. U.]

The miff tree is found in the garden of the Lord, but is not of the Lord's planting. It bears no fruit. The birds which lodge in the branches thereof are numerous, but are neither beautiful nor useful birds. They are very much like "hospital ducks;" ducks which because of infirmities flock together, but are not sought after by hunters. In some respects these *miffers* also resemble crows; they are of no earthly use, and their continual cawing is exceedingly disagreeable.

No. 1. This bird is not dead, but sleepeth. He has found a place in the topmost branches of the miff tree; and at present is dreaming of the "good old times, twenty years ago," when the sound advice of a pious deacon was not ignored in the management of the church.

No. 2. You cannot see the face of this brother; he has, according to his own words, "turned his back upon the whole business." He does not know *how* things are getting on down below, and, what is more, he "*don't care to know, either.*"

No. 3. This bird is not crazy. He flew up into the miff tree during an "unpleasantness" in a business meeting. At present he is wildly holding forth against the pastor, trustees, deacons, church clerk, Sunday-school superintendent, sexton, organist, choir, chorister, and organ-blower. He declares that the whole "kaboodle" are a rotten ring, and that "the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint."

No. 4. This bird is not a duck. It is only her "stuck-up-ish-ness" that makes her look so. It is Birdie Soprano. She flew up the miff tree because the chorister objected to her singing "Nellie Gray" at the memorial service of a deceased brother.

No. 5. Nobody ever found out why this bird took to the miff tree. He is too disagreeable to explain. He has been a member of the church a number of years; but nobody remembers when he did not have a "down-in-the-mouth" appearance.

No. 6. These three birds are of the genus known as "*kickers.*" Do not think they are making love to each other. They never make love to anybody. Naturalists tell us they hate even themselves. There is to be a church business-meeting down below, and these three crows have put their heads together. Their general plans are to join loudly in singing, "*Blest be the tie that binds,*" and then to "caw" against the existing order of things, whatever that order may be; and to oppose every measure, good or bad, which may be proposed.

No. 7. This bird is *king of the miffers.* He represents a peculiar and somewhat rare class of ex pastors. When one of these birds takes to the miff tree he is ever after difficult to tame. Do not imagine that this bird is about to come down from the miff tree to *stay* down. They have been having a revival down below, and have paid off a part of their church debt; and this *king miffer* is simply preparing to peck at the new pastor. Naturalists say that the exceedingly large beak of this bird is only for the accommodation of a very long tongue.

No. 8. This bird is of a peculiar breed. It is the celebrated *money-bags.* Very rare. He took to the miff tree because the pastor would not consent to read his sermons to him before they were preached. It is also charged that the pastor actually refused to allow Birdie Moneybags to select the hymns and tunes. It is not expected that he will remain long up the miff tree, as the society is not congenial. At present, however, his pew is to rent, minus cushion, foot-stool, and hymn-books, which the brother has removed, they being his personal property. The brother, however, has not scraped the paint from the back of the pew, or removed the number plate.

No. 9. A very small bird, with no beauty, no sense, a great many airs, and a long name. She belongs to the notorious "*giggle much*" tribe. They are seldom found alone; although, to save printers' ink, we show only one up the miff tree. They generally infest the gallery or the seats near the door, where they giggle, giggle, giggle. This one was rebuked by the pastor, after bearing with her patiently for several weeks, and has flown up the miff tree, where she continues to giggle, but not to annoy.

No. 10. This is "*Birdie Rosebud Tenor,*" although his card reads, "B. Rosebud Tenor." This bird is of the "pewee" tribe. He is only holding on to a low branch of the miff tree by the "*skin of his teeth,*" and may be expected to drop into the choir loft at any time as serene and conceited as ever. It is said that his pretended excursions up the miff tree are simply inventions to give him an excuse for displaying his powers of song in other places.

No. 11. This bird (just falling head-foremost out of the tree) is much better than he looks in his present undignified position. He took offense at a supposed criticism of something he said in a prayer-meeting, and flew up the miff tree so quickly that no explanation could be made. The pastor has just been preaching a tender and appropriate sermon on "The Duties of Church Members." One of the shots struck his brother squarely, and is bringing him down with a decrease of feathers, but with an increase of tears and, we trust, common sense.

No. 12. This is a migratory bird, and makes regular, periodical trips up the miff tree and back. At present he is bathing himself in tears, and will appear shortly among his former companions in a very dejected and dilapidated condition. He is too well known to need further description.

P.S.—This bird will probably remain down below while the revival lasts. In the spring he will manage to get his periodical miff, and once more take to the miff tree, until cold weather sets in.

No. 13. As the number indicates, this is a very unlucky bird. She very much resembles an owl, although she is more foolish than wise; but, like the owl, she has acquired the habit of moping, and of pecking at any one who may venture to approach her. She has been up the miff tree a long time, and will probably remain there while life shall last. She declares that she attended church for some time and no one took notice of her. She remained away for two Sundays, and, when she came back, no one asked her where she had been. When her children were sick with the measles, nobody—not even the pastor—called. Did she notify anybody? "No, indeed; it was their business to find out" When she changed her residence, nobody cared enough about her to find out where she lived. The people down below were so "stuck up" that "they did not care a fig whether she had a soul or not." So it came to pass that the poor bird flew away on one wing of bitterness and the other of sourness to find a place on one of the topmost branches of the miff tree. The above is the only song which this old bird knows, and which she sings incessantly to a very doleful tune. There is no use in striving to coax her down; for, although she looks exceedingly sorrowful, and sheds many tears, yet those who know her best declare that she is always ready to pay the highest price for a first-class new or second-hand miff.

No. 14. This ugly bird (one chained to the ground) is only kept from flying up the miff tree by being fastened to a peculiar chain called *official position.* He has also a very large crop, which must be kept full. He thrives best on soft soap, whitewash, and *other people's* patience.

ARE YOU UP THE MIFF TREE? IF SO, I SAY UNTO YOU, AS THE LORD SAID UNTO ZACCHEUS,

"MAKE HASTE, AND COME DOWN"

[1] Taken from "The Miff Tree: A Pictorial Sermon," by the Rev. A. O. Gumbart (Ward & Drummond, 116 Nassau Street, New York. $3 per 100 copies). "To the Miffed Church Members of all denominations this sermon is respectfully dedicated." All of them should have a chance to see it.

WHAT DOES "P. O." MEAN?

It might mean POST OFFICE. Or PATRIOTIC ORATIONS. Let us say it means PRESENT OPPORTUNITY to find out all about PERFECTED OXYGEN, the most efficient remedy for nervous, rheumatic, bronchial, and other disasters of long standing. Write to Walter C. Browning, M.A., 1,325 Arch Street, Philadelphia. He will send full information free.

MADAM PORTER'S COUGH BALSAM is one of the best remedies for COughs and Colds. Successfully used over fifty years.

SOMEWHERE.

By H. T. R.

I give this hour to sorrow: nay, refrain,
Bethink thee skies e'en now are somewhere bright
For others, the green leaves are dancing light
And lovers meet where blossom in the lane
Flowers, the sky-children of the sun and rain.
And somewhere torrents in their youthful might,
Scorning the smooth path, leap the dizzy height,
And mountain summits glisten pure of stain.

Somewhere for poet-brows Fame twines the wreath;
Somewhere to noble purpose souls are won
By holy living or heroic death;
Brave hearts endure, nor quail at Fortune's frown;
And somewhere there is rest for all who breathe,
Somewhere a land where sorrow is unknown.
—[London Spectator.

HOW!

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must loose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strand we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must entwine ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.
—[John Boyle O'Reilly.

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Liebig
TRADE MARK
EXTRACT OF MEAT
and insist upon no other being substituted for it
N. B.—Genuine only with fac simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.
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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast table with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists
London England.

SEEDS AND PLANTS

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Warranted Seed. I have founded my business on the belief that the public are anxious to get their seed directly from the grower. Raising a large proportion of my seed enables me to warrant its freshness and purity, as see my Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1888, FREE for every son and daughter of Adam. It is liberally illustrated with engravings made directly from photographs of vegetables grown on my seed farms. Besides an immense variety of standard seed, you will find in it some valuable new vegetables not found in any other catalogue. As the original introducer of the Eclipse Beet, Burbank and Early Ohio Potatoes, Hubbard Squash, Deephead Cabbage, Cory Corn, and a score of other valuable vegetables, I invite the patronage of the public.
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FUGITIVE POEMS.

THE VILLAGE CLOCK.

[Written in the Belfry of an old church.]

I.

From here we catch the measured stroke
  Artistic as a minstrel's rhyme;
List to its ceaseless tick, tick, tick—
  It is the pulse of Time!
With every tick our seconds pass—
  Our heart-beats are the falling sands
Within an unseen hour-glass!

II.

There is a heart in this old clock—
  Its tongue speaks hourly to the town
Which has, since first it 'gan to throb,
  Seen many a heart run down,
Seen many a human clock grow dumb,
  Seen many a life sway to and fro
As restless as the pendulum!

III.

The chiming of these mortal lips
  Which make such melody at IX.,
Have rang in other ears, my friend,
  Than those of thine and mine—
In the still graveyard in the dell
  There slumber hundreds who have heard
The music of this sweet old bell!

IV.

And, when we join the group which sleeps
  So calmly in the sunshine there,
This pulse will tick the same as now,
  And, in the twilight air,
This bell to other, stranger ears,
  Will say the same odd words it said,
Sweet words to us, in other years!

V.

The swallow in the belfry high
  Each summer time will build its nest;
The ring-dove seek it in the storm,
  To smooth its ruffled breast;
The busy spider in the light
  Will spin quaint fancies round the posts;
The mournful curfew sound at night.

VI.

The shadows on the antique porch
  Will come and go in silent waves—
The moss will grow upon the roof,
  The daisies on our graves,
The clock will tick, Saint Agnes[1] chime
  The Sunday in, but not for us—
We will not heed the pulse of Time.

—[T. B. Aldrich.

DAN'S WIFE.

By Mrs. Kate Tannat Woods.

Up in early morning light,
Sweeping, dusting, "setting right,"
Oiling all the household springs,
Sewing buttons, tying strings,
Telling Bridget what to do,
Mending rips in Johnny's shoe,
Running up and down the stair,
Tying baby in his chair,
Cutting meat and spreading bread,
Dishing out so much per head,
Eating as she can, by chance,
Giving husband kindly glance,
Toiling, working, busy life,
  "Smart woman,
    Dan's wife."

Dan comes home at fall of night,
Home so cheerful, neat and bright,
Children meet him at the door,
Pull him in and look him o'er,
Wife asks "how the work has gone?"
"Busy times with us at home!"
Supper done, Dan reads at ease—
Happy Dan, but one to please!
Children must be put to bed—
All their little prayers are said;
Little shoes are placed in rows,
Bedclothes tucked o'er little toes.
Busy, noisy, wearing life,
  Tired woman,
    Dan's wife.

Dan reads on, and falls asleep—
See the woman softly creep;
Baby rests at last—poor dear,
Not a word her heart to cheer!
Mending basket full to top—
Stockings, shirts, and little frock—
Tired eyes and weary brain,
Side with darting, ugly pain—
"Never mind, 'twill pass away;"
She must work, but never play;
Closed piano, unused books,
Done the walks to cosy nooks,
Brightness faded out of life,
  Saddened woman,
    Dan's wife.

Upstairs, tossing to and fro,
Fever holds the woman low;
Children wander, free to play,
When and where they will to-day,
Bridget loiters—dinner's cold,
Dan looks anxious, cross, and old;
Household screws are out of place,
Lacking one dear, patient face;
Steady hands—so weak, but true—
Hands that knew just what to do,
Never knowing rest or play,
Folded now—and laid away;
Work of six, in one short life,
  Shattered woman,
    Dan's wife.

[1] On the north side of the bell are these words: "St. Agnes, Christened 1764."

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

I was an inland child: the hills
Closed round our home their wooded wall,
The world beyond was hid from me;
I often dreamt what it might be;
Longed with a child's impatient feet
To tread the city's noisy street;
And heard with yearning heart the call
Of the unseen, far-distant sea.

For in our quiet farmhouse, kept
Its ancient mantlepiece to grace,
Was one large shell. I left my play,
How many times, to steal away
And take it gently from its place
And lay its pink lips to my ear,
The captive voice within to hear.
How faint, yet clear, how sweet and low,
It sang to me its ocean song!
I listened till it seemed my own—
That whisper from a world unknown;
Like one returned from far away,
The shell within its place I lay;
The hills around rose high and strong;
What though their prisoner I might be!—
I knew the secret of the sea.

—[Wide Awake.

A REGULAR BOY.

He was not at all particular
  To keep his perpendicular
While walking, for he either skipped or jumped.
  He stood upon his head awhile,
  And when he went to bed awhile,
He dove among the pillows, which he thumped.

  He never could keep still a bit;
  The lookers-on thought ill of it;
He balanced on his ear the kitchen broom;
  And did some neat trapezing,
  Which was wonderfully pleasing,
On every peg in grandpa's harness room.

  From absolute inanity,
  The cat approached insanity
To see him slide the banisters, so rash;
  But once on that mahogany,
  While trying to toboggan, he
Upset his calculations with a crash!

  And since that sad disaster
  He has gone about in plaster—
Not of Paris, like a nice Italian toy,
  But the kind the doctor uses
  When the bumps and cuts and bruises
Overcome a little, regular live boy.

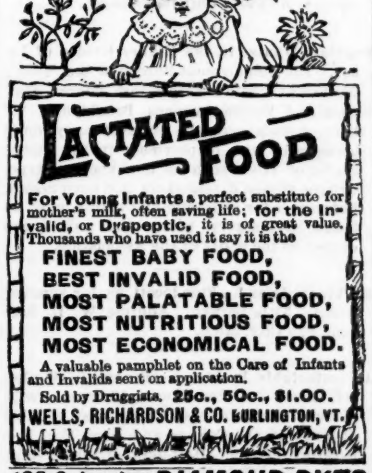
—[St. Nicholas Magazine.

Author and Book Peddler — A Boston author, writes Arlo Bates in the April "Book Buyer," recently realized the moral of the fable of Æsop wherein Mercury is represented as pricing the figures of various gods, ending with one of himself, which the dealer said he would cheerfully throw in as a make-weight if the stranger would buy the others. On a railway train the usual persistent book-vender offered him a pile of paper covered novels, wherein was one of his own. The novelist asked the boy his opinion of various works coming down the pile until he reached his own.

"Is that any good?" he asked.

"Oh, that," the boy returned, with a slightly contemptuous air, "folks don't mostly buy, unless they have read all the others."

The novelist tells the story at his own expense, and punningly adds that his publisher's statements remark the same thing in figurative language



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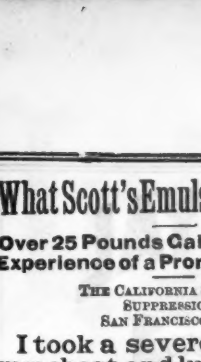

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ATLANTIC

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The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st of December, 1887.

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887		$3,642,969 09
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1887		1,417,600 13
Total Marine Premiums		$5,060,569 22
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887		$3,672,331 21
Losses paid during the same period	$1,599,468 95	
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$788,846 38	

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$8,622,565 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise	1,559,100 00
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at	474,439 88
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	1,362,986 07
Cash in Bank	218,192 40
Amount	$12,237,283 35

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof or their legal representatives on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1883 will be redeemed and paid to the holder thereof, or their legal representatives, on an after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next from which date all interest thereon will cease The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the First of May next.

By order of the Board,

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary

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